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The German and Flemish masters in the National gallery

Mary Helene Marten Witt, National
Gallery (Great Britain)

The Library
of the



University of Wisconsin

THE GERMAN AND FLEMISH MASTERS IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY

BY
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TO

MY FATHER AND MOTHER

PREFACE

THE important and interesting collections of German and Flemish pictures in the National Gallery have scarcely received the special study which has been accorded so often to the rival schools of Italy. They have never, perhaps, been treated as a whole, nor in that intimate relation to one another which their early history demands. The literature connected with German and Flemish art is indeed extensive and increasing. Since the remarkable Exhibition held at Bruges in 1902 the early Flemish painters in particular have been subjected to the most careful and critical examination, and much that was before cloudy and vague has been defined, while many new problems have arisen.

No attempt has been made in this volume to enter upon the more controversial aspects of the subject. The vexed question of attributions is after all of secondary importance to the intrinsic beauty of the pictures. The writer's object has been to trace the development of these schools through the examples in our Gallery, and to sum up in regard to them the results of the most recent criticism, acknowledging here the debt due to the indefatigable researches of writers both in this country and abroad. Every picture of the German and Flemish schools in the National Gallery, from the Primitives of the early period to the Great Masters of the seventeenth century, has been discussed

from this point of view as well as from that of its artistic value. It is hoped that the book may, therefore, prove of use to the visitor to the Gallery and to the general reader who has little opportunity of examining into the critical sources for himself.

In addition to the pictures in the National Gallery, reference has been made to the fine examples of the later Flemish school in our new National collection in Hertford House.

WESTMINSTER, 1903

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THE GERMAN AND FLEMISH MASTERS IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

FOR more than a hundred years after Giotto had laid the keel of Italian painting German and Flemish artists plodded along the old road, which scores of untutored craftsmen had trodden before them. Painting as an independent art scarcely existed in the north before the middle of the fourteenth century. Hitherto it had either taken the shape of rude wall paintings, which bound it to the wheel of architecture, or broken out under the luxuriant fantasy of the miniaturist and illuminator as a costly embellishment of laboriously lettered books. The painter himself was as yet scarcely so much as an individual. A few, very few names come to the surface, but for the most part the workman is content to hide himself behind his handiwork, be it frescoed wall or illuminated page. The artist claimed no particular prestige or consideration, held himself no better than his fellow-men, and had certainly never heard of the *feu sacré* or inspiration. For in the Middle Ages painting was a trade carried on like any other trade by a company or guild, which regulated every detail of the craftsman's work, even to the actual

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materials he should use, and appreciated sound workmanship far more than poetical flights of imagination.

About the middle of the fourteenth century, when in Italy Giotto's immediate followers were busy corrupting his principles and seemed in danger of reducing painting once more to the monotony of a mechanical tradition, the schools of the north were slowly and painfully awakening to a new conception of the art, as an end in itself, instead of the mere accompaniment of other arts. Germany struck the first spark, but ere long the Netherlands caught fire, and lit a blaze which gave back fresh warmth and animation to the already flickering flame of German art.

In the Bohemian city of Prague, where Charles IV. held his court, gathering about him from all quarters of Germany, and even from foreign lands, artists to adorn his capital, a guild of painters was formed as early as 1348, but religious and social troubles and the Hussite wars extinguished this courtly, imperial art long before it came to maturity.

It was in the Rhine country that German art took firmer root, for here blossomed forth a school of ideal, religious painting, strongly tinged with the enthusiastic piety of the Mystics. The very soul and centre of this school was the old city of Cologne, which, together with Maastricht in the Netherlands, had long been lauded by Wolfram von Eschenbach in his "Parsival" as a home of painting. Cologne was indeed the natural headquarters of this new and essentially German art. Here in this princely, ecclesiastical city of the Rhine—the Rome of the North—the new cathedral, as we see it pictured in Memlinc's "S. Ursula" shrine, was rapidly rising. Here the Mystics, among them Master Eckhard,

preached and taught, encouraging the people to new religious fervour, and doubtless every year the demand increased for pictures in the form of altar-pieces on panel to be presented to churches and monasteries or to adorn private chapels. By such gifts the pious donor might secure for himself a sure measure of consideration on earth if but a problematical reward in the heaven of his hopes. The older form of wall painting found little place in the new Gothic churches and cathedrals that were everywhere springing up. Great stained-glass windows filled the spaces formerly assigned to the painter, who now, emancipated and freed from his subordinate task of wall decorator, pursued the more independent art of painting on panel or stretched linen.

We know all too little of the early painters of Cologne who flourished towards the end of the fourteenth century. Their names, like most of their works, have perished, and from the wreckage little has emerged. One figure alone looms from out of the darkness, that of a certain Wilhelm Herle, whom an old chronicler of 1380 acclaims as "the best painter in Germany," naively remarking that he could paint a man as though he were alive. We should scarcely subscribe to this opinion when confronted with the paintings attributed to this Meister Wilhelm and his followers, but then our eyes are sharpened by the trained observation and artistic experience of five centuries, and it is only with an effort of the imagination that we can force ourselves to see as men saw in those days, when, as Vasari said of the crowd who had applauded Cimabue's "Madonna" a century earlier, they had never beheld anything better.

Meister Wilhelm is little more than a name, for no

details of his life have come down to us, and it is not even absolutely certain that he painted the group of pictures traditionally assigned to him. But in the absence of all positive fact his name is useful, and serves to distinguish the first brief period of artistic activity in Cologne. His paintings are notable for their sweet, bright freshness and warm colour. His delightful "Madonna with the Bean-flower," in the Cologne Museum, embodies all the tenderness and mild sentiment of the school, exhibits also, in spite of the chronicler's eulogy, its utter inability to paint a figure that could ever have been alive. His saints are tall, attenuated, boneless apparitions, intent no doubt on the inward beauties of the soul, but dead, it would seem, before their time to the physical life of the body.

We have only one unimportant example of this early school in the National Gallery, the "Legend of S. Veronica" (687), unfortunately hung too high to be seen properly. It represents S. Veronica holding before her the sacred handkerchief, upon which appears imprinted the face of Christ surrounded by a gold halo. Though the miraculous impression on the cloth is that of a life-sized head, S. Veronica is only about half the natural size. But this was the traditional composition, and even Schongauer adhered to it some hundred years later in his engraving of the same subject. She has something of the calm sweetness of the "Madonna with the Bean-flower," but the head of Christ is uninspired and commonplace. The picture seems to have been largely repainted, and the gold of the background and halo is dull and tarnished, the more so in contrast to the gaudy modern gilt frame which encloses it. There is a better example of this

subject in the Munich Gallery, which may perhaps be by Meister Wilhelm himself.

It was almost coincident with the decline of this early Cologne art that the cities of Flanders, Bruges and Ghent, came into prominence as the pioneers of a new, vigorous and lifelike school of painting. Under the beneficent sway of the Dukes of Burgundy, Flanders had reached the height of her prosperity. Bruges was the principal port of the north. The ships of every nation rode in her harbours; every language might be heard in her streets. Bruges, like Pisa, is now a dead city, haunted only by the ghosts of her former greatness. It is hard to believe to-day that the quiet old inland town, with its silent streets and waterways and its air of sleepy tranquillity, was once the scene of bustling activity and of pageants fully as magnificent as those that taxed the energies of Florentine artists. Yet something of the spirit of the fifteenth century seems to linger round her Gothic churches and quaint gabled houses and to ring out from her ancient belfry. Time indeed has rolled on and passed her by.

The origin of this Flemish school of painting is still obscure. Suddenly, as it seems in our imperfect knowledge of the events, there arose an artist who, by his own unaided efforts, created an art of painting, complete, perfect, sophisticated. Hubert van Eyck had no predecessors worthy the name, and, in the artistic kingdom he established for himself, no rivals. Was Netherlandish painting born in a night, rising in full beauty and majesty Aphrodite-like from the foam, or emerging like some gay-winged butterfly from the dull, withered chrysalis? Fate has been singularly unkind in destroying the last links of the chain which

should unite the new art of the van Eycks with the rude efforts of their predecessors in Germany and the Netherlands. If however it could be proved, as seems likely, that Hubert van Eyck actually studied in Cologne, we should have a direct connection between the early religious painters of the Rhine and their more mundane, and infinitely more accomplished successors in the Netherlands. But the differences between the two schools are strongly marked from the outset, even though in Hubert's works some faint perfume of the idyllic sweetness and mystic solemnity of Rhenish art still lingers. If the Germans cared first for ideal sentiment, for the expression of a religious fervour in which natural truth was left out, the Flemish painters grasped robustly at the facts of nature and followed unswervingly their own instincts of common-sense and reality. We have here just the differences we might expect between the practical, active, commercial atmosphere of the Netherlandish towns and the more spiritual air of the old cathedral city. Indeed the early school of Cologne stood to that of Bruges in something the same relation as "soft" Siena to keenly intellectual Florence, and like the school of Siena it died gently and painlessly of its own inanition.

But the greatest and most vital development, which gave to Flemish painting its peculiar power and its pre-eminence as a colour school, was the discovery of an oil medium by which the disadvantages impeding the older methods of painting were overcome. Oil as a medium for painting had already been known for a long time, but its use was confined to the rougher kinds of decorative work, such as the colouring of stone statues and carvings. For the more delicate kinds of



[Cologne Museum]

MADONNA WITH THE BEAN-FLOWER

By Meister Wilhelm

painting it was, as then used, far too thick and clumsy a medium, and panel pictures had always been painted in some form of tempera with egg or size, and afterwards varnished. This tempera painting, however, though admirably adapted to the minute, delicate work of the miniaturists, had its limits and drawbacks when applied on a larger scale. The medium dried so quickly that the colours put on in small brush strokes were unable to blend; hence a lack of softness and vivacity. On the other hand, the varnish which was applied afterwards over the surface of the picture had a tendency to dry very slowly unless exposed to the heat of the sun or the fire. An old legend relates how Jan van Eyck, having painted a picture with infinite care and pains, varnished it and set it in the sun to dry, when the heat split the panel, and his labour was brought to nought. This story, whether it be true or false, illustrates the difficulties experienced by early painters on the very outskirts of their art.

The new discovery, for which from Vasari's day onwards the van Eycks have always received the credit, was twofold. First, a means was found of purifying oil so that it became sufficiently flowing and limpid for the most delicate work; and secondly, with this medium was incorporated a quick-drying and colourless varnish, which should obviate the necessity for applying a separate varnish to the surface of the painting. This discovery worked a revolution, raising painting from a minor and subordinate craft to the dignity of a great and independent art; for the new method allowed a richness and flow, a depth and transparency of colour unknown before. Flat delineation gave way to vigorous modelling, a new power of expressing the solidity of

objects by contrasts of light and shadow. Yet with all its greater freedom and breadth the varnish medium admitted of the utmost minuteness and finish. It seemed almost as though the delicate miniature painting of the Middle Ages had been born again with new vigour on a much larger scale, and, now divorced from penmanship, had entered upon an independent and splendid career. The new method seems to have been perfected by the early years of the fifteenth century, but history is silent as to the stages through which it was brought to this completeness. In less than a hundred years it was practised not only in Flanders and Germany but also in Italy, where it gradually superseded the traditional tempera painting.

CHAPTER II

THE VAN EYCKS

HUBERT VAN EYCK, the father and founder of Flemish painting, and his younger brother Jan, hailed from the valley of the Meuse, a river as celebrated in the history of art as the Rhine or the Arno. Maaseyck, the cradle of their race, is but a Sabbath day's journey from Maastricht, which, together with Cologne, had early acquired repute as a centre of artistic activity. Few indeed of the so-called Flemish painters were actually born on Flemish soil, but were attracted to the wealthy towns of Flanders from the Meuse country or from the northern provinces.

Between Hubert's birth, in about 1370, and his arrival in Ghent some fifty years later, nothing is known of his movements. It is far from improbable, however, that he spent some years in Cologne, learning the rudiments of his art. Of late it has been suggested that he started his artistic career as a miniature painter. Afterwards he seems to have travelled to Italy, where doubtless he would have wondered at Giotto's wall paintings, still in all their pristine freshness. It is possible, too, that after the adventurous manner of his time Hubert joined a crusade, and journeyed to Jerusalem. All this is, however, mere conjecture, gathered from hints scattered here and there in his pictures.

Hubert's greatest achievement, the wonderful many-

panelled altar-piece of the "Adoration of the Lamb," was painted for the great church of S. Bavon at Ghent. Unfortunately it has been dismembered, only the central compartments of the original remaining in their old position, while the panels composing the shutters are in the Berlin and Brussels Museums. These have been replaced, however, in S. Bavon by good sixteenth-century copies, so that the scheme of the altar-piece may be enjoyed in its entirety. In one of the lower rooms of the National Gallery there is a small but excellent water-colour copy of this master-work, painted for the Arundel society, an exact counterpart of the original in miniature, with its folding shutters. From this we are able to study its composition and significance, though, of course, the tiny copy can give no adequate idea of the depth and splendour of colour, the powerful conception and accomplished technique of the original. But this picture, which is at the same time the starting-point and the *chef-d'œuvre* of early Flemish art, demands more than a mere mention, though the National Gallery is not fortunate enough to possess any part of it.

According to the inscription on the painting itself, the work was begun by Hubert and finished by Jan, the "inferior in art" as he there modestly describes himself. When the shutters are thrown back the picture is seen to be divided into twelve parts. The three central panels of the upper division display majestic figures of God the Father, red-robed and holding up His right hand in blessing, the Virgin in garment of rich blue, and S. John the Baptist in green. These monumental figures seem to dominate heaven and earth. On either side of them bands of angels,



[S. Barvon, Ghent

THE ADORATION OF THE LAMB

(CENTRAL PANEL)

By Hubert van Eyck

accompanied on the organ by S. Cecilia, unite in singing God's praises, and on the extreme limits of this upper region stand Adam and Eve, life-sized figures of extraordinary vigour and vitality. In these nude forms indeed the very limits of artistic realism have been reached. The painter has cared nothing for purely physical beauty, and made no attempt to idealise his models. But their lack of loveliness is made good by no little dignity of bearing, especially in the man. We are not surprised at Albert Dürer's admiration for these nudes when in the course of his journey in the Netherlands he passed through Ghent. Comparing these savage yet austere figures with the famous "Adam and Eve" by Masaccio in the Brancacci Chapel in Florence, painted about the same time, we realise how broad is the chasm which separates Italian suavity and idealism from the rugged, truth-loving spirit of Flemish art. This somewhat stern realism is indeed the keynote of Flemish painting, the quality that most markedly distinguishes it from contemporary Italian art, which, for all its devotion to nature, always aimed first at graceful line and decorative harmony.

Beneath the heavenly courts represented in the upper half of the altar-piece, a beautiful, spacious landscape is unfolded, in the midst of which the Mystic Lamb of the Revelation, raised aloft upon an altar, is worshipped by bands of martyrs, ecclesiastics and laymen. Above the altar hovers the holy Dove. In the foreground we see the Fountain of Life, somewhat out of drawing, it must be confessed, as far as the perspective is concerned. The landscape is continued across the lower compartments of the wings, where the Just Judges and the Champions of Christ on the one hand, and the Holy

Hermits and Pilgrims on the other, press towards the altar of the Lamb. According to tradition the portraits of both the van Eycks are to be found among the Just Judges. Hubert, the elder, in the foreground, mounted on a white horse, is a benevolent-looking elderly man, while Jan, the young man in a kind of turban, who has turned round so as to face the spectators, seems quite twenty years his junior. The smiling, green glade in which the scene is set proclaims the painter of this wonderful allegory an innovator, not alone in his method of painting, but in the actual presentment and setting of his subject. The beautiful flower-strewn expanse, across which the eye is carried to the distant towers of Jerusalem and a range of blue mountains beyond, is perhaps the first landscape scene ever treated in the spirit of naturalism. It is full of depth and romance, and shows a quite new understanding of light and atmosphere. We feel that we might wander for miles through this balmy valley before we reach those distant blue hills. Italian art, for many years to come, has no such landscape to show, and indeed, with the exception of Perugino, the Italian painters of this century cared little for the beauties of natural scenery. But in the north it was far otherwise, and from the very outset the painters of the Netherlands showed no less affection for landscape than skill in rendering it. It became one of the most precious characteristics of Flemish art, and so continued down to the matured and sweeping style of Rubens himself.

On the reverse side of the shutters are paintings in *grisaille*. Here, with hands reverently folded, kneel the elderly donors of the altar-piece, the bald-headed Jodicus Vydt and his wife Isabella. Between them stand the

two SS. John, like statues carved in stone, the Baptist with his lamb, the Evangelist holding the poisoned chalice. Above these full-length figures the angel Gabriel kneels before the Virgin, announcing to her the future birth of Christ. This upper scene takes place in a bare chamber with tiled floor, whence, through an arched window, we look down upon an open square surrounded by houses. One of these may be seen to this day in Bruges, not far from the site of Jan van Eyck's own house.

The Ghent altar-piece remains for all time the central monument of early Flemish art. Doubtless it became for the artists of the Netherlands what Masaccio's frescoes were to the Florentines—a model, a very academy of painting. Can we not imagine the young painters of the period standing in wonder and reverence before the great master-work, from which all must have drawn inspiration? Van Mander, the Vasari of Flemish art, tells us that the altar-piece was opened only for important personages, or for those whose curiosity could be backed by something even more substantial than rank. But on feast days the shutters were thrown back and the public allowed free access to the chapel. Hither they flocked from morning to night, as the chronicler quaintly puts it, “like flies and bees in summer round a basket of figs and grapes.” The exact share of each brother in the execution of the work is not easy to determine. Probably the greater part had been painted by Hubert before his death in 1426, for between this date and its completion in 1432 Jan spent but little time in Bruges, being fully occupied in travelling on embassies for his patron, Philip of Burgundy. But this is still a matter of

dispute. It is indeed only of late years that Hubert's name has come forward prominently again, and he is now generally admitted to be the author of a number of pictures formerly ascribed to his better-known brother. Jan, as the trusted ambassador of the duke, versed in the ways of courts, was a more prominent personality in his day than Hubert, who, after his early wanderings, worked as a quiet craftsman in the democratic city of Ghent. But it is easy to distinguish the strong feeling for beauty and grace, the poetry, the mysticism which reign in the Ghent altar-piece from the more consciously realistic, less beauty-loving aims revealed in the signed works of the younger and, it must be owned, somewhat unimaginative brother. Whatever Jan's share in the "finishing" of the work may have been, the spirit which informs it is Hubert's, and though we may fancy we detect the younger brother's brush in certain parts of the picture, particularly in the figures of Adam and Eve and the lifelike portraits of the donors, he will always remain second as far as this altar-piece is concerned.

After the "Adoration of the Lamb" the most important work ascribed to Hubert is the wonderful "Maries at the Sepulchre," belonging to Sir Frederick Cook; though here again some critics uphold Jan's claim to its authorship. In this picture the beauty of the landscape and lighting seem to hold us spell-bound. It is the moment when twilight, dispersed by dawn, melts away before the unutterable glory of a new-born day. The sky is illumined with mysterious light, bathing the whole atmosphere and touching with golden radiance the towers and mosques of distant Jerusalem. The empty tomb, the white-robed angel,

the three women approaching with spices and ointments, all seem in harmony with the peace of the hour. The clownish guards, lost in heavy slumber, are rendered with true Flemish realism, which frequently touches the borders of caricature. It is the accurate delineation in the background of the features of Jerusalem that has given rise to the suggestion that Hubert himself pilgrimaged to the Holy City, and perhaps, though rather contrary to the habit of the time, painted this picture on the spot. The Hebrew inscription bordering the draperies, of which the words "In the Land of Israel in the year . . ." have been deciphered, lends additional colour to this interesting theory. A panel with the Madonna and a donor in the Berlin Museum, an exquisite little "Crucifixion," also in Berlin, and two pictures, one at Turin, the other in New York, representing S. Francis receiving the stigmata—these last suggesting that he visited Assisi on his return from the East—make up the tale of works now generally ascribed to Hubert van Eyck. The well-known picture of the "Fountain of Life," in Madrid, can only be the copy of a lost painting from his hand.

Jan van Eyck, the collaborator in the Ghent altarpiece, is magnificently represented in the National Gallery by three portrait panels, one of them a masterpiece. Of Jan's youth we know equally little, but it is easy to infer that he was the pupil of his elder brother. At the age of thirty he took service under John of Bavaria, Bishop of Liège, as painter and chamberlain, and in the former capacity worked at the Hague, where, since his conquest of Holland, the infamous prelate held his court. Then in 1425

he came under a new master, no less a personage than the great Philip of Burgundy himself, and was employed by him almost incessantly as political and diplomatic agent and on missions to various countries. After a few years, however, Jan seems to have given up diplomacy and devoted himself entirely to painting. He settled in Bruges and wrought there, till his death in 1440, that wonderful series of religious pictures and portraits to which he owes his fame.

Turning now to the marvellous double portrait in the National Gallery (186) we find ourselves in front of Jan van Eyck's finest work, painted two years after the completion of the Ghent altar-piece. It represents Jean Arnolfini and his wife Jeanne de Chenay standing with joined hands in the middle of a small room, softly lighted from a latticed window on the left. It is evidently a solemn moment in their joint lives. With quiet fervour the husband seems to vow fidelity to his newly-married wife, the future mother of his children. Both are arrayed in their robes of state, the man in furred purple cloak and the vast beaver hat which threatens to extinguish him, his wife in the heavy cloth dress of the period, warm green in colour, and lined with white fur. These massive draperies with their stiff and voluminous folds are a familiar feature in Flemish and German art. How different from the slight, simple draperies in Florentine pictures which clothe but never conceal the form! The head-dress of exquisitely dainty white linen, frilled and goffered, under which the hair is arranged in two curious horns, is exactly like that worn by the painter's own wife in his wonderful portrait of her in the Bruges Academy. This is indeed no comely couple. Neither Arnolfini nor his lady can lay

claim to beauty in the ordinary sense of the word. And indeed the Flemish painters, and Jan van Eyck in particular, cared little for facial beauty, even in their pictures of the Madonna. Where shall we find a more ill-favoured type than that of Our Lady in the great altar-piece of Canon Pala at Bruges? The small eyes, the almost entire absence of eyebrow and eyelash, the exceedingly high forehead, from which the hair appears to have been shaved, are certainly not elements that make for beauty. But then the women of the Netherlands have never been renowned for classical regularity of form or feature, and it is the harsh, homely type of their own country-women that these truthful painters of the fifteenth century took as model for their pictured madonnas and virgin saints. If, as it has been said, in Flemish art the men possess beauty and the women intelligence, the rule hardly applies here, for the bride looks shy and sheepish, and by no stretch of courtesy can her husband be pronounced handsome. Arnolfini was one of the many Italian merchants who had taken up their abode in Bruges as agents for some bank or commercial house in their native country. He seems to have had a brother, who also sat to Jan van Eyck for his portrait, which is now in the Berlin Museum. We may detect to-day in the gaunt, melancholy face, with its large nose and half-closed eyes, its heavy pallor and look of ill-health, just the characteristics of the more famous brother in our Gallery.

This picture is in its way as original and unprecedented as the "Adoration of the Lamb." If in that stupendous work a landscape setting is used for the first time in northern painting, in the Arnolfini portrait the painter

has set out to render the soft, subdued lighting of a dwelling-room. His object went further than the presentment of the man and woman who stood before him with such impassive gravity. He has indeed anticipated the problem which Peter de Hoogh and Vermeer of Delft attacked so vigorously nearly two and a half centuries later—a problem, too, with which modern painters delight to grapple. To give depth and space to the room, to set the figures actually inside it, in fact, to paint an interior with figures in it rather than figures with a room behind them seems to have been his aim. The room is indeed no mere background but a very actual fact. We must walk a step or two into it to approach the figures, set a little back from the edge of the frame, an additional device to enhance the effect. The eye is led inwards again by the converging parallel lines of the floor, the carpet and the window-frame. Following the pattern of the rug, which, by the way, is not absolutely correct in perspective, we instinctively measure the space between the figures and the end wall of the room. Again, how subtle is the lighting! Clear daylight from the casement window on the left streams into the room, where it is caught and chastened within its prison of four walls. The far corner, where stands the stately red-curtained bed, is in half shadow, but the light plays on the cool gray wall at the end of the room and is reflected in the finely-wrought brass chandelier suspended from the ceiling. On this end wall hangs a mirror, a marvel of minute painting which more than assures us that the new oil medium was adapted to the most delicate workmanship. Reflected in it may be seen a back view of the hero and heroine of the picture, besides

two other people standing by the door, one of whom is evidently the painter himself. His companion, the small figure in red, may perhaps be Jan's wife, the lady of the Bruges portrait. The strong likeness between her features and expression in this portrait and those of Arnolfini's wife has suggested the idea that the two were sisters. Here, then, we have a family visit introduced indirectly, to give the picture a new and personal interest. It was surely a novel conceit of the painter, that of bringing in the mirror reflecting his own person, but, from the pictorial point of view, it was a clever device to give an additional semblance of depth to the room, an artifice not unknown in many a modern drawing-room. The mirror seems to have become a favourite artistic property, for not only do we find it used by Petrus Cristus, Jan's immediate follower, but by Memlinc and Quentin Matsys many years later. Even more wonderful than the figures reflected in the mirror itself are the ten little circular scenes from the Passion let into its frame. To see these properly it is almost necessary to use a magnifying glass. By the mirror, from a nail in the wall, hangs a clear amber necklace, and above it runs the inscription, "Johannes de Eyck fuit hic," and the date, 1434. Every touch in this picture is of interest: the oranges which glow as the light from the window falls upon them, the little glimpse of a cherry-tree in fruit seen through the casement, the wooden pattens in the foreground, the scarlet embroidered slippers behind, and the strip of Turkey carpet. Nothing could surpass the patient care and minute delicacy with which these details are rendered. Nor is the picture bare of symbolism, for the little wire-haired spaniel in

the foreground is held to betoken Fidelity, and the two candles burning in the otherwise empty chandelier indicate perhaps that the light of two loving hearts shall never be extinguished. Strangely enough, where all is so accurately portrayed, the mirror has failed to reflect the spaniel.

The wonderful state of preservation in which the picture remains, fresh and glowing, as though it had but just left the master's workshop, gives us the opportunity of examining its technique and judging wherein the new method had surpassed the old. We observe at once the extraordinary depth and glow of colour, the transparency of the shadows, and the soft reflected lights. The white ground on which the painting was executed tells through the thinly-laid glazes of colour, giving the utmost brilliance and clearness to the lights. The colours are minutely blended, showing no trace of the fine brush marks which are often so evident in tempera paintings: the picture looks as though it had been painted in a single flow. Its fine surface and gloss result from the Flemish method of mixing the oil and resinous varnish with the colour and using it as the medium, instead of adding the varnish subsequently after the manner of to-day. To clean or restore an old Flemish picture is consequently a very difficult matter, there being no surface varnish to remove, and the dull condition to which some of these early paintings have been reduced is almost always due to ignorance of this fact. The varnish, indeed, forms an integral part of the picture, and any attempt to remove it necessarily involves injury to the colours with which it is mixed. Fortunately, neither the Arnolfini picture nor Jan van Eyck's two small portrait heads, which hang beside it, have

been subjected to this destructive process of rubbing.

Of these two portraits the earlier by a few months (290) is signed and dated the same year as the "Adoration of the Lamb." Here we have the portrait of a somewhat swarthy, dark-faced man of middle age. These rich red-bronze flesh tints are very characteristic of Jan van Eyck, so too are the dusky tones of the picture, the black background, and the dark-green hood, which latter contrasts agreeably with the red fur-trimmed coat over which it falls. The colours here are wonderfully blended, and the drawing is exceedingly careful. Who is this determined-looking man, with the clear gray eyes looking straight out before him from under his high forehead, with the curious *retroussé* nose and the full mouth and firm chin? But for the expression of quiet strength and purpose, we should pronounce this an almost vulgar type of face, and the hands are decidedly plebeian. The only clue to their owner's identity is to be found in the inscription on the stone parapet, where, above the date, October 10, 1432, and the artist's signature, we read the motto, "Leal Sovvenir" —"In loyal remembrance," as we might say—and over that, in Greek characters, the name "Timotheus." The picture is further signed with Jan's modest motto, "Als ich kann," the first words of an old Flemish proverb, "As I can, but not as I would." We know nothing further of this Timothy, but the fact that his portrait was repeatedly copied seems to point to his having been a man of note in his day, perhaps a university professor or a well-known scholar. The Greek lettering of the name may have been intended as a delicate compliment to his classical learning, and the roll of writing

in his hand possibly indicates some literary achievement.

The other portrait (222) was painted, as its inscription shows, just a year later. It represents an elderly man, perhaps a retired merchant of Bruges, with something of that look of tranquillity, combined with penetrative insight, which age so often brings. The quiet, yet withal shrewd eyes, which look out at the spectator, and the thin, decided lips, speak of a past in which both experience and success have been achieved. The carefully twisted red turban, contrasting with the dark dress and black background and the sober face, relieves the sombre colouring of the picture. The head is even more powerfully modelled than in the "Timothy," the flesh tints less ruddy and the play of light and shade stronger. This minuteness of finish has surely never been surpassed. Every bristle on the man's chin, every wrinkle in the skin is indicated, though never so much as to distract the attention from the effect of the whole. There is neither niggling nor disagreeable smoothness. Like all van Eyck's pictures this can be looked at from a distance or examined closely with equal satisfaction. A striking feature in this portrait is the extraordinarily accurate drawing of the eyes. The head is turned a little to the right, and the left eye, being nearer to the spectator, appears slightly larger than the other. This sharp perspective gives a singularly penetrating expression to the eyes. The picture is not quite in the fine condition of Jan van Eyck's other portraits here, being a good deal cracked. On the simple old gilded wooden frame of the period are carved the artist's name and the date of the picture, and again the familiar motto,

For all his marvellous elaboration and devotion to detail, Jan completed no inconsiderable number of pictures, and those that have come down to us are scattered among the great European collections. The Louvre possesses the wonderful "Madonna with Chancellor Rollin," a masterpiece of portraiture and minute, finished painting. Berlin is rich in portraits, foremost among them the famous "Man with the Pinks," consummate in its soft, harmonious colouring and almost startling truth to life. In Bruges we find, besides the portrait of the painter's wife, the great "Madonna and Child worshipped by Canon Pala," a splendid picture in spite of the repellent types portrayed. Vienna boasts two portraits, Frankfort and Dresden each an altar-piece.

Immeasurable as was the influence of the van Eycks on the future of Flemish art, and indeed on the very art of painting itself, they seem to have had few direct pupils. The only artist whom we may assume with some certainty to have been trained under Jan is Petrus Cristus. Very little is known about this painter's life beyond the fact that he obtained the freedom of the city of Bruges four years after Jan van Eyck's death. Probably, however, he was studying in Bruges for some years before this, though not as a fully acknowledged painter. A "Madonna and Child with Saints" in the Gallery at Frankfort bears witness to the connection between Jan van Eyck and Cristus. Here we find the pupil making use of his master's studio properties. The oriental rug at the Madonna's feet is identical in colour and design with that used by Jan in his picture of the "Madonna of Lucca" in the same gallery, and on the pilasters of the throne Cristus has introduced in

miniature the well-known Adam and Eve from the Ghent altar-piece.

The "Portrait of Marco Barbarigo" (696), which hangs beneath the group of Jan van Eyck's pictures in the National Gallery, has sometimes been ascribed to Petrus Cristus. Jan's influence is plainly discernible here, both in the brown flesh tones and the straightforward realism of the portraiture. But we may perhaps detect Cristus in the rather hard outlines, the heavy touch, and the somewhat commonplace type of features, which always characterise his paintings. Marco Barbarigo, who for one short year enjoyed the position of Doge of Venice, acted in 1449, the time when this portrait was painted, as Venetian consul in London. The exquisitely-lettered document which he holds in his hand is addressed to him in London. Petrus Cristus, indeed, may actually have travelled to England himself to paint it, for, besides this portrait, two others by him represent English people—one the portrait of "Lady Talbot" in the Berlin Museum, the other that of "Edward Grimston" in Lord Verulam's collection. Such a possibility cannot fail to give additional interest to this small panel, which, hanging in company with Jan van Eyck's superb portraits, serves also to illustrate the relative inferiority of the pupil in finish, refinement and technique.

Cristus's most important work, the "Legend of S. Elegius," in the collection of Baron Oppenheim at Cologne, introduces us to the interior of a fifteenth-century goldsmith's shop, where the saint, seated at a table, receives a visit from a young couple. Here we have one of the first *genre* pictures of the type which Quentín Matsys and his followers afterwards secularised

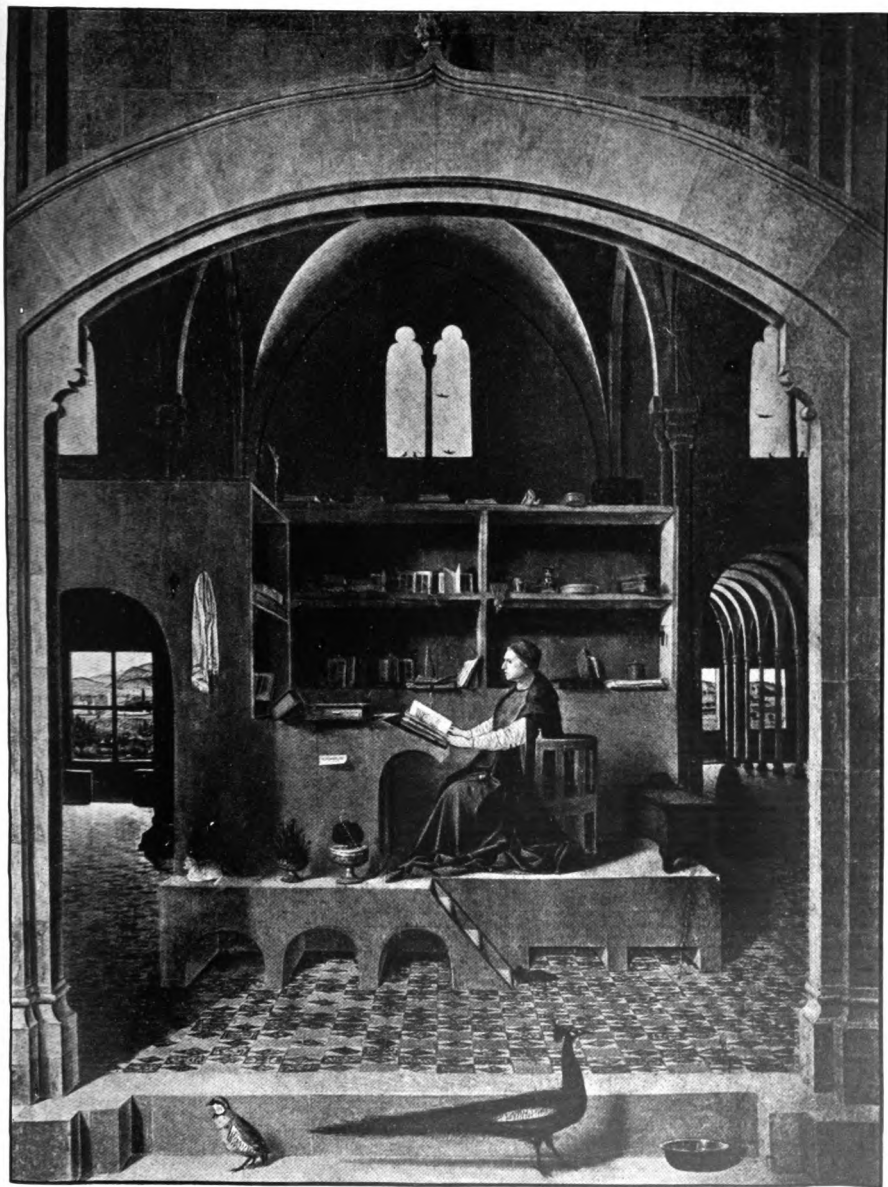
and made their own. If Cristus be really the author of the large "Deposition of Christ" in Brussels, there ascribed to him, he shows himself also a landscape painter of true skill and feeling.

In the large Venetian room of the National Gallery (VII.) we find a group of pictures which even a glance suffices to connect with the school of Flanders. Antonello da Messina, who is worthily represented here by four pictures, must be counted among Jan van Eyck's pupils, though only indirectly. Vasari's story, that he travelled to Bruges and learned the art from Jan van Eyck himself, has long been disproved by the fact that Antonello was only born some four years after Jan's death. But that he somehow acquired the new method of painting, perhaps even in Italy, from some Flemish artist, and that both his technique and his early style bear strong evidence of Flemish influence, are undoubted facts. Indeed, the artistic traffic between Italy and the north was by no means inconsiderable. Flemish artists, and among them Hubert van Eyck and the great Roger van der Weyden himself, found their way to Italy. Flemish pictures, too, were frequently sent south, or bought by Italian merchants like Arnolfini in Bruges itself. Nor, indeed, is it by any means impossible that Antonello did actually find his way to Bruges, and learn from some pupil of the van Eycks, besides seeing the pictures of the master himself. The strong realism, the forcible directness of his portraiture, and even the somewhat dark tone of his flesh colours, seem to confirm this. From no other master of the Flemish school could he have acquired just these qualities.

Antonello is perhaps best known for having in-

troduced the new Flemish method of oil painting into Italy, for he settled in Venice, where he learned as much from the Venetian painters in the direction of breadth and style as he could teach them of technique. His "Salvator Mundi" (673) is unmistakably Flemish in type and colour, recalling Jan van Eyck's "Head of Christ" in the Berlin Museum. This picture, dated 1465, some eight years before he came to Venice, is the earliest we know by Antonello, and bears every trace of youth and inexperience. The hands have given the young painter peculiar trouble. He has painted them once, and then, dissatisfied at the result, altered the position of the right hand. Even now it is far from convincing, and, moreover, the original hand underneath has worked through the paint and betrayed the artist's correction or, as the Italians call it, *pentimento*. The composition, too, is cramped, the figure seeming to fit with difficulty into the space allotted to it. And yet only ten years later Antonello achieved such a magnificent piece of work as his "Condottiere" in the Louvre, a bold, living portrait of one of those truculent swash-bucklers so characteristic of the Renaissance in Italy. But we must not linger over his later works. The fine portrait of himself in the National Gallery (1141) is at least as much Venetian as Flemish, though here again the accurate drawing of the eyes recalls Jan van Eyck. The pathetic little "Crucifixion" (1166) is in bad condition, and in this too we see Antonello passing over to the Italians.

But the wonderful little "S. Jerome in his Study" (1318) links Antonello to the school of Bruges in a very intimate way. It is probably the very picture mentioned by Vasari as a "S. Jerome" by van Eyck



Hanfstängl photo

[National Gallery]

S. JEROME IN HIS STUDY

By Antonello da Messina

belonging to Lorenzo de' Medici, and though this attribution to Jan is certainly erroneous, it is further evidence of the influence which his works produced on Antonello, by whom there is little doubt it was painted. The richness of detail in this beautiful little interior is far more Flemish than Italian. We look through a tawny - coloured marble archway into a lofty, well-lighted hall with tiled floor, in the middle of which a raised platform, surrounded on two sides by shelves, forms a kind of sanctum or study for the fine, dignified old gentleman who occupies it. There is little here to denote the saint, unless it be the hair shirt beneath his deep red robe and the cardinal's hat on the bench behind him, but the long-legged lion lurking in the arcaded passage leaves no doubt as to his identity. What a peaceful existence, surrounded by his pets—his lion, the sleepy grey cat, the partridge and peacock, for which a copper bowl of water has not been forgotten! Even the wild birds perch on the high window-sill in friendly fashion. We have only to look a little further in this same Gallery to find S. Jerome in far less enviable plight, gaunt and naked among the rocks, beating his breast with a stone in a very frenzy of penitence. Here in his well-appointed study he lacks nothing. The shelves round his writing-desk are well furnished with books, bottles and jars, and a towel hangs on a convenient peg; while for decoration a vase of carnations and a plant in a pot adorn the platform, after the fashion of Italy to this day. Descending from his study by three little steps, at the foot of which his pattens lie ready, he has only to walk to one of the windows at the end of the hall to get a glimpse out into the country, where a green

landscape stretches away to the hills. Minute as they are, mere specks of black and scarlet, we can nevertheless distinguish tiny figures moving outside, some women and a dog, a man in red, and a rider on a white horse, a favourite *motif* with many Flemish painters of the fifteenth century. The enclosed building on the left looks like a monastery, where, among the more learned members of the community, S. Jerome would doubtless find congenial society.

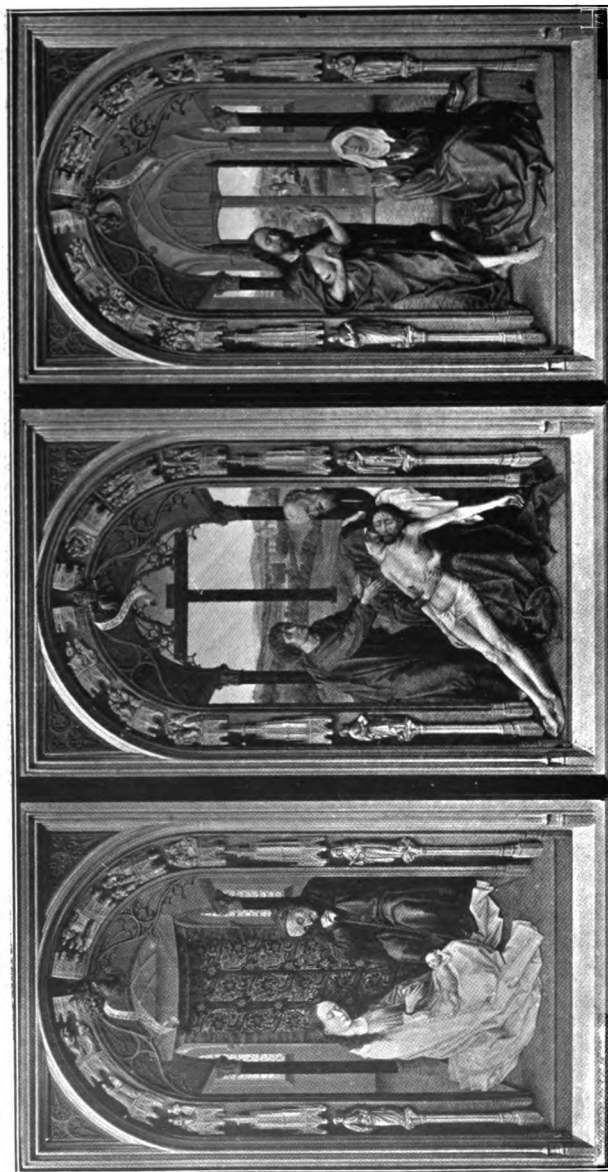
CHAPTER III

THE SCHOOL OF ROGER VAN DER WEYDEN

ON either side of the group of portraits by Jan van Eyck hang two pictures of a very different character. One represents the "Mater Dolorosa" (711), the other an "Ecce Homo" (712). These pictures, though of no great importance in themselves, are all we have in the Gallery from the workshop of that interesting artist, Roger de la Pasture, better known as Roger van der Weyden, who, born some ten years later than Jan van Eyck, was destined to wield an influence over Flemish and German art at least equal to that of the van Eycks themselves. A native of the episcopal town of Tournai, he studied for some years under a certain Robert Campin, one of the many Flemish painters of whom we know little but the name, all his works being lost or, at present at anyrate, unidentified. Roger worked for some time in Brussels, where he decorated the Courts of Justice with a series of paintings, which, sad to say, have perished. He spent some years, too, in Louvain. In response perhaps to an invitation from the art-loving Duke of Ferrara, he set off on a journey to Italy, visiting Rome in the year of Jubilee 1450, and lingering among some of the principal Italian cities. A small altar-piece in the gallery at Frankfort points to a visit to Florence, for not only does it bear the lily, the arms of Florence, but of the saints represented

Cosmo and Damian were the patrons of the Medici family, and S. John the Baptist the special protector of the city on the Arno. Roger certainly spent some time in Ferrara, where his presence can scarcely have been without influence on the school of painting which was just coming into life there. It is difficult not to feel something of his rather morbid religious spirit re-appearing in the works of Cosimo Tura, notably in his *Pietàs* in Venice and Vienna. Roger himself went his own way without abating one jot of his typically northern style in favour of southern and Italian ideas. The day had not yet dawned when Flemish art was to succumb to the craze for Italian forms and sentiment, and to lose its sincerity and intrinsic charm by blind and reckless imitation of an alien art all too imperfectly understood.

Roger van der Weyden was of a very different temperament from Jan van Eyck, for while the latter seems to have painted with no further sensation than that of pleasure in the thoroughness and finish of his work, Roger was of a deeply religious nature, and felt the pathos and emotion of every scene he depicted. If Jan shows himself the keen, cool observer, Roger appears as the passionate, creative dramatist. Sometimes, indeed, he was carried away by a very ecstasy of grief, which expressed itself in the sorrow-distorted countenances of his models. Of this characteristic the two panels in the National Gallery afford examples. They are probably free copies by some pupil from a diptych by the master, of which the "Ecce Homo" panel is still preserved in the little museum of Varallo, near Novara in North Italy. The companion picture of the "Mater Dolorosa" has not been traced, and must be recon-



[Berlin

THE JOYS AND SORROWS OF THE VIRGIN
By Rogier van der Weyden

Hauptstadt photo]

structed from the copy here. She is dressed in the grim black and white habit of a Dominican nun, an anachronism offering many parallels. Her face, with its long nose, small, pursed-up mouth, and narrow, tear-stained eyes, is only another evidence of the indifference shown by Flemish artists to facial beauty. The heads are as realistic and typically Flemish as those of Jan, but the emotional treatment recalls something of the deep religious fervour of the old school of Cologne. In the "Ecce Homo" the mental and physical sufferings of the Saviour are expressed with poignant sympathy. The gold background flecked with black spots in these two pictures revives the practice of an earlier age. There is another "Ecce Homo" (1083) in the same room, also with a gold background, but by some unknown Flemish painter of feeble capacity.

Roger van der Weyden's influence on contemporary art was so far-reaching that, though the number of works known to be actually from his own hand is small, there are in nearly every gallery some anonymous or wrongly-named pictures which evidently belong to his school. It is through him that Flemish influence crept into the mystic, somewhat sentimental atmosphere of German painting, infusing it with healthy realism and greater technical skill. Painters seem to have flocked to him from all parts of Germany and the Netherlands, just as in our day young artists gather about some favourite master in Paris. It was his light, flat colouring, with its cool tonality, that German painters borrowed, rather than the rich, deep colour harmonies of the van Eycks. Few of his works remain in his own country. In Germany the Berlin Museum is rich in the possession of three fine triptychs; while in Munich, besides

the interesting "Adoration of the Magi," in which Philip of Burgundy and Charles the Bold play the parts of two of the worshipping kings, the portrait of the painter himself is preserved under the guise of S. Luke, who, according to the old legend, is represented painting a picture of the Virgin. The composition of this beautiful panel, where the Virgin and S. Luke sit facing each other under a kind of loggia overlooking a river, was evidently inspired by Jan van Eyck's "Madonna with Chancellor Rollin" in the Louvre. The impressive "Descent from the Cross," now in the Prado, was painted during the artist's sojourn in Louvain for a church in the town, and is well known from numerous contemporary copies. It is indeed a matter of regret that the National Gallery possesses no example of this great artist, whose influence is so pronounced in the works of his contemporaries and successors.

We find in every gallery, and the National Gallery is no exception, a number of pictures which can be assigned to no particular master, though it is generally easy to trace in them certain likenesses in execution or detail to the works of some known artist. Thus a group of pictures in Room IV., which in many respects resemble Roger van der Weyden's works, used to be labelled as by him or his mythical son. But this is far too haphazard a method to satisfy the exact and scientific connoisseurship of to-day. Modern criticism has come to the rescue of many of these picture orphans, bringing together brothers and sisters, and in many cases restoring them to their parents. For just as we find many pictures to which no artist's name can with certainty be attached, so there are many known artists to whom no existing pictures can be assigned, as we

noticed in the case of Robert Campin. To join the nameless pictures to the pictureless names has proved in many instances a fascinating and not impossible task, and by this means the school of Flemish painters is continually enlarging its borders. To take an instance: a number of important works scattered about different galleries have for some time past been recognised as originating from the same hand, and it is evident that their painter was intimately connected with Roger van der Weyden. This anonymous artist has been designated the Maître de Flémalle, from the beautiful full-length panels of the Virgin and S. Veronica, which belonged to the Abbey of Flémalle, near Liège, and have now found their way into the Frankfort Gallery. He is also known as the Master of the Mérode altarpiece, from a triptych, formerly in the Mérode Palace in Brussels, which has lately emigrated, in company with many other masterpieces, to America. It now seems that the accomplished painter of these and several other pictures may be identical with a certain Jacques Daret of Tournai. All that we know of this painter so exactly fits with the pictures grouped round the Flémalle-Mérode artist, that his name may safely be accepted until his authorship be actually disproved. For, after all, absolute certainty seems quite out of reach.

This Jacques Daret was a fellow-pupil of Roger van der Weyden under Robert Campin at Tournai, a fact that entirely accounts for the very strong resemblance between their paintings. Several pictures in the National Gallery are now believed to be the work of this interesting master. The magnificent double portrait of "A Man and his Wife" (653) is perhaps the most striking. In colour this picture is much deeper

than van der Weyden's works. It reminds us indeed, in its strong flesh tones, warm red head-dress, dark background and draperies, of Jan van Eyck's deep-toned panels, with which the artist may well have been familiar. What character is expressed on this man's face, with its short, pointed nose, firm, thin lips, and double chin! He is certainly one of those who are born to rule. The wrinkles on his forehead and round his thoughtful, deep-set eyes pronounce him a somewhat elderly husband for the dainty little lady who faces him so demurely, yet also with a look of quiet determination. Here at last we have a really attractive Flemish woman. There is something of piquancy in this sweet, thoughtful face, from which the dark eyes look out under heavy lids fringed with long lashes. The *retroussé* nose and full, well-curved lips complete a very charming personality. The careful arrangement of her spotless plaited linen head-dress, fastened to the hair with small pins, suggests even a touch of coquetry, while the ruby ring on her finger betokens some degree of worldly prosperity. The colour is solidly laid on, and throughout, the vigorous execution of these portraits betrays a master hand.

Undoubtedly the author of this hitherto anonymous panel was an artist of no mean importance. If we turn to the little picture of the "Death of the Virgin" (658), ascribed vaguely in the catalogue to the German school, we are assuredly again in the presence of one of his rare and finished paintings, but of a quite different character. It has always been treated as one of the waifs and strays of the gallery, of doubtful nationality and parentage. A home was at last found for it, under the shelter of Martin Schongauer's name,



Hanfstängl photo]

[*National Gallery*

DEATH OF THE VIRGIN

By Jacques Daret (?)

in the German room (XV.), and its obviously Flemish character was accounted for by the theory of Schongauer's pupilage under Roger van der Weyden. It has also been recognised as something akin to the work of that rare master, Hugo van der Goes, who is known to have assisted Daret in the elaborate decorations of the city of Bruges on the occasion of Charles the Bold's wedding with our Margaret of York—decorations which, according to the practice of that artistic age, were entrusted not to greedy contractors but to the best talent available. But to return to Jacques Daret's picture: we are introduced to the bed-chamber of the Virgin Mary, who, surrounded by the twelve faithful apostles, is breathing her last. Her hands are clasped, her brow contracted, the very agony of death is depicted on her face. But above her head, encircled by a halo of tawny golden light, appears a vision of the Deity attended by angels, bearing in their hands the cross, emblem of her sorrow, the lily, type of her purity, and the white shroud, token of her coming death. In the crowded little room all is solicitude and distress. The last offices of the Church are being performed, for here again the artist takes no heed of historical possibility, and while S. John holds the taper, S. Peter, with tears running down his cheeks, prepares to sprinkle the holy water, and at the foot of the bed two disciples make ready the incense, one blowing up the flame with an absurd puffing of the cheeks. In the foreground a dwarfish little man, spectacles on nose, reads the service; another, crouching in the corner, tells his beads. Certainly the painter has succeeded in expressing strong individuality in the faces of these twelve men, actuated though they be at

the moment by one common sentiment. The face of the reader, in particular, is most cleverly characterised. His whole being seems intent on the solemn words he is uttering. The gesture, too, of the man who clasps the foot of the bed is very expressive. And it is impossible not to marvel at the wonderful finish and minute realism which show us every wrinkle in the faces, every hair almost, though the figures measure only a few inches in height. The colouring is warm and deep-chorded, rich green contrasting with generous crimson and scarlet, set off by the black drapery on the bed and the quiet browns of some of the dresses. The rather cold, purplish flesh tints are as characteristic of Jacques Daret as are dusky bronze tones of Jan van Eyck. The *genre*-touches, too, the folded towel on the table, the bottle and jug and candlestick, recall more than one of the Flemish interiors which Daret loves to portray. Most delightful of all, however, is the view seen through a window of a sunlit square, flanked by high-gabled houses and a church with steep, blue-slatted roof. We may even make out a shop with goods hanging outside, and smoke rising from a chimney on one of the houses. In the middle of the spacious square stands a fountain. From the light and the long shadows cast by the figures we may guess it to be early morning. This painter is always particular to indicate these cast shadows. What a charm lies in such little open-air vistas, framed in by door or window! Like the mirror in Arnolfini's bed-chamber, they help to give a sense of space and depth, to carry the spectator's eye and thought to what is outside and beyond the actual subject of the picture.

We feel this even more strongly in the "Christ

appearing to His Mother after His Resurrection" (1086) in the Flemish room (IV.). Here the figures are unattractive, the action unconvincing, and we are glad to escape through the open doorway into the green garden beyond. This picture is believed to be a copy of a lost original by Jacques Daret, and again it illustrates that artist's connection with Roger van der Weyden, for the composition is clearly modelled on a side panel of Roger's earliest known picture, a triptych in the Berlin Museum, representing the "Joys and Sorrows of the Virgin." Such borrowing was so much the accepted custom among artists of this time, that it would excite neither jealousy nor contempt. It was done openly, and, doubtless, as an ordinary matter of convenience. In a long, narrow room, with beamed roof and tiled floor, Mary, reading by an open window, turns to see Christ standing beside her, His hands upheld as though to force conviction of His actual presence in the flesh by the nail wounds scarred upon them. Through the open doorway we may descry the tomb, with a Roman soldier snoring beside it, and an angel mounting guard, and from the window on the right we can watch the Holy Women approaching with their spices and sweet-scented ointments.

There is another version of this subject in the National Gallery (1280) by some unnamed artist. Here the Virgin is sitting at the foot of a heavily-draped pink bed, and Christ, surrounded by a great concourse of people, seems to be speaking to her. Some barbarian dullard, itching to explain what the artist had already made sufficiently evident, has inserted long lettered scrolls into the mouths of the principal actors, and, of course, the effect of the picture is ruined.

A third picture that may perhaps be associated with Jacques Daret, "The Magdalen reading" (654), is vaguely ascribed in the catalogue to the later school of Roger van der Weyden. It is far too good a picture for a mere school-piece, and now that it is hung in a more prominent position, and a name can be attached to it, it will no doubt attract the attention it deserves. The Magdalen here recalls the wing of an altar-piece by Jacques Daret in Madrid, where, in a room somewhat resembling that in which Christ appears to the Virgin (1086), but more elaborately furnished, S. Barbara sits reading beside a blazing wood fire. Our picture indeed has no such delightful setting, but the attitude of the Magdalen, and the turn of her head, as she intently peruses the illuminated manuscript in her hands, are almost identical with those of S. Barbara. She is dressed, like Arnolfini's wife, in the costume of the early fifteenth century. Her heavy cloth dress of soft green, caught in at the waist by a deep blue sash, of which one end falling to the ground shows a border of gold fringe, opens over a skirt of rich gold brocade. The effect of the green dress is heightened by contrast with the scarlet cushion on which she is seated and a piece of warm crimson drapery on the left. There is nothing here to proclaim the penitent Magdalen, unless it be the elegant white jar on the floor, her customary emblem in art. This well-dressed lady, reading so diligently, seems to have little to do with either the worldly sinner or the grief-stricken convert. But such was the custom of these painters, to clothe the saints and heroes of the past in the features and garb of the present. In this picture our historical interest is less with Mary Mag-

dalen than with the Flemish lady who, four and a half centuries ago, donned her best attire and posed to the artist for his picture of whatever saint or sinner you please. And she is evidently a lady of condition, if we may judge by the refinement and beauty of her hands. It is indeed sad that the original background of this picture has disappeared to give way to a new coat of coarsely-laid dark paint. Possibly this single figure once formed part of a group of saints gathered about the Virgin and Child, as we see them in so many of Memlinc's pictures, and in Gerard David's lovely idyl (1432) hanging in this very room. Now forlorn, bereft of her companions, her very *milieu* altered past recognition, she is still a graceful, interesting figure, reigning supreme in her allotted space of panel.

A very quaint little lady faces us from another corner of this room (1433). Here no saintly masquerading seeks to divert our attention from the purely human side of the story. Indeed, the rather peevish expression scarcely suggests an unusual degree of sanctity. The ideal of feminine beauty and grace has suffered complete transformation since the days when, as in this portrait, the forehead was shaved to the very crown of the head, and the soft curves of the cheeks were set off against the harsh lines of a muslin coif, starched to a board-like stiffness. The high peaked cap of gold and white brocade under the veil gives the head a curious egg-shaped appearance. The painter's enthusiasm has been aroused by no particular beauty of feature or charm of bearing, and he appears to have rendered with quiet truthfulness the almond-shaped eyes, the pinched little nose, long upper lip and full mouth, of his rather dis-

contented sitter. But he spared no pains in the actual execution of his picture, which is wonderfully delicate and careful. The hands, again, have called out all his skill. They are folded in front of her, in much the same position as those of the wife on the double portrait (653), and the left hand is adorned with four rings, one with a fine ruby set in a plain gold band. The flesh tints are of a rather cold, pinkish tone, with sharp lights, not indeed very beautiful, but the cruel, glaring muslin cap would assuredly kill the most peach-like complexion. The warm crimson stomacher relieves the somewhat cold colouring of the picture, and the effect is quite gay. As for the authorship of this modest little panel, which is too often passed by unnoticed, it has lately been suggested that no less an artist than this same Jacques Daret should be held responsible. A strikingly similar portrait, exhibited at Bruges in 1902, came from the Duke of Anhalt's collection at Woerlitz, under the ægis of Memlinc's name; and certainly the pose and peculiar costume of both panels recall Memlinc's portraits of Barbara Moreel and her daughter Mary in Brussels and Bruges. By many this was regarded as a work of Roger van der Weyden. The cool colouring and sharp, high lights in our portrait, however, are more distinctive of Daret, and the hands are painted quite in his manner. But it would be a little rash to claim the picture definitely for him.

A word, at least, must be found for an artist, who, though not represented in the National Gallery, is far too important a figure in Flemish art to be slighted. Hugo van der Goes has already been mentioned as one of the artists associated with Jacques Daret in the elaborate decorations for Charles the Bold's marriage

feast. He was then a young man, receiving a small salary, while Daret was already an acknowledged master. Hugo has always been regarded as a one-picture artist; his *magnum opus*, the great "Nativity" triptych, now in the Uffizi, used to be the only picture of which we could say with absolute confidence that it was painted by him. Just recently, however, a fine "Adoration of the Shepherds" has been bought by the Berlin Museum from a private collection in Madrid, and there is no doubt that this, too, is a work of Hugo's brush. After the Ghent altar-piece the Uffizi "Nativity" is the largest picture produced in Flanders in the fifteenth century, yet in its wonderful finish and delicacy it vies with any miniature panel of van Eyck or Roger. It was painted, like the Arnolfini portrait, for an Italian merchant resident in Bruges, one Thomas Portinari, a descendant of that Florentine family to which Dante's Beatrice belonged. For depth and vigour of colouring, for rugged truth of portraiture and delicate feeling for landscape, this picture may vie with any work of the period. It is easy to recognise in Hugo van der Goes an ardent admirer of Jan van Eyck, though we have no means of proving any direct intercourse between them. He seems to have worked in Bruges and Ghent, but when and where he was born, no one knows. As old age approached, weary of earth and conscious of sin, he retired as a lay brother to a monastery. But his artistic temperament, though hidden beneath the cowl, was not stifled, and occasionally burst forth to startle the decorum of the community, to whom perhaps it was something of a relief when the painter-brother died, full of years, if not of monkish wisdom. The

little portrait of a "Dominican Monk" (710) in the National Gallery, once ascribed, with little reason, to Hugo van der Goes, is certainly not by him. This grave ecclesiastic, with hands devotionally folded, has perhaps more affinity with Memlinc.

Passing on now to the "Madonna and Child with an Angel, S. George and the Donor" (686), we find ourselves in the presence of this most attractive and winsome of all the Flemish painters. Hans Memlinc, whose name is for ever associated with Bruges, was not a native of that city, but came from the neighbourhood of Mainz. Like Hubert van Eyck, he may well have received his early artistic training in the school of Cologne, for indeed its pure traditions seem to inspire his works to the very end of his life. Memlinc has generally been regarded as the pupil of Roger van der Weyden, though there is no evidence, beyond the actual testimony of his paintings, on which to ground this belief. In some instances he has not only borrowed the older master's composition but actually copied his figures. If we compare Memlinc's "Adoration of the Magi," in the hospital at Bruges, of which there is an Arundel copy here, with the same subject by Roger van der Weyden in Munich, we find a striking likeness in arrangement and detail. Indeed, S. Joseph and the old king kneeling before the Virgin have been copied with but slight alterations in pose and drapery. But, as it has been suggested, Memlinc may well have seen this picture in Cologne, where it hung in the Church of S. Colomba.

By the time Memlinc came to Bruges, in about 1467, he was already an accomplished painter. For many years a romantic story was told and believed as to his



Hanfstängl photo

[National Gallery

VIRGIN AND CHILD WITH S. GEORGE AND THE DONOR

By Hans Memling

connection with that city. It was related how, after a wandering life, he entered the service of Charles the Bold, and shared in the disaster of Nancy; how wounded, and with difficulty making his way to Bruges, he fell fainting at the gate of the Hospital of S. John; how the kindly sisters took him in and nursed him to life again, in return for which charity Memlinc painted the beautiful pictures, still the priceless possessions of the hospital. This legend, like many another that gained credence in the eighteenth century, has been swept away by the more accurate investigation of modern times. Memlinc was no wounded soldier forced to subsist on the charity of others. The archives of Bruges prove him to have been a well-to-do citizen, aiding in a loan raised to pay off the expenses of the war between Maximilian and France, and possessed of house property in the city.

The first glance at this "Madonna and Child" (686) convinces us that we are in an atmosphere different alike from the matter-of-fact realism of Jan van Eyck and the morbid, religious temper of Roger van der Weyden. Memlinc was indeed a religious painter, but the gloomy and sorrowful sides of religion were not those which appealed to his bright and amiable temperament. He resembled Fra Angelico in his inability to imagine evil or to picture despair, and in the wonderful purity and serenity which breathe from all his pictures. His strong sense of the beautiful carried him safely over those pitfalls of downright ugliness into which Jan van Eyck's realism sometimes dragged him. Grace of outline, bright and harmonious colour, delicate finish and idyllic sentiment are Memlinc's special characteristics. Small as this panel

is, it serves as a kind of introduction to his more important work, and gives us also an insight into his poetical, perhaps sometimes even sentimental spirit. Unfortunately, the picture has been greatly injured by rubbing, and has lost some of its surface brilliance and gloss, but it still remains, in spite of time and ill-treatment, a charming example of the master. In colour it is bright and clear, as are all Memlinc's works, which have neither the dusky depth of Jan van Eyck nor his forcible chiaroscuro. The beautiful cherry-red of the Virgin's drapery, a favourite colour with Memlinc, is repeated in the canopy of her richly-decorated throne, hung with a strip of costly brocade, boldly patterned in black and gold, and in the oriental carpet at her feet. The Virgin, with her high forehead and soft golden hair, is the type of all Memlinc's Madonnas, not beautiful perhaps according to our ideas, but her gentle grace and tender purity give her a charm which rivals more formal beauty. And Memlinc was the first of the Flemish artists who could paint a real baby, though even he was to be surpassed in this respect by Gerard David. Instead of the hideous, wizened, little old men who pose as babies in Jan van Eyck's pictures, we have here a true child, still perhaps a little stiff, but with genuine baby wonder and delight expressed on His face, as He turns from the fascinating occupation of crumpling the leaves of His mother's book to listen to the music played for His amusement by the delightful white-robed angel kneeling at His side. This angel appears in a number of Memlinc's pictures; in fact, he was rather in the habit of repeating his figures with but slight variation. It is an altogether fascinating little creation, with its short curly hair and somewhat un-

angelic grin of pleasure. The kneeling donor of the picture and his patron S. George, who stands behind him, red - cross banner in hand, are characteristic examples of Memlinc's inability to depict a really manly man. Of course, the donor is a portrait, though probably, to judge from other instances, much softened and idealised from the reality. As a portrait painter Memlinc had little of the stern realism of Jan van Eyck, who preferred the truth in all its plainness to any deviation, however pleasing. We need scarcely wonder at Memlinc's popularity in this branch of art, and indeed he painted more portraits than any other artist of his century. Perhaps the finest of all is the wonderful presentment of a young man, Martin van Nieuwenhove, in the hospital at Bruges. In our picture the donor's face is full of reverence and sweetness; S. George, the valiant slayer of the dragon, is equally mild and effeminate. Indeed, these men seem to have been endowed with the beauty which the Flemish women so often lack. The curious fish-like creature, with gashed throat, at the saint's feet is, of course, intended to represent the dragon; but how different from the ferocious, fire-breathing terror of the legend! This mild monster was evidently the very limit of the painter's imagination of the awful and horrible.

The little landscape in the background is by no means the least charming part of the picture. Indeed, this is often true of Memlinc's works. He loves to give us glimpses of smiling, sunny meadows under a clear summer sky, blue, winding rivers, and ponds on which swans float majestically, as one sees them to this day on the canals at Bruges. Here the landscape has suffered from retouching, but for all that its bright, clear

greens and blues, and the ships on the sea, with their specks of scarlet, give it a delightful gaiety and serenity. The old man walking through the door of the courtyard has on his feet the wooden pattens which in those days were worn in the streets, and are just like those in the Arnolfini portrait. The spirit of this beautiful little lyric is one of calm peace and happiness. entirely different from Roger van der Weyden's sorrowful, dramatic intensity.

Two small panels here are also ascribed to Memlinc, though with less of certainty. They represent "S. John the Baptist and S. Lawrence" (747), and must have formed the wings of an altar-piece, of which the centre is now lost. The figures and the draperies are certainly quite in his manner, but not so the landscapes behind them, in which neither the drawing of the trees nor the metallic blue-green colour recall Memlinc's touch. The saints are of his usual gentle type; indeed, S. John the Baptist seems to have been repeated with only slight alteration from the altar-piece painted for Sir John Donne, Memlinc's earliest known work, now at Chatsworth. St Lawrence, in his deacon's dress of glowing scarlet over a white surplice, enhanced by passages of rich blue, is an attractive youthful figure, shy and timid. He fingers delicately and perhaps reluctantly a small gridiron, symbol of his martyrdom.

The little "Madonna and Child" (709) has been so remorselessly over-cleaned that in its present condition it is difficult to judge of its original quality. The types are exactly those of the larger picture here (686); the same gentle Virgin posed against a brocaded curtain, the Child in the same position as before. But the outlines are harder, and for all the tender sentiment and

warm colour we feel an inferior hand. Memlinc had, of course, many followers and imitators, and no doubt this little panel is by some one of them. The feeble little "Madonna and Child" (708), once ascribed to Jan's sister, Margaret van Eyck, of whom we know nothing as a painter, is probably also by a very weak and timid follower of Memlinc.

Memlinc's industry must have been equal to his skill, for scarcely a public collection but contains some picture from his hand, be it portrait or altar-piece. To see him at his best and in every phase we must go to Bruges, his adopted city, where in the old Hospital of S. John we find ourselves in a veritable Memlinc Museum. Here in the place of honour hangs the picture which formerly adorned the high altar of the hospital chapel. In composition it closely resembles the Chatsworth picture, painted some ten years earlier. Indeed, it is remarkable how little Memlinc's style varied throughout his career. The Madonna sits serene and thoughtful among a group of virgin saints, while gleeful angels make music, and the holy Child weds S. Catherine with one hand, and in the other grasps an apple. The two SS. John, as patrons of the hospital, stand sentinel on either side of the throne. Episodes from their lives are depicted in the background, and form the subjects of the wings of the altar-piece. Still more beautiful in colour and charm of expression is the triptych representing the "Adoration of the Magi," mentioned before as showing Roger van der Weyden's influence. This is one of Memlinc's most attractive works, and a marvel of soft, glowing colour, at which the Arundel copy here but faintly hints. The old king kneels with a gentle and persuasive expression to kiss

the Christ child's feet. And how debonnair the sprightly Ethiopian in his smart brocaded jerkin and long hose! Some gay sprig of the Burgundian court had doubtless furnished the model for this gallant youth. The pious donor, a brother of the Order of S. John, is far less prominent here than in Jan van Eyck's pictures. It is some time before we notice him kneeling modestly in the left-hand corner behind the third king. The stubby-bearded man in a yellow cap looking through the window is generally supposed to represent the painter himself, but there is no real ground for this belief.

The richest gem of this Bruges treasure-house of art is, however, the wonderful shrine or reliquary of S. Ursula, hallowed within by the bones of the virgin saint and her martyred companions, and immortalised without by Memlinc's pictured history of their hapless adventures. These little pictures are treated with the refined delicacy of miniature painting, yet with all the breadth and freedom of Memlinc's larger works. This oblong wooden box is indeed a shrine, not alone of sanctity, but of art. We find here, too, further evidence of the painter's connection with Cologne, for in the scenes of which that city forms the background, many of its best-known buildings may be recognised, foremost among them, of course, the cathedral, topped by the huge crane used in its construction.

Of Memlinc's largest work, the triptych of the "Passion" at Lübeck, there is also a small Arundel copy here. The central panel depicts the "Crucifixion," the three crosses being raised high aloft above the crowd of spectators. On the wings Memlinc has introduced several scenes from the Passion, repeating with some variations the composition of his great

altar-piece at Turin, a picture composed, like his "Christ the Light of the World" in Munich, of numerous separate incidents brought into unison by the landscape and architectural background. In the Lübeck triptych the actual execution seems to have been carried out in great part by pupils.

Returning to the Flemish Room (IV.), we find a picture of a cadaverous young man in a dull red cap (993). This was for many years supposed to be the portrait of Memlinc by himself, in the dress of the hospital to which tradition had assigned him as a patient, and the sickly appearance helped to bear out the theory. This portrait, however, is neither by nor of Memlinc, and the dress is that of an ordinary Flemish burgher. It is the work of Dirk or Thierry Bouts, a painter whose individuality has only of late years been made clear. Memlinc's name had become a generic term for Flemish pictures of the latter half of the fifteenth century, and in the pre-scientific era of art criticism was made to cover a multitude of incongruities. It is not really difficult to distinguish between Memlinc and Bouts, for though their works bear a strong family resemblance they differ in one important respect, that, while Memlinc was an idealist inclining to the softer, more charming aspects of nature, Bouts shows himself a thorough-going realist, exercising little selection either in choice of type or subject. His men and women are never of gentle birth, though emperors and courtiers crowd the canvas. His composition is often awkward, and his stories were sometimes best untold. In his famous "Martyrdom of S. Erasmus" at Louvain, he has suppressed no detail of the unspeakable tortures to which the mild-eyed saint was subjected in the

presence of an apathetic and indifferent audience. Yet for all the gruesome directness of this appeal, the delightful landscape setting, the fine colouring and, strange to say, the quiet peace of the scene, almost persuade us to forget the human horror in enjoyment of the artistic interest.

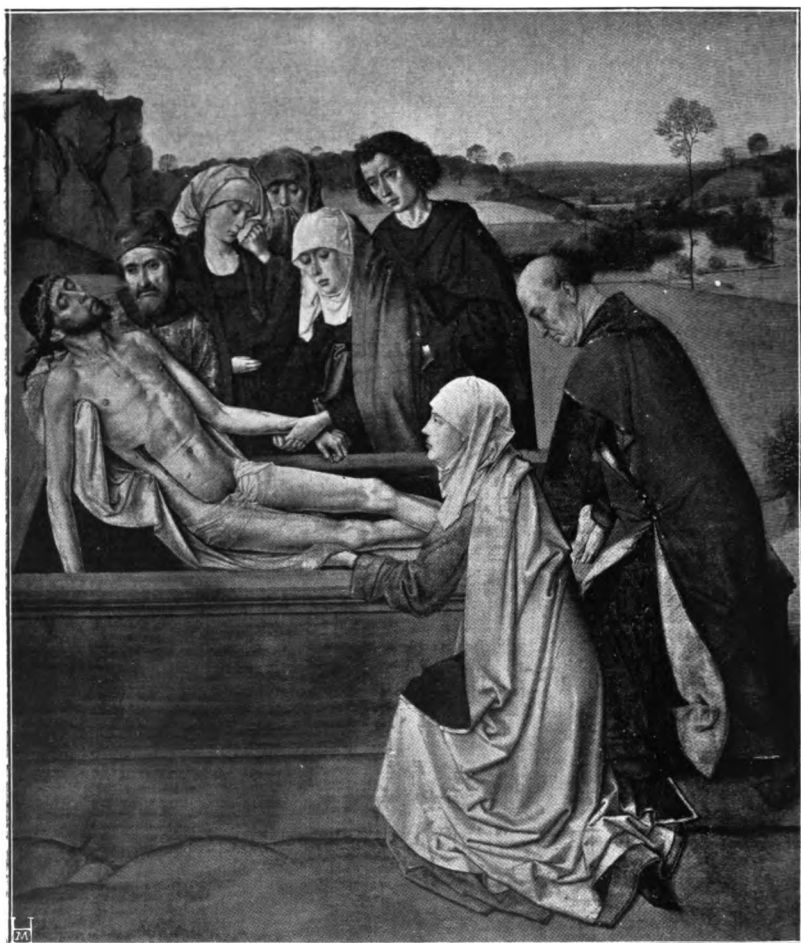
From the little that is known of Bouts, we gather that he was born in Haarlem, where quite an important school of painting was flourishing in the fifteenth century. It was no doubt from Jan van Eyck, who, as we have seen, spent some time at the Hague, that the painters of the northern provinces learned something of Flemish methods and colouring. Bouts probably received his first training in Haarlem, and by 1448 seems to have settled in Louvain. It was doubtless in Louvain that he came under the influence of Roger van der Weyden, an influence strongly apparent in his paintings. This connection explains, too, the likeness between Bouts and Memlinc, and shows in a striking manner how different may be the effect of the same teaching on two entirely opposite temperaments. Bouts must, of course, have seen the masterpieces of Hubert and Jan van Eyck, and the lifelike portraiture and deep glowing colour of the latter certainly influenced his style. Indeed, his chief work, the "Last Supper" in the cathedral at Louvain, used to be variously assigned to Memlinc and Jan van Eyck until modern investigation re-established Bouts's authorship. The type of Christ certainly recalls Memlinc, and the characteristic portrait heads, especially those of the two youths looking through the buttery hatch—the painter's own sons—remind us of Jan's portraits. But Bouts's own peculiar characteristics are shown in the brilliant, rather hard

colouring, in the drawing of the figures, and the elaborate display of hands, in the rendering of which he excelled. As a colourist, indeed, Bouts was, after Jan van Eyck, the most forceful of all the early Flemish painters. As draughtsman his deficient knowledge of the human form too often betrayed him, and his figures with their elongated heads and necks, sloping shoulders and weak knees, are easy to recognise. The type is most exaggerated in his two famous pictures of the "Justice of Otto III." in the Brussels Museum, where the affected young court gallants, with their long, thin legs, seem more like storks than men.

On the extreme right of the Louvain altar-piece, his figure partly concealed behind a buffet, stands the painter himself. We can scarcely fail to recognise him as the original, only somewhat older, of our National Gallery portrait (943). As this is dated 1462, and the Louvain picture was painted four years later, the theory is tenable, though the painter must have aged rather rapidly. We find his portrait once again in a picture belonging to Lord Penrhyn, where he has copied Roger van der Weyden's "S. Luke painting the Virgin" in the Munich Gallery, substituting, however, his own features for those of his master. In colour this small portrait (943) is somewhat greyer and less brilliant than usual with Bouts. The soft, dull claret of the dress and conical cap differs from the bright reds and crimsons he loves to bring together. If it be indeed his own portrait we cannot but admit that he was rather a poor creature, though the clear grey eyes give the face a certain quiet interest. The folded hands are carefully painted quite in the master's characteristic style. The grey wall forms a harmonious background to the

figure, and the treatment is almost atmospheric. Through the open casement a pleasant little landscape is seen, with mountains and a church tower in the distance, and brown hills and trees in front. It is evidently midday, for the shadows of the trees fall straight beneath them.

Another panel here which shows some connection with the Louvain altar-piece, though it can scarcely be by Bouts himself, is the "Madonna and Child with Saints in a Gothic church" (774). Peter and Paul, who kneel on either side of the Virgin, have been painted from the same models as two of the apostles in the "Last Supper" at Louvain. Also certain characteristics in the drawing, such as the shape of the hands, the weak modelling of the knees, and the peculiar drooping eyelids, suggest Bouts. Neither Madonna nor Child possesses much charm, and their rigidity and woodenness, and the want of expression in the faces of the two saints, leave the spectator cold, and hint at a lack of inspiration in the artist. Here, also, as in the portrait, the colour is less brilliant than we expect of Bouts, though it displays something of his characteristic hardness. The juxtaposition of the two reds, the Virgin's scarlet dress, and S. Paul's bluish crimson mantle, was a favourite trick of his. The picture, which possesses pleasant passages, may perhaps have been painted by a pupil or imitator, who carefully copied his master's peculiarities. It is by studying such second-rate works that we realise how intense is our pleasure in the really fine examples of the early Flemish school, and how much that pleasure is enhanced by the charm of sentiment which never fails us in a painter like Memlinc.



Hanfstängl photo]

[*National Gallery*

ENTOMBMENT

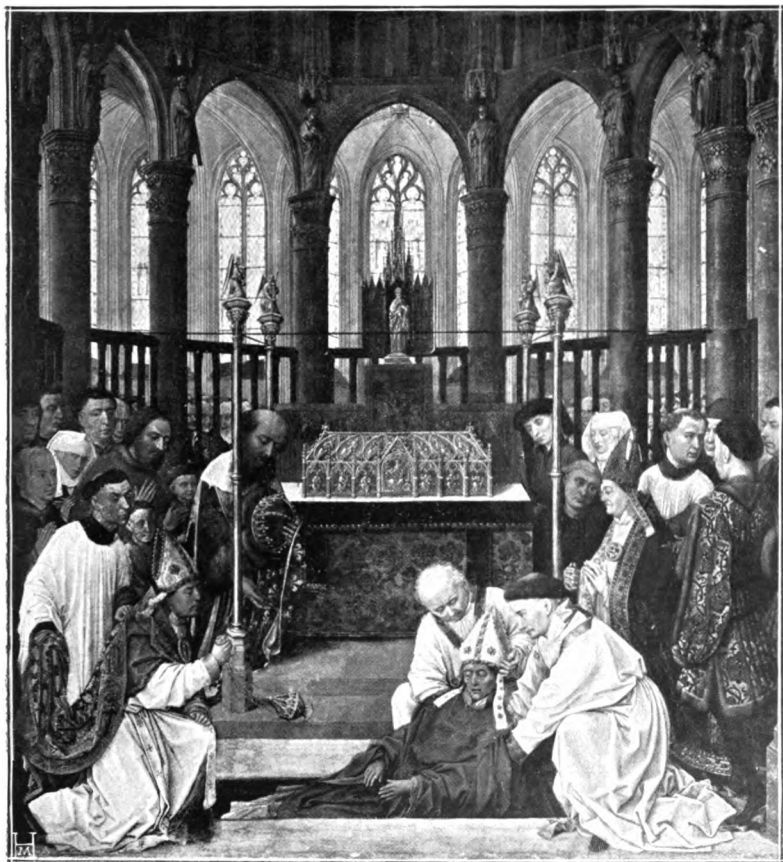
By Dirk Bouts

Bouts was in all probability the painter of another picture here, the "Entombment" (664), ascribed in the catalogue to his master, Roger van der Weyden. It is not painted in oil on panel in the characteristic Flemish manner, but is executed in the old tempera method, on fine linen. The brownish colour of this faded linen ground has forced itself through the thin painting, and gives the picture, which has been much damaged, a somewhat dingy appearance. The colours, however, are bright in themselves, though flat and opaque. The wide landscape, with a peep between the nearer hills of a wooded plain and some rising ground beyond, suggests a painter peculiarly skilled in landscape and with some knowledge of atmospheric perspective. The most interesting faces in this group of seven mourners are those of S. Joseph of Arimathea, who, with an expression of profound sympathy and tenderness, supports the head of Christ, and Nicodemus, who stands at the foot of the tomb, his head bowed in deep but well-controlled sorrow. The three weeping women on the further side of the tomb, and the sad-faced S. John, who supports the Virgin in his arms, recall van der Weyden's dramatic presentations of this subject. The long, narrow type of head, and the broken folds of the drapery worn by the kneeling figure in front, also suggest his influence. The perspective of the tomb is far from correct, but even the van Eycks were not faultless in this respect, as we noticed in the fountain in the foreground of the Ghent altar-piece.

Besides the pictures by Dirk Bouts at Louvain and Brussels, there is a fine altar-piece at Munich, of which the centre represents the "Adoration of the Magi," that subject beloved alike of Flemish and Florentine

painters, and the wings are occupied by S. John the Baptist and S. Christopher. This last panel is quite one of Bouts's loveliest creations. The giant saint, with the Christ child erect and benign on his shoulders, wades through a blue stream hemmed in by rocky banks. But the glory of the picture is the sunset sky behind, where pink cloudlets float in an expanse of pale yellow, while the distant water mirrors the glow of the heavens.

The school of Haarlem, from which Bouts migrated to Flanders, was already celebrated for skill in landscape. Of its head, Albert van Ouwater, almost nothing is known beyond his reputation in this branch of painting, and now, unfortunately, he has little but reputation to keep his memory green. The only existing picture that can be ascribed to him with any certainty is a "Raising of Lazarus" in Berlin, and this, strangely enough, has no landscape setting. The scene is laid within a church, and in many respects the composition recalls the very beautiful picture in the National Gallery representing the "Exhumation of S. Hubert" (783). At one time this was supposed to be by Dirk Bouts, but such a theory cannot be sustained. The colouring is too mature and developed for Bouts, warm and pleasant, without his almost enamel-like hardness. Again, it has been suggested that Ouwater himself painted this picture, repeating in it some of the *motifs* of his "Lazarus"—the church interior, the open tomb, and, above all, the crowd pressing their faces against the bars of the choir screen to catch a glimpse of what is going on. But all these ideas might have been borrowed, and from certain little weaknesses in the drawing, and a defective sense



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[*National Gallery*

EXHUMATION OF S. HUBERT
Flemish School

of proportion, it seems more likely that our picture was the production of some Netherlandish *pictor ignotus* of the fifteenth century, who was acquainted not only with the works of the Haarlem masters, but must also have known Roger van der Weyden and Jacques Daret.

The legend of S. Hubert has always been popular in art, especially that part of it which concerns his conversion. Being passionately devoted to the chase, he was a-hunting one Good Friday, when the stag suddenly turned round to face him, displaying a crucifix between its horns. This incident has been beautifully treated by Dürer in his wonderful engraving, and by Pisanello in a fascinating little picture in the National Gallery (1436). In consequence of this miraculous adventure, S. Hubert hastened to exchange the *rôle* of sportsman for that of ecclesiastic, and being created Bishop of Liège, he founded a cathedral in that city. Here he was buried, but a century later his remains were removed to enrich a monastery erected in his name. What was the surprise of the priests and monks, assembled with King Louis the Debonnair to witness the opening of the tomb, when they discovered that the sanctity of S. Hubert's soul had actually effected the immortality of his body.

Such is the scene our artist has chosen, or indeed we should rather say, has been commissioned to depict, perhaps by the bishop or chapter, or some pious and wealthy citizen of Liège, in honour of their great bishop. The artist may indeed have been a native of this art-loving city, for the spacious Gothic church in which the scene is set has actually been identified as the cathedral of Liège. The pavement in front of the high altar has been removed and the tomb opened, and while a bishop

in full canonicals swings a censer at the foot of the grave, two monks, an old and a young, brothers doubtless of the monastery to which the body is to be translated, lift it reverently from its prison house. Very beautiful is the head of the old monk, softly outlined against the green curtain in front of the altar. More or less of surprise animates the faces of the company as the saint, in mitre and cope, appears before them, looking as though he had died only yesterday, instead of some hundred years ago. Some of them, however, take the miracle stolidly enough. The fat, wicked-looking old bishop on the right assumes a smile of superiority, no doubt implying that it might reasonably be expected a bishop should not share the fate of ordinary mortals. The priest beside him, perhaps his chaplain, looks appealingly at his patron, as though to claim sympathy on so extraordinary an occasion. A clerk behind, with head far too large for his scanty shoulders, turns in amazement to a young court gallant, resplendent in fur-trimmed coat of gold and scarlet brocade. He has followed, perhaps, in the train of King Louis on the opposite side. This personage wears a dress of royal blue, stamped with the gold *fleurs-de-lis* of France, and carries his crown in his hand. Behind him follow two mischievous little acolytes, grinning with pleasure, a bearded pilgrim, and several others, among them a woman in white linen coif. The priest who holds up the gorgeous embroidered cope of purple and gold of the censer-swinging bishop, looks meekly on with an air of mild curiosity. The young scholar, too, standing near the altar on the right, is gravely impressed. Strangely enough, his features strongly resemble those of Jan van Eyck as he is represented riding among the

Just Judges on the Ghent altar-piece. The lady beside him is delightfully demure. Only the crowd outside the pale feel no sense of awe, as, burning with unsatisfied curiosity, they press their faces between the railings and chatter together in unrestrained excitement. Certainly this painter shows a delightful sense of humour and power of reading character. Every one of these faces has been studied from life. His eye for perspective is also distinctly good, and he paints brocade with strong feeling for beauty of texture. This beautiful anonymous picture takes a very high place among the early Flemish paintings in the gallery, and it is to be hoped that some day a clue may be found to its author's identity. But, whoever be the painter, the picture remains the same to us, and none the less valuable for the mystery of its origin.

Another beautiful unnamed picture is the "Count of Hainault with his Patron Saint Ambrose" (264), a tall, narrow panel, once, perhaps, part of an altar-piece. It is very soft and delicate in colour, and the richly-jewelled and embroidered vestments have been painted with the utmost care. The mitre on a ledge in the foreground has a wonderful design, worked in gold and pearls over a pink ground, representing the Crucifixion, with the figures of Christ, Mary and S. John woven into the pattern. The count, in the white habit of the Cistercians, kneels in front of S. Ambrose, a rugged bishop in sumptuous cope and mitre, who holds in one hand a scourge, symbol of penitence, and carries in the other a golden cross. The faces are full of character, particularly that of S. Ambrose, with its harsh, irregular features and sad eyes. Here again we must be content, for the present, to leave the question of authorship unanswered.

CHAPTER IV

GERARD DAVID AND HIS FOLLOWERS

CLOSELY related as are all the early Flemish painters in style and in their treatment of certain oft-repeated subjects, there is nevertheless so much play of individual character and personal taste, that to distinguish one from another is less difficult than might be supposed. Yet it was not until the middle of last century that the identity of Gerard David, the painter of two important panels in the National Gallery (1145 and 1432), was re-established by Mr James Weale, to whose researches we are indebted for almost all our knowledge of this most delightful artist.

Like Bouts, David, though a native of the northern provinces, chose to settle in the more prosperous and art-loving south, where the traditions of a flourishing school of religious painting were now firmly established. Gerard David was born at Oudewater in Holland in the second half of the fifteenth century, and may, perhaps, have sought instruction in the school of Haarlem, which, as we have seen, produced Dirk Bouts. There is strong indication in his works of Bouts's influence, though we have no clue as to the exact nature of their intercourse. It is possible, too, that David travelled to Italy, visiting Florence and Venice, but this again is mere conjecture. So much, however, is known, that in 1484 he settled in Bruges, enrolled himself master

painter in one of the town guilds, and married Cornelia Knoop, the daughter of a well-known citizen, herself, too, something of an artist. Now at this moment Memlinc had reached the highest pinnacle of his success; already famous as the painter of the S. John altar-piece, he was just completing the large picture painted for the Moreel family, now in the Academy at Bruges. And, further, though Jan van Eyck had been dead for over forty years, his native town had doubtless cherished his memory and his pictures. Thus David, who seems to have been of an impressionable nature, came under the united influence of all the greatest Flemish painters, though he certainly owed most to Bouts and Memlinc.

It was the large "Santa Conversazione of the Madonna and Saints" at Rouen, then attributed to Memlinc, which led Mr Weale to the reconstruction of David as a distinct personality. In this tranquil picture the very spirit of serenity and holiness seems to be embodied. It was painted in 1509, as a present from the artist for the nuns of Sion at Bruges, and must surely have served to them as an ensample of the spiritual atmosphere that should pervade a convent. In colour David has advanced a step beyond the bright, though flat tints of Memlinc and the brilliant gaiety of Dirk Bouts. His colouring is deeper, fuller, more blended than theirs. There is less in him of the primitive, and more than a suggestion of the maturer art of the sixteenth century, when bright spottiness gave way to a more consistent scheme of colouring.

The "Mystic Marriage of S. Catherine" in the National Gallery (1432) is not unlike the Rouen picture in composition and in its rich depth of colour. In both,

the girlish but dignified Madonna forms the centre of a group of sweet, grave-faced virgin saints. The type is the same throughout—one of pensive seriousness and maiden modesty. The long, fair silken hair, tightly drawn from the high forehead, falls in golden ripples on either side of the face, with its little rounded chin and bright red lips, so characteristic of the painter. Only S. Catherine's tresses are arranged with something more of elegance in wavy curls beneath her crown, and her robe, as befits a queen and the bride of Christ, is of sumptuous crimson and gold brocade, lined and bordered with ermine. S. Barbara and S. Mary Magdalen, in rich but more sober-coloured garments, look up gravely from the book they have been studying. The Christ child, who slips the bridal ring upon S. Catherine's outstretched finger, is one of the most charming of infants. Jan van Eyck, as we saw, had no power of portraying the rounded softness of babyhood. Memlinc's babes are sweeter and more natural, but even Memlinc cannot compare in this respect with David. There is a quite irresistible charm and beauty about his pictures of the infant Christ. As a rule he clothes the child in a little shirt or close-fitting garment, but here a piece of gauze suffices for covering. The prettily-modelled hands and feet, the fluffy, flaxen hair and the grave sweetness of his expression, are very captivating. How effectively, too, the red coral rosary sets off the fair skin and the rosy lips! Beside S. Catherine, with folded hands, kneels the donor of the picture, Richard van der Cappelle, an elderly canon of the church, as his furred cassock and white lawn surplice proclaim. The careful rendering of his kind, intelligent face recalls Memlinc's gentle but vigorous portraiture, in which

sternness is always mitigated by mild benevolence. A greyhound lies at his master's feet, wearing a red collar with the canon's arms upon the clasp.

All the details of the picture are rendered with dainty precision, which, indeed, their intrinsic beauty more than merits. The jewellery is of particularly elegant design, notably the large circular pendant over the Virgin's head, S. Catherine's splendid crown, her gold chain, and brooches set with pearls. S. Barbara, too, wears a circlet of precious stones and a gold coif. Interesting also as an example of the goldsmith's art, is the staff lying on the ground beside the canon, with its finely-modelled group of the Holy Trinity adored by a monk and a cardinal. It is also of historical interest, having been actually in the possession of the Church of S. Donatian at Bruges, which this picture was to adorn.

The *mise-en-scène* is a vineyard surrounded by a high wall, beyond which we see some of the quaint, high-roofed buildings of the city, over one of which a stork presides. The Virgin and her company are seated on a kind of terrace, paved with rose-coloured tiles, where, in the centre, between two pillars of dusky red marble, the elaborately draped throne has been erected. It is truly a garden of peace in the very midst of the workaday world, and such it must have seemed to the worthy citizens of Bruges when, leaving for a moment the bustle and bargaining of their busy city, they turned in for a few moments to kneel before the altar of S. Catherine. To us, too, weary of the prose and matter-of-fact spirit that have crept into modern art, this far-off ease and calm, this aloofness from actuality, bring a keen sense of enjoyment and well-being. It is for this, perhaps, that we turn with such delight to the primitive

masters, for through them we hear echoes of a world into which too few of us are permitted to enter. In this picture we need feel no surprise at the naïve mixture of mysticism and reality; the portly canon kneeling beside the bride of Christ, the grey-robed angel picking grapes in the vineyard, the sleek, well-fed greyhound,—all these were perfectly consistent and suggested no notion of incongruity in those simpler ages, when the saints were very real personages and the Madonna a near and daily protectress. In the Rouen altar-piece, indeed, the artist has not hesitated to introduce himself and his wife, standing on a level with the lute-playing angels just behind the holy group. David himself has a rather weak face and a sickly look, but his wife, Cornelia, is an attractive figure. Were it not for her prim coif, she might be mistaken for one of the maiden group clustered round the Madonna.

But the National Gallery is rich in the possession of another, and that perhaps the most accomplished, if not the most pleasing of all David's paintings. This is the famous "Canon and his Patron Saints, Martin, Bernardine and Donatian" (1145). The rich wooded landscape, the finely-characterised heads, and the magnificence of the vestments and jewels, together with the perfect preservation in which the panel has come down to us, combine to render it one of the most valuable of our early Flemish pictures. The Canon Bernardino de Salviatis, the donor of the picture, was an illegitimate son of a Florentine merchant. He is a more ascetic, certainly a more refined type than Canon Richard of the last picture. In attitude and vestments, however, they are much alike. Both wear the furred cassock and voluminous surplice of plaited lawn, but in the subdued



Hanfstängl photo

National Gallery

CANON AND PATRON SAINTS

By Gerard David

light of the vineyard the canon's white surplice tones to a bluish shade, while in the full sunlight of this picture the white tends rather to a creamy hue. The hands are folded in both cases and are of much the same shape. Both ecclesiastics have soft hair slightly turning to grey. S. Bernardine of Siena, who in his friar's frock stands directly behind the canon and between the gorgeously-attired bishops, appears to be the physical as well as the spiritual model of his *protégé*. He, too, has the refined, somewhat weary features of the ascetic, rather than the astute, wary expression of the prelates, to whom he acts as an admirable foil. Perhaps the canon consented to lend his features to the artist for this figure of his patron saint as well as for his own.

For absolute splendour of colour and design, the red velvet cope worn by S. Martin could hardly be surpassed. This magnificent vestment was actually a gift from the canon to the Church of S. Donatian in Bruges, for which also this panel was painted. Look closely into the wide border, and notice the wonderful delicacy of the gold embroidery and the figures worked upon it. The highest figure, almost concealed behind the large morse, appears to be a hermit, possibly S. Anthony. The next three are representations in miniature of the saints who form the subjects of the picture itself; first, S. Donatian in his bishop's mitre, holding his staff and his emblem, a wheel surrounded by tapers; then S. Bernardine in the simple grey habit bound with the knotted cord which he wears in the picture. He holds a tablet, on which, within a circle of golden rays, the sacred initials I.H.S. are inscribed. Thirdly, appears S. Martin him-

self, the beggar with whom he divided his cloak crouching at his feet. The remaining two are S. John the Baptist in a camel's-hair garment carrying a lamb, and S. Mary Magdalen with her jar of ointment. The legend of S. Martin occurs again in the magnificent morse which fastens the cope, and the embroidery on the hood depicts the Adoration of the Magi. With his jewelled mitre and his crozier, surmounted by a wonderfully-wrought Madonna and Child adored by an angel bearing a palm branch, S. Martin is indeed an imposing figure. S. Donatian, the patron saint of the church, is no less magnificent. He has the air of a fat well-to-do bishop who knows what is due to himself and his office. His splendid cope of black and gold brocade, lined with blue, is adorned with a border of pearls and precious stones, and the morse is decorated with gilt figures of the Virgin and Child attended by two music-making angels under a delicately-carved Gothic canopy. His processional cross of wrought gold and silver and enamel is another beautiful example of fifteenth-century goldsmith's art, for which Bruges was as famous as for its painting. And behind, in the background, in striking contrast to all this ecclesiastical splendour, yet doubtless in expectation that it may yield some tangible advantage to himself, a picturesque though realistic beggar, with one knee bandaged, limps along the road by the aid of his sturdy staff. His patched blue tunic and tattered hose, the torn boots which do not match, the pouch strapped about his body, all testify to his roving life. This beggar is evidently a study straight from nature, not the mere complement of S. Martin, but of great value in the composition of the picture. He is as lifelike and

characteristic as the canon himself, while the three patron saints seem more like lay figures.

Particularly beautiful is the wooded landscape, painted with the consummate skill which characterises David's backgrounds, and speaks of his origin in the Haarlem school. It has been suggested, however, and with a good deal of authority, that the beautiful landscape backgrounds of David's earlier pictures were painted not by himself but by the Antwerp landscape painter, Joachim Patinir, to whom we shall have to return. Certain it is that David and Patinir were in Antwerp together, for their names were entered side by side in the register of S. Luke's Guild as master painters, and that, after David returned home alone to Bruges, he painted no more landscapes. Such co-operation, though far from unusual among painters of his day, is difficult to establish in this case. Surely there is a rare quality in the landscape which forms so pleasant a background to the canon and his patron saints that Patinir, for all his specialising, failed to achieve. It is indeed a most beautiful example of early tree-painting. The deep wood speaks of cool shade, and suggests that in summer time even a beggar's life may have its compensations. The luxuriant thickness of the foliage, the richness of its colour, the round bluish-green hill on the opposite side of the wood, with a little town embosomed in its slopes, and over all the deep-toned, grey-blue sky—we care little who painted them so long as they remain to delight our eyes and whisper to our imagination.

The later history of this picture is interesting as showing how entirely the art-loving spirit, which animated citizens and painters in the golden age of

Flemish art, passed away. The panel originally formed one of the two shutters of the reredos in the Church of S. Donatian, of which it was, doubtless, a much valued ornament. But towards the close of the eighteenth century the sacristan complained that the continual opening and closing of the shutters broke the wax candles on the altar, and on this pitiful plea the priceless shutters were removed, and sold for some paltry sum. One has thus found its way to our Gallery ; the other, which represented the mother of the donor accompanied by the Baptist, the Magdalen and S. Christina, has disappeared altogether.

After looking closely into the details of the picture, we should do well to stand at some distance from it, to gain an impression of its colour and composition. It is astonishing how cleverly David, like Jan van Eyck before him, combined a miniature-like treatment of detail with breadth and harmony of general effect. The oil medium used by the Flemings was capable, as we have seen, of the very delicacy which delights us in the early Florentine tempera painters, while it lent itself as readily to a breadth of treatment and depth of colour to which tempera could not attain. The day was fast approaching when painters like Titian, Rubens and Velasquez thought first of breadth and general effect, attaining thereby a new realism—a realism not of the parts, but of the whole. This is the tendency of to-day, and the miniature-like finish of the early Flemish and Florentine artists finds little place in the modern palace of art. Perhaps the patience and devotion necessary to its attainment are obsolete virtues.

David was not only a painter of altar-pieces and large

panel pictures, but was distinguished, like so many of his fellow-artists, as a miniature-painter. In this branch of art his wife, Cornelia, also excelled, and very charming are their delicate little scenes. The Academy of Bruges, rich in David's work, possesses two miniatures on parchment, a "Preaching of S. John the Baptist" and a "Baptism of Christ"; delicious little gems, only a few inches high, and marvellously finished. The last-mentioned subject may be seen again in this same Academy, this time treated on a much larger scale. It is the central panel of a triptych ordered by a certain Jean des Trompes. This gentleman, accompanied by his sons and his patron S. John, figures on the inner side of one shutter, and facing him on the other kneels his first wife, Elizabeth, with her namesake of Hungary, while her successor, Marie, is relegated to a less conspicuous place on the reverse of the panel, and can be seen only when the altar-piece is closed. This seclusion, however, she shares with the Madonna and Child, who occupy a like position opposite. Something of Dirk Bouts's indifference to horror has infected Gerard David in the two great panels, also in the Academy, illustrating the fall of the corrupt judge Sisamnes, which should undoubtedly serve their avowed purpose of pointing a moral to all who administer the law. Here is no such idyllic rendering of the gruesome as we find in Bouts's martyrdoms, where a smiling landscape relieves the tension. David feels the full force of the tragedy he is relating, and with true dramatic instinct, forces the spectator to share in the terror and agony of the condemned man. Indeed, the scene of the actual execution, for all its cleverness and artistic merit, is almost too painful, and repels, even while it

interests. No less than ten years of the artist's life were expended on these two panels. Well might the painter Heemskerck, a hundred years later, exclaim at this extraordinary thoroughness of fifteenth-century Flemish art: "However did these men keep themselves?"

Though the list of David's authentic works is all too restricted, his influence may be traced in a large number of anonymous paintings in this and other collections. We feel it strongly in two pictures here, the "Adoration of the Magi" (1079) and the "Deposition from the Cross" (1078). In both, the colouring is pleasant and the composition carefully thought out. There is an entire absence of hard, definite outline in the figures, and a certain softness of treatment very agreeable to the eye. In the "Adoration of the Magi," indeed, the soft, hazy rendering of the hair and beards of the two elder kings amounts almost to a mannerism. Exactly the same treatment is found in a little "Holy Family," exhibited at Bruges in 1902, and ascribed by some critics to David himself, where the type of S. Joseph, with the wavy lock falling over the middle of his forehead, recalls that of the first king here. This lock of hair over the forehead occurs in David's portrait of himself in the Rouen altar-piece, and might easily have been adopted by an imitator. Though there is much in the "Adoration of the Magi" to remind us of Gerard David, and indeed the word *Ouvvater*, painted low down in the left-hand corner under the frame, has actually been regarded by some critics as his signature, from *Oudewater*, his birthplace, it is impossible to ascribe it to the master himself. Neither the colouring nor the somewhat weak model-



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[National Gallery]

DEPOSITION
Flemish School

ling is his, and the baby is quite a different type from the pretty child in the "Marriage of S. Catherine."

Both the gay-coloured robes and the costly offerings of the three kings are of the utmost splendour; indeed, they carry their kingship less in their bearing than in their garments. The artist is specially fond of a beautiful soft purple, a colour often found in works of this period. The second king wears such a cloak over his blue velvet dress. The mantle thrown over his left shoulder is lined with green, the three colours harmonising beautifully. Of the same rich purple is the first king's curious velvet and furred hat, lying on the ground beside him. He seems to have been wearing his crown of fine gold filigree and precious stones outside it, as a kind of trimming. The dark-complexioned king is, however, the most gorgeously arrayed, blazing with true oriental splendour in all the colours of the rainbow. Like Memlinc's dusky king in his "Adoration," he is however no real Oriental, but a Flemish model dyed brown. His fine tunic of pink and gold is cut low to display the embroidered shirt beneath, while a green mantle, turned back with blue, falls down to his long yellow boots or leggings, and in his hand he carries a light-blue turban. The delicate architectural setting, though more naturalistic, recalls some of the wonderful towns in Jan van Eyck's pictures. Outside the ruined court in which the mild-faced Madonna, seated by the edge of a well, receives her illustrious guests, rises a turreted castle, guarding, as it were, the approach to the pleasant little village beyond, where the houses stand in shady gardens. Two boys and a dog may be seen in the quiet street, and a man leaning lazily against his cottage door. The

ox and the ass browse in sleepy contentment on the village green.

"The Deposition" (1078) may possibly be by the same anonymous follower of Gerard David. The composition is not original, but is founded upon that of Roger van der Weyden's exquisite little "Deposition" in the Brussels Museum, which was freely adapted and amplified by later painters. In one of the small side scenes round the "Mater Dolorosa" in Notre Dame at Bruges, painted by David's pupil Isanbrant, we find an almost exact repetition of our picture, only reversed. Here are the same somewhat unsuccessful foreshortening of the figure of the dead Christ, the same types of the Virgin and S. John, the same charming Magdalen, so reminiscent of David, stooping to anoint the Saviour's wounded feet. Her rich green dress gives a pleasant patch of colour, and, indeed, throughout the picture the artist shows a strong feeling for warm, soft colouring. In the landscape background, with its bluish-green slopes and distant buildings, and the peculiar treatment of the foliage, we can hardly fail to be reminded of David's "Canon and Patron Saints."

In the same room we find a "Repose in Egypt" (720), wrongly ascribed to Jan van Scorel, a much-travelled Dutch artist of the sixteenth century. This rather heavy picture is evidently by the still anonymous painter on whom the somewhat clumsy appellation of Master of the Female Half-Figures has been bestowed. The typical work of this master, who must have been in some way closely connected with the later school of Gerard David, is in the Harrach Palace in Vienna. It represents half-length figures of three young girls in crimson velvet dresses, cut square at the neck, sing-

ing, to the accompaniment of a lute and flute, from a musical score lying before them on a table. One or two other pictures were grouped round this prototype at the Bruges Exhibition, and among them a "Repose in Egypt," formerly in the Rath collection in Buda-Pesth, has especial interest for us. The composition is almost identical with that of the picture in the National Gallery, only reversed. The types are the same in both; the rather plain, red-cloaked Madonna, with wavy hair gathered tightly back, the disproportionately small head of the long, ugly Child reaching for the fruit that the white-bearded S. Joseph offers Him, and the landscape with baronial castles surmounting rocky heights, at whose wooded base cluster, in true feudal fashion, the cottages of the villeins. The same ass grazes in the meadow, the same tree spreads its sheltering branches above the heads of the travellers. In our picture the Holy Family is seated near a fountain, adorned with a little bronze figure of the young John the Baptist holding his cross. This fountain actually exists to-day in Brussels, and seems to confirm the theory of our painter's education in the school of that city. But nothing can be positively asserted as to his origin, for though recent criticism has endeavoured to fit this small group of pictures to some known name, whether Flemish or French, so far nothing has been finally established.

The small, but very charming "Portrait" (721), also ascribed to Scorel, is obviously connected with this group, though it is far softer in execution than the National Gallery "Repose." This unknown lady strongly resembles the Virgin of the Buda-Pesth picture, not only in features and rippling hair parted in the middle, but in her dress, cut square across the neck and slashed with

white at the shoulder. Moreover, the little wheel-shaped ornament on the bodice is worn by both. If we glance from her to Gerard David's virgin saints close by (1432), we find the same type of face, broad at the top and tapering down to a small mouth and tiny chin. Perhaps this so-called "Portrait" is a fragment cut out of a larger picture, for the head is uncomfortably cramped in its frame.

Close by these last hangs a picture of the "Madonna and Child" seated in a flowery garden (713), in which we are again reminded of David. This little panel is obviously not by Mostaert, to whom it is ascribed on the frame, but by some pupil or follower of Gerard David, and though in actual quality of painting it falls short of the best, it is a pleasant picture, both in its presentment of the old familiar subject and the sweet expression of playful happiness which pervades it. The Madonna, though overweighted by massive and cumbersome draperies, highly unsuitable for this garden wear, smiles placidly as she watches the Child. Both mother and Child are of David's type, the former with the long fair hair, soft as spun silk, which the older master loved to paint, the Child pretty and graceful, smiling delightedly at the little orb He is holding. The human element is more pronounced than the sacred, and the Virgin, for all her golden-rayed halo, might be a younger sister to David's Madonna opposite (1432), unburdened by the honours and responsibility that weigh upon the mother of the Messiah. It is a charming garden to which she has brought her baby, where the ground is thickly carpeted with flowers, and she has only to put out her hand to pluck a sweet-scented nosegay. And how carefully the carnations in the

great red flower-pot have been trained, so that not one may straggle untidily through the wooden hoops which confine them! Beyond the garden fence the meadows stretch away to the tree-clad hills. To reach the farm on the other side of the little stream, in which some ducks float lazily, a plank bridge must be crossed. The cows are now being driven home, for evening approaches; the sun has already sunk below the horizon, and the gold in the sky fades to a twilight green. Looking closely into the picture, we notice how softly it is painted, the colours melting into each other, and giving more than a suggestion of atmosphere.

Jan Mostaert, to whom this was once ascribed, has been made the scape-goat for many another artist's performances, and there is no picture that can yet be quite definitely adjudged to him. We know something of his life from old van Mander, who tells us that he came of good family. Like Bouts and Gerard David, he belonged to the Haarlem group of painters, but, unlike them, remained faithful to his native town. It has lately been suggested that a fine portrait of a man in the Brussels Museum should be associated with Mostaert, and some believe the great so-called "d'Oultremont Triptych," also in Brussels, to be the work of the same hand, though this is hard to accept. But connoisseurship is actively engaged in solving the Mostaert problem, and perhaps ere long, he too, like Jacques Daret and Gerard David, will be reinstated with a goodly list of paintings to adorn his name.

Closely connected in style and expression with this Brussels portrait is the beautiful "S. Giles" diptych, of which the National Gallery possesses one panel, "S. Giles with the Wounded Hind" (1419). The companion

picture, representing the "Mass of S. Giles," once in Lord Dudley's collection, was exhibited at the Old Masters in 1902. In our picture, the setting is a rocky landscape of great spaciousness and beauty, and the painter has managed to invest it with a true feeling of open-air freshness; indeed, the effect is of cool, shadowless daylight. The old saint, a greybeard of gentle expression, wearing the habit of a hermit, is seated under a tree, protecting a hind which has been pursued by the royal hunting party, now brought to a sudden standstill. For the arrow intended to kill the animal has transfixed the saint's right hand, and in deep penitence for this injury, the kingly leader of the party kneels to implore forgiveness. Very rich is his dress of green velvet faced with scarlet and gold brocade, in forcible contrast to the humility of his mien. The ecclesiastic behind him, in surplice of plaited lawn, with red dress and hood of blue, joins his entreaties to those of his patron. It has been suggested that the golden-haired man to the left, in green dress and ample red mantle, may be the painter himself, watching with a quiet aloofness the scene he desires to depict. And in the background the retainers, some on horseback, some dismounted, form a gay group. Prominent among them stands the archer from whose bow the ill-omened arrow was sped, a sturdy fellow in blue and white striped tunic and yellow sleeves. All seem to be eagerly discussing the unusual episode which has brought the chase to so abrupt a conclusion. To the left of the background we see a little town with red-roofed churches and houses, and to the right, low round-topped hills stretch away to the horizon. A tree rising in the centre of the landscape cuts the picture into two equal parts. Very lovely is



Hanfständl photo]

[National Gallery

LEGEND OF S. GILES
Flemish School

the little azure pool beneath the rocks on the right. At S. Giles's feet a profusion of flowers spring up in the grass, purple irises, a starry blue blossom, and the handsome large-leaved yellow mullein. All these are painted with the beautiful texture and finish characteristic of the period, reminding us of the flowery foreground in the "Adoration of the Lamb." The general effect of the picture is light and pleasant; the strong reds of the dresses contrasting with the cool green of the landscape and the bluish hills in the distance. The colour is laid on solidly, and is very transparent. This is one of the loveliest early Flemish pictures in the collection, and if indeed it may be set down to Jan Mostaert, we possess a fine work of a rare and accomplished painter, who more than upholds the traditional excellence of the Haarlem masters in landscape.

But returning to the school of Bruges, we find in the German Room (XV.) a small picture of the "Mocking of Christ" (1087), which is now ascribed to the painter of a "Calvary" in S. Sauveur at Bruges, executed about 1500. In our little picture, the principal subject, the "Mocking of Christ," is set against an elaborate architectural background. The hall behind, a curious mixture of Gothic and Renaissance styles, is richly decorated, and the town on the right, with its many roofs, displays the artist's keen delight in the problems of perspective. Foremost stands the tall, emaciated figure of Christ, bowed in pain and grief, and round Him are gathered a crowd of cruel-faced, mocking Jews. The artist has been at some pains to vary his types, even distinguishing between the different complexions; the pallid flesh tints of Christ with grey-green shadows contrasting with the sallow-faced man at His left hand

and with the brown, sunburnt official in gay costume behind Him. How cruel and vindictive is the Jew in a light-blue turban who kneels derisively before Him, and in the crowd behind, composed of Jews and soldiers, every face reflects bitter hatred and vulgar incredulity. Some of these repulsive characters play a part also in the Bruges picture. Among the bright-coloured dresses here, the painter has ventured upon a shot pink and yellow, which is thrown up against Christ's dull grey cloak. After the curious manner of the fifteenth century, two other episodes from the Passion have been introduced in the background; the Flagellation and the Crowning with Thorns.

The technique of this picture is thorough and careful, but the colouring, though gay, is not harmonious, and the sordid treatment of the subject, without reverence or sympathy, cannot fail to repel. But in this far-off, brilliant period of art, even as to-day, there must have existed hundreds of painters to whom picture-making was a mere trade and means of livelihood. A picture is not necessarily good because it is old; technical ability and poetic feeling, even in those happier days, were by no means invariably associated in the painter, and, doubtless, had such a modern phenomenon as an annual exhibition of pictures been known in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the contemporary world would have uttered its yearly plaint of the decline of art. For the average standard of artistic excellence was certainly not that of the great masters of the school, who can be numbered only by their tens, while the name of second and third-rate productions is legion.

Here in the Flemish Room (IV.) hangs a "Madonna and Child" (265), which has little but its subject to

recommend it. The Madonna is of David's type, somewhat debased, and the smirking Child is not only feeble but unpleasantly ugly. The stiff hands and the hard, clumsy draperies are equally inferior. The *motif* of blowing bubbles through a straw is, however, unusual, and lends some interest to a poor performance.

Another undistinguished picture is the small portrait of a young man with a very square head and large nose (1063), his hands folded in the favourite attitude suggestive of prayer. More interesting is a portrait, also anonymous, of a brown-bearded man, set against a bright green background (947). The treatment here is soft, almost woolly; the texture of the hair and scanty beard, indeed, recalls Gerard David's school. The modelling is rather weak, and the hands are by no means brilliantly painted, but, for all its shortcomings, this is a pleasant little picture, dating perhaps from the early years of the sixteenth century.

CHAPTER V

THE GERMAN PAINTERS OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY

BEFORE passing to the Flemish painters of the sixteenth century, we must turn aside into the small room, No. XV., where hang a few examples of the German school. This is by no means a fully representative collection of German paintings. Many of the great names are conspicuously missing; the greatest, that of Albert Dürer; besides Schongauer and Altdorfer, and a host of lesser masters like Zeitblom, Wolgemut, Grünewald, Burgkmair, Kulmbach and Schäuffelein. Yet even with these and other serious gaps, we can form some idea of the course of painting in Germany during the period of the van Eycks and their successors in the Netherlands—the period, too, of Fra Angelico, Filippo Lippi, Botticelli and Perugino in Florence and Umbria, of Mantegna and Crivelli in Venetia.

As we have seen already, this early German school, which had its roots in the old archiepiscopal city of Cologne, was already sinking into hopeless decadence at the moment when the van Eycks had proclaimed themselves the pioneers of a new era in Flemish painting. For German art was losing whatever little sense of reality it ever possessed, and, as art cannot live on sentiment and religious fervour alone, the school of Cologne had fallen sick unto death. Fortunately, however, new and wholesome blood was now infused into



ADORATION OF THE MAGI
(CENTRAL PANEL OF THE DOMBILD)
By Stephan Lochner

[*Cologne Cathedral*]

it by an artist who was not only to recall its better traditions, but to combine with the old mystic sweetness and grace something more of healthy naturalism. The hero of this revival was Stephan Lochner, generally known as Meister Stephan, the painter of the great Cologne "Dom-Bild," which, a hundred years later, Dürer tells us he paid two silver pennies to see. This picture takes the same position in early German art that Hubert van Eyck's "Adoration of the Lamb" occupies in the Flemish school. It is indeed the *chef-d'œuvre*, not only of the painter, but of the whole school. Modern visitors to Cologne are solemnly conducted through the Cathedral to the little chapel behind the choir, where, in return for their "silver pennies," the shutters of the altar-piece are thrown open, to reveal Madonna and Child sitting under a Gothic canopy against a gold sky. Before them kneel the three worshipping kings, whose bones are still traditionally preserved in the vaults of the church. These richly-clad personages, attended by trains of knights and squires, offer sumptuous gifts to the divine Child, who holds out His hands in blessing, while the Madonna looks on calm and benignant. On the wings are depicted S. Ursula and her bevy of virgins, little round-faced German girls in long trailing cloaks; and opposite her S. Gereon with his host of gentle Theban warriors. When the shutters are again closed, we may still admire the painting of the Annunciation on the outer sides, where the swift-winged angel appears to Mary as she reads at a desk in her simply-furnished bed-chamber.

Meister Stephan's types, if less spiritual than those of Meister Wilhelm, are certainly more robust and natural. His figures, in contrast to the elongated forms

of the earlier school, incline to shortness, and their round faces show no symptoms of physical decline. His colour is delicious ; soft, melting and gay. We may see something of it here in the National Gallery in a group of three saints (705), possibly an early work by the master himself, and undoubtedly from his workshop. Here are his short, dumpy figures, his roundness of drawing, the soft bloom of his colouring, and that cheerful piety which, somewhat later, as we have seen, reappears in Memlinc. The tooled gold background adds considerably to the rich effect of the colouring. Admiring all this, we can afford to smile at S. Catherine's property-sword, so obviously contrived of silvered cardboard, at S. John's girlish face, and S. Matthew's evident perplexity as to what he shall write. It is in the weak drawing of some of the details that we detect a certain inexperience. Compare, for instance, the relative proportions of S. Matthew's small right hand with his huge misshapen foot. Downstairs in the Arundel Room we find a small water-colour copy of Stephan's beautiful "Madonna with the Violet," now the chief glory of the Archiepiscopal Museum at Cologne. This monumental picture of more than life-sized proportions shows us the Virgin holding the Child lightly on one arm, while she offers Him a violet. The quaint little nun kneeling literally at the Virgin's feet, for standing she would barely reach to her knee, is, of course, the pious donor of the picture, and a lady of quality, who rose to be abbess of her convent.

Stephan Lochner was not a native of Cologne, but came down the Rhine from Constance, and presumably assimilated the better traditions of the earlier school which he was to supersede. Not only did he become

the best artist in Cologne, but he played his part also in municipal politics, and owned two houses in the city. Yet the story goes that he died in the poor-house, though this we may hope to be but legend.

Towards the middle of the fifteenth century a great change came over the art of Cologne, and spread throughout Germany, for, as we might well expect, the rumour of the new Flemish discoveries had gone abroad, and the names of Hubert and Jan van Eyck and Roger van der Weyden must have been on the lips of every aspiring young artist. Meister Stephan himself seems to have been little affected by foreign influences, but after his death all eyes turned towards the Netherlands, and many painters actually betook themselves, in the course of their *Wanderjahre*, to Brussels, to study under the great Roger. Doubtless, too, Flemish pictures were to be seen in Cologne itself, among them, as we noticed, Roger's own "Adoration of the Magi" in the Church of S. Colomba. German painters learned from Flanders, not only the new oil method, but a new way of looking at nature. If the German tendency had been to hide the body behind the soul, the Flemish painters were absorbed in rendering the outward man with as much truth as they could muster skill for. Their saints were no "boneless abstractions," but firm, straight-limbed burghers, at least as full of life as of sanctity, with strong individuality expressed in every rugged feature. This healthy worldliness—for even Roger van der Weyden, the most passionately religious of all Flemish painters, delighted in portraying the gorgeous costumes and fanciful fashions of the day—gradually overpowered the idyllic mysticism which had inspired the art of the Rhine,

and German art launched out on a new career, in which the borrowed elements often battle curiously enough with the old characteristics. This hybrid Flemish-German art of the fifteenth century was at best a compromise. It never pushed a step further, but lagged behind the art of Flanders; and while it often lost much of the tender ideal sentiment which had constituted the charm of early German art, it never rivalled Flemish painting in depth or glow of colour, in effects of light, or in fine, delicate finish. Of landscape, too, so characteristic a beauty of Flemish pictures, these early German painters took little account, retaining their gold skies even in outdoor scenes.

Yet if their accomplishment was small, their ambition out-topped it, and the very grotesqueness of this German art is often the result of inexperience grappling with problems too hard for it. The attempt to give character and individuality often resulted in uncouthness and caricature; and violent action rendered with but slight anatomical knowledge is seldom convincing. In such a picture as the "Crucifixion" (1049), by some nameless artisan-painter of the late fifteenth century, the struggle after vigorous expression and free action ends in the loss of all religious sentiment. Among the vulgar, violent types which compose this crowded scene, not one commands our sympathy. The subject has been made an occasion for introducing a mob of aggressive villains, gesticulating, shouting and quarrelling. All is bustle, excitement and pandemonium. There is no repose for the eye, for every part of the picture is treated with the same emphasis. The central figure of Christ on the cross is devoid of either beauty or dignity; the struggling thieves on each side have



Hanfständl photo

[National Gallery

CRUCIFIXION
By the German School



[Munich]

BIRTH OF THE VIRGIN

[Hans Süssling photo]

writhed themselves into painful contortions. The redeeming feature of this truly unpleasant picture lies in the care and variety with which the gaudy costumes have been rendered, from the high head-dresses and hanging sleeves of the women gathered about the cross, to such grotesque detail as the bandaged leg of the man near S. John. The colour has been laid on very thickly, and the surface of the picture is smooth and enamel-like, but the faces, especially those of the men, are very coarsely painted, with ugly grey flesh shadows and sharp high-lights.

Let us now turn to the "Presentation in the Temple" (706), where we may see the union of German and Flemish elements far more charmingly exemplified. The painter of this bright, pleasant panel is known, like so many artists of that day, only by his fruits. He is generally called the Master of the Life of the Virgin, from a series of panels of which this forms one, the others hanging in the Munich Gallery. In these pictures the artist shows just that love of detail and costume that distinguishes the Flemish painters, and his figures often recall the somewhat angular types of Dirk Bouts. His realism is sometimes very quaint, as when in the "Birth of the Virgin," at Munich, he introduces us into a large bed-chamber, where S. Anne, lying in her vast, canopied bed, holds out her hands to take the new-born babe, while an army of nurses prepare the bath, pouring in water from a saucepan, or testing the temperature, and an eager *Hausfrau* serves out towels from a well-filled chest. Some of the scenes have landscape backgrounds, one of them actually copied from Bouts's "Martyrdom of S. Erasmus" at Louvain; but even in these the painter, true to the old traditions of Cologne, adheres to his gold sky.

In our picture the scene is laid in a church, where the aged S. Simeon, standing on the steps of the altar, tenderly takes the Child from His mother. Behind Mary follow Joseph—a weak old man, holding a candle, and fumbling nervously for the fee in his silver-mounted reticule—and three girls, one, the demure little maiden with plaited hair carrying the doves, a typical Gretchen. She is all alert and full of delighted interest in the ceremony. The youth accompanying them reminds us of Memlinc's mild-eyed cavaliers. On the other side, behind S. Simeon, a number of spectators are gathered round an important-looking personage in a handsome red cloak, his hands completely buried in the vast folds of his ample yellow sleeves. The colouring of the picture is fresh, luminous, cheerful and wonderfully delicate. How beautifully the tiles with their pale shades of grey-blue, green and pink echo the stronger colours of the dresses! The old stone altar tones exquisitely with the tawny gold of the wall, and the gay fringe of red, white and blue, bordering the Hebrew inscription in front, throws up the quiet stone colour. The warm green used in some of the dresses is quite a feature in this series of paintings. In spite of the Flemish influence shown so strongly in the types and in the details of the costumes, we still feel the charm of the old mild effeminacy of early Rhenish art. There is here, for all the imported naturalism, a want of robustness and energy, a languor, a sweetness, entirely characteristic of Cologne painting. None of the figures seem to stand firmly on the ground, and their heads are inclined almost in Peruginesque fashion.

Let us compare with this tender idyllic treatment the "SS. Peter and Dorothy" (707) by another Cologne



Hans Jüngel photo

SS. BARTHOLOMEW, AGNES, AND CECILIA

[Munich]

artist, on whom Flemish naturalism had taken a stronger grip. What a contrast between this solid, mundane figure of S. Peter and the undulating grace of S. Simeon, and how pitifully plain and awkward S. Dorothy looks beside the delicate, flower-like charm of the Virgin and her maidens! Yet here, too, the artist has striven after grace, as we notice in the rather affected attitudes of the long, bony square-tipped fingers and the tilt of S. Peter's head with its curious foreshortening. If we may liken the master of the "Presentation," with his swaying attitudes and tender piety, to Perugino, this artist, in his unnatural naturalism and pedantic distortions, might perhaps be compared with Crivelli, though such analogies, however tempting, must not be pushed too far.

The painter of this picture is generally known as the Master of S. Bartholomew, from an altar-piece at Munich, composed, like this panel, of a row of saints, with S. Bartholomew in the middle. He worked in Cologne quite at the end of the fifteenth century and well into the next. Two important altar-pieces by him are still in his native city, and a fine "Descent from the Cross," in which he betrays his debt to Roger van der Weyden, is in the Louvre. Our two saints, like their Munich prototypes, stand on a piece of stone pavement, against a high screen of gold and black brocade. Above this a glimpse is caught of a strip of distant landscape with the blue sky overhead. The painter has evidently tried to avoid absolute symmetry by placing the marble pillar seen above the screen slightly to one side, but the capital of this pillar is decidedly out of drawing. He has broken the straight lines of the composition, too, by the incline of the figures and the folds of their rather

clumsy draperies. The colouring is hard and garish, with neither the velvety depth of Flemish art, nor the warm, cheerful tints of the early school of Cologne. It is bright without being brilliant. Yet the workmanship is careful and thorough, and though we may deplore the artist's lack of taste and finer feeling, we must honour him as a clever craftsman. The hands, for all their absurd shape and finicking movements, are very delicately painted. S. Peter's, indeed, are far too small for him, and are encumbered, moreover, with much more than he can conveniently hold, what with his huge, heavy keys—one of gold, the other of silver—his book, his train, and finally the latticed spectacles, through which he can surely have seen very little.

We come now to a picture (1085) which again unites idyllic sentiment with a strong feeling for nature in landscape and action. The subject is a "Santa Conversazione," such as Memlinc and Gerard David loved to treat, with a background of quite peculiar interest. Although the picture is in the form of a triptych, the side panels carry on the composition of the centre, so that we have one continuous scene. The figures are strangely inferior to the landscape, which shows a quite unusual sense of decorative treatment. It is the familiar group of the Madonna and Child in the midst of a bevy of maidens and little blue-robed angels, with the two SS. John, mounting guard, as it were, on either side. Though the Madonna seems to be absorbed in her book, the company is far less seriously occupied in feasting to the accompaniment of music discoursed by some of the angels. Others have wandered into the wood, and are picking flowers or pulling fruit from the trees. On a cushion at the Madonna's feet sits the Christ child, an

ugly, ungainly little fellow, reaching up to S. Catherine for the fruit she holds out to Him. The types throughout are far from beautiful, but this S. Catherine, who dimly recalls some of the delightful figures of Quentin Matsys, is the least unattractive. In the forest behind twilight has already fallen, and the tall Gothic church, in front of which the cheerful company has assembled, is brilliantly lighted within. The artist has not been able to render the effect of lamplight pouring through the large window and open doors of the church, but he has tried to suggest it. It is a moment before we realise what these flat, opaque yellow surfaces really mean, these patches of light that give no illumination. And, stranger still, though the gloom of night has fallen on the forest, and the hour of vespers draws near, the happy party, unconscious of time in their Arcadia, appear to be still enjoying something like daylight. The forest is treated with a suggestion of the fantastic formality of the modern German painter Böcklin, with its thick groves of orange-trees, flanked by giant cypresses, that seem to vie with the soaring perpendiculars of the church. The sky, on the other hand, with its fleecy clouds, is a charming touch of nature. How solemn and effective is all this, and it is only the group of figures that appears artificial and unconvincing.

The curious little picture (1080) further on of the "Head of S. John the Baptist" in a golden charger resting insecurely and uncomfortably on a blue velvet cushion, is a poor production by some third-rate German artist of the fifteenth century. Numerous little angels, with singularly red hands and feet, fly about or sit weeping in attitudes of deep dejection. There is some-

thing extremely quaint in this rude rendering of the subject.

Flemish influence, which had first succeeded in revolutionising the art of Cologne, spread quickly into other parts of Germany, transforming the schools of painting, and quickening them with new vigour. In Westphalia, where a feeble offshoot of the school of Cologne had been flourishing for some time, painters received the new teaching at second-hand through the parent school. We have in the National Gallery some panels by an unknown Westphalian artist, which formed part of an altar-piece in the Abbey of Liesborn near Münster. Early in the nineteenth century, when the convent was suppressed, the great, many-panelled Crucifixion altar-piece, dating from 1465, was barbarously cut up and sold in pieces. We may judge from the fragments in the National Gallery that this Master of Liesborn, as for want of better knowledge he is called, was by no means the equal either of his Flemish contemporaries or even of his neighbours in Cologne. Yet he seems to have been the chief painter in Westphalia, and this work the most important Westphalian production of the fifteenth century. This school indeed takes but humble rank among the various centres of art activity in Germany.

"The Head of Christ on the Cross" (259) belonged to the central compartment of the Liesborn polyptych. It has little beauty either of form or expression, and is exceedingly weak in drawing. Round the cross, standing in a flowery meadow, were grouped six figures; on one side the Virgin, attended by the medical saints, Cosmo and Damian, who figure so frequently in Florentine pictures of this period, and on the other, S. John with the two great Benedictine saints, the founder of the

Order himself, and his sister Scholastica. Of these figures, which were ruthlessly cut in half, only the upper parts remain (260 and 261). There is a certain feeble sweetness in the faces, and the colouring is soft and pleasant. We seem to breathe once more the old Cologne atmosphere of tender, if somewhat insipid piety and invertebrate grace. But the side compartments, of which two out of eight have been preserved, show greater ambition. In the "Annunciation," which, with the "Adoration of the Kings," has been transferred to the Scottish National Gallery, we are ushered into a long narrow room, with large windows looking on to a town and hills beyond. This setting seems to be a faint reflection of the charming interiors portrayed with so much zest by Jacques Daret. A third panel, the "Presentation," is in the National Gallery (257), and comparing it with the "Presentation" by the Master of the Life of the Virgin, we are struck by the greater elaboration of the composition here. The figures are not now grouped on one plane against a simple gold ground, but the eye is drawn inwards, and an effect of depth has been attempted. The grouping of the principal figures, the Virgin and Child and S. Simeon, and the position of the altar, repeat the composition of this scene in the great "S. Clara" altar-piece by Meister Wilhelm in Cologne Cathedral. The *mise-en-scène* is a church, rather shaky in perspective, with a triforium and large windows with flamboyant Gothic tracery of somewhat unsubstantial fabric. Three niches are filled with carved figures. The white-bearded priest, who holds out his arms to take the shrinking Child from His mother, is gorgeously arrayed in gold-brocaded vestments, a crimson velvet mitre and scarlet shoes; the

Virgin, too, wears under her blue mantle a robe of some rich fabric interwoven with gold. The painting of the dresses shows none of the exquisite finish a Flemish painter would have bestowed upon them. The girl on the left, carrying a cage with the doves, is a singularly shapeless figure, from the turban-like cap fastened round her chin with a kind of bandage to the bright green cloak which covers, though scarcely adorns her. This warm green is repeated in the helmet and dress of the man immediately behind the priest, and looks all the brighter by contrast with the scarlet cloak of his neighbour, a grave-faced personage with a beard. The white altar-cloth, with its border of green and red, is most effective. The picture is genial and pleasant in colour, and the expressions show much of the old sweetness. The tiny Child clinging to His mother and refusing to leave her arms is a favourite *motif*.

Two companion panels, representing three saints standing within a vaulted building against a gold wall (254 and 255), are decidedly inferior, and must have been painted either by some assistant or by the artist himself at a more uninspired moment. The spindle-legged warriors who form the centre of the two groups, S. Exuperius and S. Hilary, belonged to the Theban band, and were martyred with their leader, S. Gereon, at Cologne. It is a good thing that S. Jerome can be identified by his cardinal's hat, for it were well-nigh impossible to recognise in the ape-like creature accompanying him the noble king of the forest, his faithful attendant—at least in art. The "Crucifixion" (262) is another very poor school production, but here the usual gold background has given place to a real blue sky and a landscape with a little walled town, composed

of houses and churches crowned with blue roofs and spires. Among the eight figures placed in a long straight row to right and left of the low cross stands S. Anne, holding in her arms a small doll-like figure of the Virgin, who in her turn carries a miniature baby. S. Agnes, on the other side, is chiefly remarkable for the quaintly misshapen lamb, her attribute, which is jumping up to attract her attention.

Another anonymous painter, also perhaps from Westphalia, is known only by four panels, of which three are here, and one is in the Scottish National Gallery. He is designated the Master of Werden, these pictures having been found in the Abbey of Werden near Düsseldorf. The four panels formed apparently the shutters of an altar-piece, but the centre, which was probably of carved wood, is lost. Here are depicted two episodes from the legend of S. Hubert, the hero of the beautiful, anonymous "Exhumation" (783) in Room IV. The first, the Edinburgh picture, represents his conversion. The saint, surrounded by his dogs and horses, kneels in awed worship before the crucifix which the stag displays between his antlers. The beautiful, expressive landscape, with its winding road and its episodes of the chase, stretches away to where the hills meet the sky. But here this outburst of fresh, naïve naturalism comes abruptly to an end, and the usual flat gold background takes the place of the blue vault of heaven.

The next scene, the "Mass of S. Hubert" here (253), is laid in a church, and relates a further miracle which befell Hubert after his conversion. For, while celebrating mass at his consecration, an angel descended from heaven bearing a stole, with which he invested the

huntsman-saint. The composition is rather scrambling and uncertain, for the painter attempts more than his knowledge of perspective quite justifies. He has chosen a high point of sight, and his figures show a tendency to tumble out of the picture, while the altar and the vaulting seem strangely at odds. His lavish use of gold gives an effect of great splendour; the walls and altar-piece are gold; S. Hubert and the attendant priests, who carry his mitre and bishop's crozier, are arrayed in richest gold brocade patterned in black. The little white-robed angel darting down over the altar creates quite a stir among the bystanders. An old man in front—a homely but-striking figure—makes as though to run away; another spectator in the background raises his hand in not unnatural surprise. The little white dog lying asleep in the foreground serves as a reminder of S. Hubert's past. Here, too, the homely northern spirit breaks through, and displays the saint's pattens lying ready to his feet when the solemn rite shall have been performed.

The saints on the reverse sides of these wings (250 and 251) seem to betray a much feebler hand. In these ill-drawn figures, with features all awry, unnatural flesh and smug, self-satisfied expressions, how poor and perfunctory a performance for all the pretentious ornament! We need only compare the carelessly slurred-over vestments with the exquisitely-painted copes in Gerard David's "Canon and Patron Saints" (1045) in the next room, to appreciate the inferior quality of this work. One type, too, prevails throughout; indeed, we might be confronted with eight brothers! Here, again, stands S. Jerome with his lion—rather more lion-like than the Master of Liesborn had been

able to contrive. S. Giles, also, the hero of the delightful picture in Room IV. (1419), is accompanied by the hind he rescued from the hunter's arrow. S. Benedict and S. Romuald complete the gathering of hermit-saints. On the other panel three bishops — S. Augustine, S. Ludger, a Saxon celebrity, and the hero of the altar-piece, S. Hubert himself, holding the image of a stag on his book — are ranged behind S. Maurice, the warrior saint, a great favourite with German painters. Here the background is a blue sky, becoming gradually paler towards the horizon, and between the shoulders of the bishops glimpses can be caught of a valley with a wide river flowing through it, doubtless a *motif* suggested to the painter by the scenery of his own Rhine country. All the poetry and delicate grace which distinguish the early Cologne painters have fled from these clumsy, foppish figures, and only the old Cologne feebleness of structure and pose remains. This type and quality of painting abound in fifteenth-century German art, for the painters often worked as mere subordinates to the carvers of wooden altar-pieces, who asked little more of them than a certain knowledge of their colour-craft. Sentiment and poetry, not being demanded, were all too seldom supplied. It was not until Dürer and Holbein arrived that German art really found itself, and then, too soon, the Reformation and the disastrous Thirty Years' War blighted this wonderful German Renaissance, and laid the field of culture bare and untended for more than a century.

Yet one German painter stands out in the fifteenth century above the crowd of craftsmen, in whom we may discern the precursor and inspirer, though not

actually the teacher, of the great Dürer. It was in Colmar in the Rhine country that Martin Schongauer lived and worked—in Colmar that to-day his greatest painting may still be seen. His contemporaries hailed him “the glory of painters”; his very name they converted into Martin Schön, Martin the Beautiful, or “Hüpsch Martin,” as we read it on his portrait at Munich, painted by his pupil Burgkmair; and his fame spread throughout the civilised world. For Schongauer was one of the first artists to appeal to a wider public than could be reached by the art of painting, through his engraving on copper. This device of printing pictures worked as great a revolution in cheapening and popularising art as the invention of printing words, which followed soon after, wrought in the domain of literature. The painted picture was not only expensive, but cumbersome and difficult to carry about. The printed picture, on the other hand, could be cheaply produced, multiplied by the hundred, and circulated all over the country. No wonder, then, that artists found in this democratic branch of graphic art a lucrative and influential occupation, and the history of German painting must be supplemented by the history of the engravings on wood and copper, in which the true genius of the German people is most characteristically illustrated. Fortunately, the Print Room at the British Museum contains an excellent collection of German prints, by which our knowledge of German art in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries may be augmented.

The National Gallery possesses no painting by Schongauer, whose pictures are so rare that, besides the great solemn, stately “Madonna in the Rose Garden” at Colmar, perhaps only three may be safely ascribed to him, and

of these the galleries of Vienna, Munich and Berlin are the happy possessors. The "Entombment" here (1151) is but a copy from one of his designs, worked over with rather dark, heavy colour. The beautiful little "Death of the Virgin" (658), formerly ascribed to him, is now, as we have seen, restored to Jacques Daret. It is easy to recognise in Schongauer's paintings and engravings the Flemish influence derived in some way from Roger van der Weyden. The idea that he actually studied under Roger in Brussels is founded upon a letter written by the Liège painter, Lambert Lombard, to Vasari, in which he remarks that "Bel Martino" remained faithful to the style of his master Roger. We know all too little of the life of this truly great and refined artist, and even the year of his birth is uncertain. But when Albert Dürer set off on his *Wanderjahre* in 1491, and journeyed to Colmar, he found to his infinite disappointment that the celebrated painter had been dead already some three years.

Another important German artist not represented in the National Gallery is the elder Holbein, father of the painter who, with Dürer, became the crowning glory of German art. The Holbein family belonged to Augsburg, and it was in the workshop established there by Hans Holbein the elder that his more famous son must have received his earliest training. Old Holbein's fame was for many years almost eclipsed by that of Holbein the younger, to whom several important works, actually by the father, used to be assigned, among them his masterpiece, the "Martyrdom of S. Sebastian," at Munich. This injustice has now been remedied, and Holbein the elder again enters into his own. He was a painter of great power and imagination. Influenced

at first, like many of his German contemporaries, by the style of Roger van der Weyden, he afterwards drank deep of Italian culture, and was one of the first of the northern painters to appreciate and understand the spirit of the classical Renaissance. But in those days an artist had often much ado to make a living, and old Holbein found himself forced to break up his workshop, and seek employment away from Augsburg. His brother Sigmund, who seems till then to have been his assistant, went off on his own account, and settled in Berne.

It is to Sigmund Holbein that the curious portrait in the National Gallery of a lady in a large white cap (722) used formerly to be attributed. But there seems to be no valid reason for connecting his name with this excellent picture. This prim young German matron, in her quaint, high-crowned, starched cap with long streamers, has a pleasant face and kindly brown eyes. Three rings adorn her rather stiff fingers, and she holds delicately a sprig of forget-me-not. It was an odd fancy of the painter to depict a fly alighted on the white head-dress. The flesh tints are of a pale pinkish hue, rather cold, but very carefully blended. On the patterned background, once, perhaps, of a deep blue, we find the words "Geborne Hoferin," a record of the lady's maiden name. The portrait is quite worthy of a place here, for all its anonymity.

CHAPTER VI

MATSYS AND THE ITALIANISERS

EARLY in the sixteenth century the headquarters of Flemish painting shifted from Bruges, where they had been established for over a hundred years, to Antwerp, which was rapidly superseding the old Flemish city as the seaport and commercial centre of the Netherlands. The same bells that pealed to celebrate the marriage of Charles the Bold's daughter and heiress Mary, the last of the Burgundians, to Maximilian of Austria, tolled the death-knell of Flemish prosperity. During the long struggle waged by the independent cities against Maximilian's incessant exactions, Bruges, unsettled and seething, offered little attraction to foreign merchants, who now began gradually to betake themselves to the less turbulent markets of Antwerp. Moreover, a new disaster was threatening the city in the gradual drying up of the river connecting her with the sea. The once flourishing seaport, the Venice of the North, found herself left high and dry, an inland town, cut off from all direct communication with the sea. True, a canal might have been dug, as the painter Lancelot Blondeel suggested; but the wars had depleted the coffers and troubles and persecution broken the spirit of Bruges. So the beautiful old city sank into quiet decay, and swans took possession of the waterways once crowded with merchant vessels. But the ill wind that

wrecked Bruges and the cities of Flanders, blew a brilliant though brief prosperity to Antwerp, and soon not only merchants of every language thronged her streets and fairs, and vessels blocked her harbours, but artists, no longer sure of work in Flanders, followed in their train, and established themselves where patronage was certain. If Bruges might boast of her van Eycks, of her Memlincs and Gerard Davids, Antwerp was soon to set against them a Quentin Matsys and a Patinir, not to speak of her later glories, her Rubens, her Van Dyck and her Teniers.

Quentin Matsys or Metsys, the founder of the school of Antwerp, was not indeed a native of the city, but migrated thither from Louvain, and in 1491, three years before Memlinc's death, joined the Guild of S. Luke as a fully qualified painter. His years of apprenticeship were probably spent in his birthplace, the old university city of Louvain, where already Roger van der Weyden had worked, and where his follower, Dirk Bouts, had established himself and his family. It is possible that as a boy Matsys may have worked under Bouts, and certainly he must often have seen that master's pictures in the Church of S. Pierre—the winged altar-piece of the "Last Supper" and the "Martyrdom of S. Erasmus." But whatever he may have learned from Bouts, he certainly left him far behind, for in conception and technique Matsys is no naïve primitive. He has crossed the borderland, and his art is essentially of the sixteenth century in its sense of unity and subordination of detail to general effect. His two great altar-pieces in the Antwerp and Brussels Museums, the "Entombment" and the "Family of the Virgin," show also that the religious fervour of the earlier period was by no means



Hans Memling photo

| National Gallery

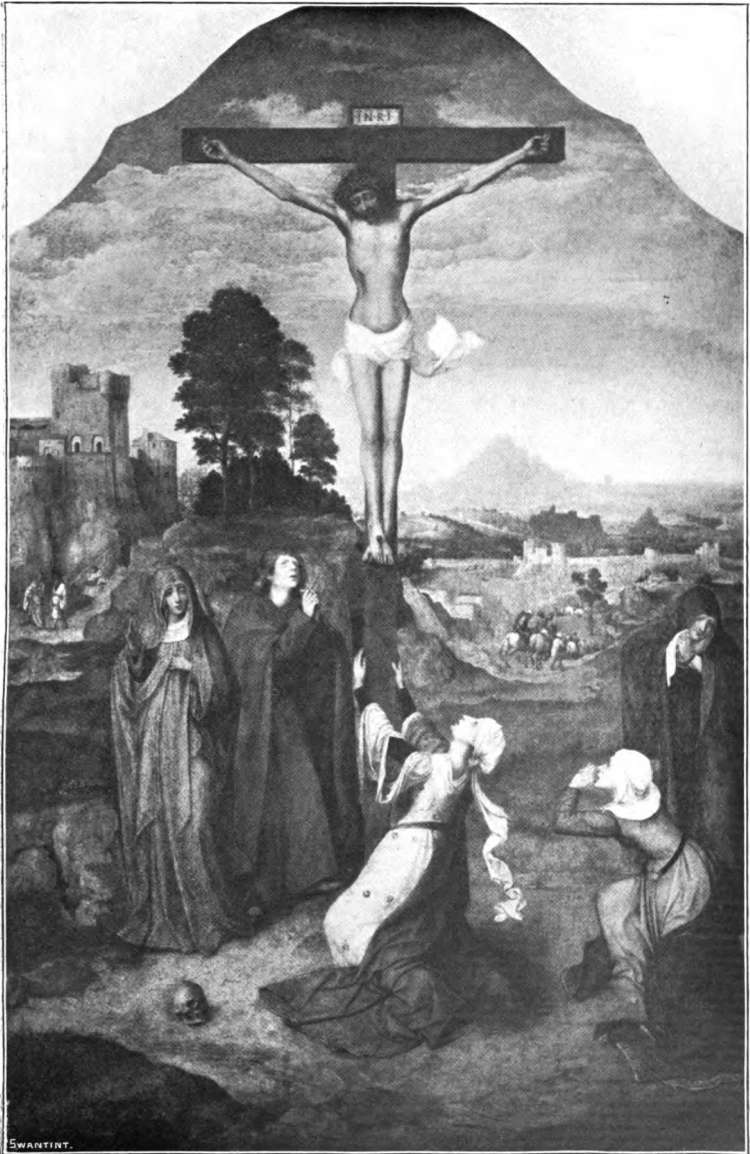
spent. Roger van der Weyden himself could scarcely have invested the "Entombment," one of his favourite subjects indeed, with greater pathos and feeling; but in Matsys's version there is, together with a new breadth of treatment, a dignity and restraint, which announce the opening of a fresh epoch in art.

Quentin Matsys is represented in the National Gallery by two half-length figures of Christ and the Virgin (295), very delicately painted against a dull gold background. Christ, grave and dignified, raises His right hand in benediction. In the left He holds a crystal orb bearing a golden cross. The Virgin's hands are folded in prayer, her head slightly inclined. She has the gentle, almost timid expression, which gives to the Madonnas of Matsys a peculiar charm. How beautiful and refined are the exquisitely-worked border of gold and pearls on the hem of her sky-blue mantle and the fillet of pearls binding her soft auburn hair! If the subject and the gold background of these panels recall an earlier period, the technique is eminently characteristic of Quentin Matsys, in its soft, clear colouring, simple, yet subtle modelling, and absence of hard outline. His Christ is the traditional Flemish type, severe, rigid, and grave—the Christ of Memlinc and of Bouts in his "Last Supper." The Virgin is more distinctly characteristic of Matsys, and was the type followed by his pupils, both Flemish and German. Matsys repeated this same subject in two panels now in the Antwerp Museum, but in these only the heads and shoulders are shown, and the positions are reversed.

There is another picture in our Gallery which so strongly betrays Matsys's manner that, though unsigned, it must surely rank among his works. This is the

"Crucifixion" (715) ascribed in the catalogue to Joachim Patinir. Several repetitions exist of this picture, though each version shows some differences. One is in the Liechtenstein Gallery in Vienna, another in Munich. It has been suggested that these compositions are the result of collaboration between Patinir and Matsys, the first painting the landscapes and the latter the figures. This is quite possible, and also in accordance with the custom of the time. We have some evidence of the collaboration of these two painters in another instance, the "Temptation of S. Anthony" in the Prado, of which an old document in the Escorial records that the figures are from the hand of Master Quentin and the landscape by Master Joachim. Certainly in this "Crucifixion" the landscape answers in many respects to Patinir's favourite type, while the figures have little resemblance to those in his "Visitation" and "Flight into Egypt" which hang at the other end of the room. In this picture landscape and figures are brought into a more intimate relation than in the earlier days, when Roger van der Weyden and Memlinc designed their delicious little peeps of clear green meadow and wooded slope to serve as background for their figures. For in this we have figures in a landscape, not merely a landscape background behind the figures, and there is all the difference.

It is a dull, cloudy day, with threatenings of rain, and the distance, though clear, is grey and cold. In the foreground a little group has gathered about the tall cross on which the Saviour hangs. The last act of the sacred drama is about to be enacted, for in the distance Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea are seen approaching, in company with a man carrying a ladder, and the



[National Gallery

CRUCIFIXION

By Quentin Matsys and Patinir

tomb is already prepared behind the cross. The soldiers and sightseers have all departed, the last band of horsemen is disappearing behind the hill, and now only the Holy Women and S. John are left to watch until the end. The Virgin, standing on the left, upright and calm, looks almost reproachfully at Mary Magdalen, who, in vehement abandonment to her sorrow, has flung herself at the foot of the cross, and clasping it with both hands, gazes piercingly upwards at Christ. Behind her, scarcely less restrained, kneels the other Mary, bending forward with tightly-clasped hands, while Salome averts her face with a gesture of horror-stricken grief. S. John, too, looks beseechingly up at his crucified Master, and only the Virgin maintains the awful quiet of a grief too deep for expression and the calm of a faith still unshaken. The figure of Christ, now rigid in death, is perhaps the least satisfactory. The cool greys, greens and browns of the landscape help to throw up the colours of the draperies—S. John's dull red robe, the Magdalen's white dress, and the warm brown cloak, half falling from her shoulders through the impetuosity of her movement. A bright touch of colour is given by the light cherry-red of the kneeling figure on the right. Altogether this is a beautiful picture, both in colour and sentiment.

We have no example in the National Gallery of Matsys's tender renderings of the Madonna and Child, of which, perhaps, the most beautiful is the one in Berlin, where the mother is kissing her babe, who, kneeling on her lap, throws His little arm about her neck. Nor can we show one of his splendid portraits, which must be sought in the galleries of Munich and Frankfort, and in the Liechtenstein Palace in Vienna.

The portrait of a "Man in Prayer" here (1081) has, however, some affinity with his style. It is evidently the side panel of an altar-piece, and may have been executed by one of the many Antwerp painters who looked up to Matsys as their artistic leader. This face, with its large, well-cut nose, small eyes, and firm mouth and chin, reveals a certain decision of character. The landscape behind, which is after the manner of Patinir, goes climbing up almost to the top of the panel, where a narrow space of sky is disclosed on either side of a rocky hill. Some cottages, a dovecote, and a few figures, enliven the middle distance.

Besides religious painting and portraiture, there is still another branch of art in which Quentin Matsys sought distinction, for indeed he may almost be looked upon as the first of the *genre*-painters. His pictures of money-changers, bankers, and merchants in their counting-house, formed quite a new departure, and were so successful as to provoke a number of imitators. Here, then, were the beginnings of that *genre*-painting which, by its direct appeal to the bourgeoisie, became, as it were, the art of the unlettered classes in the Netherlands, and was to find full expression in the works of Brueghel and Teniers in the southern provinces, and of Brouwer, Adrian van Ostade and Jan Steen in Holland.

The most famous of Quentin Matsys's "Bankers" is in the Louvre. It represents a man and his wife seated at a table; he is counting and weighing money from a pile which lies before him, while she watches him, and at the same time turns over the pages of a richly-illuminated missal. The faces are thoughtful and refined, and the hands most exquisitely drawn, rather



Hanfständl photo]

[National Gallery

THE USURERS
By Marinus van Romerswael

small and slender, as befits a well-to-do banker and his delicately-nurtured wife. Matsys has introduced on the table Jan van Eyck's device of the round mirror, which here reflects a man sitting beside a window, through which we see a house and some trees. The picture is painted with the most precise and unerring touch. In general tone it inclines to a clear brown. All the accessories are minutely portrayed—the missal, with its black-letter writing and full-page miniature of the Madonna and Child, its gilded edges and clasp, the coins and scales, the bag of pearls, the beautiful crystal jar, the miscellaneous articles on the shelves behind, the rings, and the details of the costumes, from the buckle at the man's waist-belt to the pin which fastens his wife's starched linen coif. And the absorbed, unconscious expression of the actors forbids our concluding that they were deliberately posing to the artist.

A good many of these "Money-changer" pieces, though ascribed to Quentin Matsys himself, are by his son Jan, a far inferior painter, or by that curious and grotesque artist, Marinus van Romerswael, by whom we have a characteristic panel (944). Judging from the "Usurers" here depicted, it is easy to understand the deep-rooted medieval prejudice against their class. Where, indeed, could we meet with two more repulsive figures than those of this tough, leathery couple, raking in their heap of ill-gotten gains with greedy, claw-like hands? The guttering tallow candle on the shelf behind them, a favourite *motif* with this painter, seems of a piece with the sordid atmosphere which somehow pervades the picture. And these fantastic head-dresses, vividly suggesting cocks' combs, contribute to the wizard-like expression of the figures. But for all the unattractive

nature of the types, the painter has done his work well and vigorously. The absorbed expression of the old man writing in his ledger is very cleverly rendered. He seems to be following the course of his pen with his mouth, as many people are wont to do when writing. His companion is evidently engaged in some abstruse mental calculation, requiring for its solution great puckering of the brows and distortion of the facial muscles. The colouring, though hard, is very luminous, and the details are carefully rendered, though with none of the exquisite finish and refinement of Matsys or Jan van Eyck. But the artist has not the magic touch which converts dross to gold, and creates from a simple subject of every-day life an idyl of warm, glowing colour to delight the eyes. We may admire his dexterity and appraise his conscientious care, but nevertheless, we gladly pass on to something in which the meaner aspects of life are left in the background, and not paraded before us.

Of Patinir, the artist who has been mentioned as painting landscape backgrounds for Quentin Matsys and perhaps also for Gerard David, little is known, and the whole question of their connection remains cloudy. According to van Mander he was something of a ne'er-do-well, spending half his time in the drinking taverns, though, as in the case of our own George Morland, his peaceful rural scenes belie this sinister imputation. He was born in the valley of the upper Meuse, the cradle of so many Flemish artists, at Dinant, and though he left the hilly country of the Ardennes to settle in Antwerp, he never forgot the impressions of his youth. It was this scenery which inspired his landscapes, with their wide stretches of watered plain and distant moun-

tain peaks. He was living in Antwerp when Albert Dürer, in the course of his journey in the Netherlands, made a short stay in that city. During this visit Patinir celebrated his second marriage, and the great German artist, bidden to the feast, sketched the bride and bridegroom and their guests. One of Dürer's portrait drawings of Patinir is now at Weimar, and shows us a thoughtful young man in a large hat. The most friendly relations seem to have existed between the two painters. Dürer relates how he borrowed from Patinir some colours and an assistant to grind them, in return for which courtesy he handed the Antwerp artist down to posterity in the pages of his Diary as "Joachim, the good landscape painter"—no mean praise from one who was himself a pioneer in landscape art. And indeed Patinir was one of the first artists who painted landscape for its own sake, and not merely or chiefly as a *mise-en-scène* for figures. The Flemish painters, as we have seen from the days of the miniaturists onwards, always excelled in landscape, but even in the "Adoration of the Lamb," or in Gerard David's "Baptism of Christ" in the Academy at Bruges, the beautiful landscape is second to the figures in importance, and Memlinc's lovely little glimpses of winding river and green meadow are frankly decorative. But in a picture here in the National Gallery (1298), now ascribed to Patinir, we have a landscape scene in which the human interest is limited to the inconspicuous figure of an artist sketching under a tree and some distant labourers quarrying the rock. The painter has set out to depict a river scene, actually without considering it necessary to justify himself by the introduction of S. Christopher (as in

716 below) or the baptism of Christ. The landscape is here an end in itself, quite apart from any human interest that it may enclose. This is indeed a step gained towards a new and independent branch of painting, and though the highest skill and perception are missing, the intention is right.

To Patinir certainly belongs the honour of having attempted what in his day was a novelty. His landscapes are not always pleasing. He spoils them too often by hard, cold tones, heavy blue distances, and impossible rocks and mountains. In this "River Scene," however, whether or not from his hand, the colour is pleasant and harmonious, the touch lighter and much drier than usual in his works. The broad blue river, flowing smoothly between its high banks, is so still that the white cliffs and the brownish shrubs lie mirrored on its unbroken surface. There is scarcely sufficient stream to carry to their destination the boats and one of those long log-rafts with their serpentine coils, that may be seen to-day on many of the great German rivers. But, as usual, Patinir has been unable to restrain his love for fantastic rocks of impossible geological formation, and for blue, craggy mountains in the far distance. The homely meadow and woodland scenes, that might appeal to his fellow-artists, were by no means to his taste. He wanted something more romantic, a wider outlook, nature wild and untrodden rather than familiar, cultivated and subdued. Hence he devoted himself principally to painting wide vistas of distant mountains or broad expanses of water losing themselves in some far blue country. In his pictures the transition between the brown foreground and the blue distance is sometimes too hard and abrupt, but this may be partly

the result of changes in the colours, some of the yellows having a tendency to disappear, thus converting what was originally soft green into hard blue. This picture, with its hazy sky in which fleecy white clouds are floating, gives the sensation of a still, lazy day, when nature seems for a moment to have forgotten to breathe. How pleasant would be a dip in that cool, shady reach below the cliff! This is the only pure landscape of Patinir's time that the Gallery possesses.

The same exaggerated rocks and mountains, the same slender, feathery tree, appear in the "S. Christopher carrying the Infant Christ" (716), but here we have a sacred subject to excuse the landscape. The legend of S. Christopher offered as good a pretext for painting a landscape as did that of S. Sebastian for a representation of the nude figure, in days when artists still looked to the Church as their best patron. But in this instance the painter has evidently cared more for the staging than for the drama it is to enclose. Indeed, looking at the picture as a whole, we must frankly admit that it would gain immeasurably by the suppression of the central figure. It is a calm day, but some ripples caress the surface of the shallow inland sea across which the colossal Christ-bearer wades with his holy burden. The strong tones of his crimson mantle stand out in harsh contrast against the delicate blue background. We realise the imposing size of the saint by comparing him with the bearded hermit on the bank, who has doubtless just climbed down from his chapel on the cliff above. The Christ child, a figure wholly without charm or dignity, looks like some little dwarf perched in a position not devoid of peril. In connection with this picture of S. Christopher, it is interesting to read

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of Dürer's presenting Patinir with a drawing of the giant saint in several attitudes. Perhaps our artist found these models useful in designing his own pictures, and we may even catch here a faint reflection of the great German master, whose name is as yet unknown in our catalogue.

"S. John on the Island of Patmos" (717) is again a subject picture in which the landscape predominates, but the workmanship is distinctly inferior. Here the background is of a heavy blue, and the rocks are even more fantastic than in the last. The inevitable tree grows on the rock-like island, near the edge of which sits S. John, pen in hand, listening for inspiration, and quite regardless of the weird, fiery-eyed demons who seek to distract his attention. The figure of the saint is far from satisfactory; it is stiff and shapeless, and the draperies are hard and clumsy. In the sky appears a vision of the Virgin and Child surrounded by an oval glory.

The little picture of "S. Agnes adoring the Infant Christ" (945), considerably darkened by time, still shows a decided preference for wide landscape, even on so small a scale. The cottage and little lakelet beside it are delicately painted with almost Memlinc-like precision, but the treatment of the grass in the foreground is commonplace and perfunctory. The chalky flesh painting, too, leaves much to be desired, and again the Child, who holds a rosary of coral beads, is ugly and unchildlike.

Of more ambitious proportions are the "Visitation" (1082) and its pendant, the "Flight into Egypt" (1084), where the figures are at least as important as the landscape in which they move. For his own part,

Patinir probably preferred to paint landscape pure and simple, but like most artists he was forced to comply with the public demand, and as yet the cry was all for the traditional Biblical subjects. No doubt many a patron, after ordering a "Repose" or a "S. Jerome," would have been far from satisfied had the artist presented him with a landscape in which these favourite and well-worn subjects figured as mere accessories. The time was not yet ripe for the landscape painter, and another century must elapse before he should come fully into his own. We hardly realise how modern a phase is the enthusiasm for natural scenery, which has given birth, even within the last hundred years, to a totally new conception of landscape art. These subject pictures are rather heavy, and the figures seem much encumbered by the very ample draperies which fall in fretted folds about their feet; while the flesh painting is hot and unpleasant. In the "Visitation," the two women have met at a little distance from an imposing building, approached through a ruined archway. S. Elizabeth, in a long, light crimson robe, has just met Mary and fallen on her knees before her. Across the broken country behind them, the eye is led to a distant town lying on a river, a reminiscence, perhaps, of the painter's own country of the Meuse. In the middle distance two tiny figures of what appear to be white-robed monks are seen running at the top of their speed along a road. The same valley is used in the "Flight into Egypt," but here are lofty mountains, and the town on the river bank is more scattered. The Virgin, seated on a meek-faced donkey, suckles her Child, while S. Joseph plods in front, leading the animal by a cord. He is well laden with a bundle,

which he carries on a stick, and a knife and gourd hang at his side. At the Virgin's approach the idolatrous image of some pagan divinity hurls itself in shattered fragments from its column. In the background soldiers are seen butchering the infants of Bethlehem, much to the disturbance of a peaceful labourer cutting impossible corn with a scythe in a neighbouring field.

The little panel of the "Virgin and Child and S. Elizabeth" (1089) close by, seated beside some trees, is by an unknown painter of this period. It is a feeble, though not unpleasant production of little importance, and contains agreeable passages in the landscape background.

Closely connected with Patinir is the painter Henri Bles, about whom still less is known. He, too, hailed from the Meuse country, having been born at Bouvignes, a town facing Dinant on the opposite bank of the river; but where he studied, or when he left his home, is a mystery. His nickname Bles, a Flemish term for a shock or bunch of white hair on his forehead, indicates that he must have spent some time in Flanders. We know, too, that his travels carried him to Italy, where the friendly Italians dubbed him "Civetta," or the Master of the Little Owl, from his habit of introducing this bird into his pictures as a form of signature. And indeed he appears to have been much appreciated in Italy, and kept so fully employed that he had little time to ape Italian painting, as did many of his contemporaries. Bles was so various a painter, that attempts have often been made to distribute the works ascribed to him among several artists—spectral Bleses created for the purpose. But be he individual or generic term, he had a great range of subject, and

turned from landscape to figure and religious scenes with unvarying alacrity. His only signed picture is an "Adoration of the Magi" in Munich, a subject he repeated several times. The pictures ascribed to him in the National Gallery are by no means brilliant specimens, even of his mediocre talent. The "Crucifixion" (718), with its restless, cold and disagreeable colouring, especially in the metallic green landscape, and its unattractive types, is indeed more probably by an imitator. Here is the favourite *motif* of Mary Magdalen clasping the cross, which in this case is very high, dominating the picture. Three angels hover around it with chalices, in which to catch the blood flowing from the sacred wounds. The centurion, who has just pierced the Saviour's side, stands on the right, talking gravely to a Roman soldier leaning on his shield.

The other picture allotted to Bles is the "Magdalen" (710), again rather hard, but with a certain not unpleasant quaintness. Like the "Magdalen" on the other side of the room (654), which some, as we have seen, ascribe to Jacques Daret, this is merely a fictitious character, assumed for the occasion by some lady of beauty or condition. The braided hair, the elaborate costume and golden chains, carry out the *rôle* of the courtesan, but the ointment jar, from which she removes the lid with something of a flourish, and the illuminated missal, denote the penitent. The space around the head, framed in by the arched window, is cleverly varied with a peep of rock and sea.

It was in the early years of the sixteenth century that Flemish art, which had already lost its early fervour and robustness, fell under a new influence. For now northern painters, attracted by the rumour

of Italian achievement, began to look to the south for inspiration. The names of Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo were doubtless freely bandied about in Flemish studios, and to earn the title of the Flemish Raphael or the Michelangelo of the North came to be the ambition of many a worthy painter who, had he stayed at home and imbibed the excellent art traditions of his own country, might have proved himself a worthy fore-runner of Rubens. Roger van der Weyden indeed, as we have seen, had been initiated into the mysteries of Italian painting without swerving a hair's-breadth from his own purely northern style. But, after all, in his day Italian art was yet in its infancy, and the fundamental differences which separated the mature schools of Florence and Rome from those of the Netherlands, were scarcely so pronounced. Michelangelo himself, in one of his famous Dialogues with the Portuguese miniature painter, Francisco d'Ollanda, summed up the characteristics peculiar to northern painting from the extreme point of view of an Italian of the High Renaissance, nourished in idealism and the traditions of classical art. "They paint in Flanders," he said, "only to deceive the external eye, things that gladden you and of which you cannot speak ill, and saints and prophets. Their painting is of stuffs, bricks and mortar, the grass of the fields, the shadows of trees, and bridges and rivers, which they call landscapes, and little figures here and there; and all this, although it may appear good to some eyes, is in truth done without reasonableness or art, without symmetry or proportion, without care in selecting or rejecting, and finally without any substance or verve; and, in spite of all this, painting in some other parts is worse than it is in Flanders. Neither

do I speak so badly of Flemish painting because it is all bad, but because it tries to do so many things at once, each of which alone would suffice for a great work, so that it does not do anything really well."

However narrow and one-sided such criticism may appear to us, it was but an expression of the fundamental antagonism between the art that aims at ideal grandeur through classical simplicity and the more homely Gothic art with its insistence on truth, however rugged, and its love of elaboration. It was a fatal contrariness that moved these men of the north, with their tendency towards a sober, almost prosaic realism, and their instinct for colour, to seek to express themselves in the terms of a southern and Latin art, soaked in classical traditions. This they might admire but could never assimilate. For the most part they returned to their own country stammering, as it were, in a foreign tongue, their native language half forgotten. For, as Michelangelo justly proceeds, "No nation or people can perfectly satisfy or imitate the Italian manner of painting, which is the old Greek manner, without his being immediately recognised as a foreigner, whatever efforts he may make, and however hard he may work to do so." The story of the Flemish Italianisers does but exemplify this truth. Italy became indeed the grave of too many a promising talent.

One of the first artists over whom she thus cast her fatal spell was Jean Gossaert, generally known as Mabuse from the name of his birthplace, Mauberge in Hainault. Mabuse is well represented on his best side in the National Gallery by some fine portraits. We know nothing of his early history until, in

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1503, he matriculated in the guild at Antwerp, and here, of course, he came into personal contact with Quentin Matsys, and no doubt also with Gerard David. Their influence predominates in his works of this period, notably in the celebrated "Adoration of the Magi" belonging to the Earl of Carlisle, the most important early picture by Mabuse in England. But as chance befell, after a few years spent in this stronghold of Netherlandish art, he set off in the train of Philip the Bastard of Burgundy to Italy, and when he returned to his own country it was with an equipment of ill-assorted Milanese traditions and methods which he endeavoured to graft upon the native stock. And yet, for all his Italianising, Mabuse remained a Fleming in spirit, faithful in his types and in the style of his draperies to the teaching of his youth, and only betraying by a display of pretentious architecture in his backgrounds, and a cold grey blight which seems to wither the warm Flemish colouring, the foreign ideas he had so ill assimilated. The picture of "S. Luke painting the Virgin" in the gallery at Prague illustrates the curiously eclectic nature of his art. The figures are characteristically Flemish, and the draperies hang in those voluminous angular folds common to Flemish and German art from van Eyck to Dürer. But behind these the eye is repelled by a marvellous erection of architecture, classical in style and detail, yet so cold and hard in colouring that it seems as though cut out of cardboard. We miss the charming landscape settings of the older masters, and all this pompous but empty elaboration is but chill compensation for their straightforward, earnest simplicity. In his treatment of the nude, too, a branch of art quite foreign to the northern



Hanfstaengl photo,

[National Gallery

PORTRAIT OF A MAN

By Mabuse

spirit, Mabuse seems no less ill at ease. His almost life-sized figures of Adam and Eve at Hampton Court, though wonderfully precise and conscientious in execution, fail in all the majesty and grace of their Florentine prototypes or of Dürer's poetic rendering in the Prado, and just miss the sincerity and grandeur which redeem the uncouth realism of the Adam and Eve in the Ghent altar-piece. In portraiture, however, Mabuse wears worthily the mantle of his predecessors. However far astray imitation of the Italians might carry these northern painters in their altar-pieces and more pretentious works, in their portraits they generally remained true to their early training and the sound tradition of their school. Probably the worthy Flemish burghers who employed them had no mind to figure to posterity in other than their own characters, and all embellishments were relegated to historical and religious subjects. Thus, during this transition period, Flemish painting, sold to slavery in other directions, bore itself proudly in portraiture, and the names of Mabuse, Pourbus and Sir Antonio More enliven a somewhat dreary tale.

The fine portrait in the National Gallery of a "Man with a Rosary" (656) ranks among Mabuse's best works, such as his "Carondelet" in the Louvre. The colour, brown in tone, is deep and luminous, the light and shade cool and forcible. The young man's rather strained expression suggests a lively consciousness of the immortalising process to which he has subjected himself. Perhaps the rosary of red beads in his right hand and the fact that he is standing in a church may be held as testimony to his devoutness. This background of classical architecture, with its severely simple

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marble panels and entablature, accords well with the dignified treatment of the subject. Mabuse has indulged in no architectural flourishes, no Italian fantasies on a Flemish theme, but contents himself with a sober presentment of a plain, sensible burgher, a gentleman withal, by his delicate hands and refined mien. The hands, indeed, are painted with a subtle attention to form that would not disgrace a Holbein. Another "Portrait," considerably smaller, of a man holding his gloves (946), belonged once to the collection brought together by Charles I., and lamentably dispersed after his death. This portrait too shows a strong feeling for chiaroscuro, and this time the painter has set his model against a simple black background, which is the more telling in contrast to the elaborate dress of brown cloth and velvet with rich sable trimming. The hands again are finely painted, and full of character. It is not altogether an agreeable face. Something of cold suspicion seems to lurk in the large eyes, marring their beauty. These too have been painted with the greatest skill.

The forcible portrait of a "Man and his Wife" (1689), now ascribed to Mabuse, is a somewhat recent addition to the National Gallery. It passed formerly as a work of Quentin Matsys, but the colour is too deep, the modelling too strong for Matsys, even in his later period. If Mabuse painted this after his visit to Italy, the fact remains unbetrayed by any touch of mannerism or affected suavity. This grim old man and his sour-faced wife are as rugged and characterful as any Pala or Rollin of Jan van Eyck. And though the execution has advanced still further in the direction of breadth and subordination, Jan himself could not have painted

the man's fur collar with more of delicacy and minuteness, or have touched the texture of his olive skin and sinewy throat with a finer pencil. It is indeed a striking couple. His well-nigh complete tale of years seems to have robbed the old man of none of that pugnacious tenacity of purpose which more properly belongs to fiery youth. His wife, too, approaches old age apparently unmindful of its sweetness. Both faces are worn and weary, and bear witness to a life of toil and perhaps disappointment. The warm tone of the picture and the strong dark-green background are not altogether in the manner of Mabuse, and make it difficult to accept this picture as from his hand. It is certainly softer and more genial in colouring than the two portraits just mentioned, which reveal a clever draughtsman and accomplished painter but a cold colourist. The old tradition of Mabuse's visit to England, founded on a false interpretation of his picture at Hampton Court of three children, has now been abandoned. These are not, as was supposed, the children of Henry VII., but the elder sons and daughter of Christian II. of Denmark, father, too, of that Christina whose portrait by Holbein hangs in the National Gallery (Room IV.). There is therefore no justification for enrolling Mabuse among the foreign artists, Holbein, More and Van Dyck, who worked in England at the courts of the Tudor and Stuart sovereigns.

By Mabuse's accomplished but uninteresting pupil, Lambert Lombard, we find a "Dead Christ" or "Pietà" (266). Lambert, too, was smitten with the craze for travelling, and after spending some years in Italy, returned to his native Liège, where he tried to implant in the numerous pupils who gathered about him an exotic Italian style. He was a great antiquarian, an

architect of some renown, and in general a man of learning and erudition, but as a painter dry as dust. Foreign plagiarism is strongly marked in this "Pietà," of which the composition, like the artist's surname, is borrowed directly from Lombardy. In the North Italian Room (IX.) in the National Gallery we find a strikingly similar picture by some unknown Lombard painter (219), where the dead Christ is supported by two angels. This composition indeed became traditional in northern Italy. We may recall Giovanni Bellini's pathetic versions in Milan, Rimini and Berlin, and, as we shall see, German painters borrowed it also. Unlike Mabuse, whose men and women always betray the Flemish type, Lombard has caught in his faces something of Italian suavity and grace, but has reduced them to a sickly sweetness. The Virgin's expression is almost stupid, and S. John's amiable, weak features lack every masculine quality. The colouring is far from agreeable with its hot background of reddish sky, and altogether it is more than a pity that Lombard, who was undoubtedly gifted, should have sought to emulate the Italians on their own territory.

Another Italianiser, Bernard van Orley, to whom a little "Reading Magdalen" (655) is very doubtfully ascribed, actually studied under Raphael himself, and was entrusted with the superintendence of the celebrated tapestries woven at Brussels from Raphael's cartoons. Orley, who belonged to a large family in Brussels, was himself a designer of tapestry, and in the Great Hall at Hampton Court hang eight pieces from his loom, representing the History of Abraham. Faded and tarnished though they be, they take rank with the first tapestries in Europe.

As a religious painter, van Orley achieved the mediocrity so laboriously striven after by the Flemish Italianisers, and his affected attitudes, fluttering draperies and elaborate backgrounds are well calculated to chill the spectator. Only in his portraits does he retain the charm of simplicity and directness. The little "Magdalen" here is an insignificant work with faint reminiscences of Gerard David. The bright red lips and small chin are quite in his style, and the pose recalls the Master of the Half Figures who, as we have seen, was related in some way to David's school. The flesh tones here are unnaturally pink. There is a repetition of this little picture in the Dublin Gallery.

It was during Dürer's tour in the Netherlands in 1521 that he visited Brussels, and painted the delightful portrait of van Orley which is now in the Dresden Gallery. It shows us a young man of considerable personal attractions, in a large black hat, holding in his hand a letter addressed to himself. Perhaps this courtesy was a graceful acknowledgment of the splendid entertainment provided by his host, which, as Dürer naïvely remarks, could not have cost less than ten florins. Van Orley had by this time returned from his wanderings and settled in Brussels, where to this day his most important pictures are to be seen, foremost among them the large Michelangelesque triptych representing the "Trials of Job," painted for his patroness, Margaret of Austria.

Though by the sixteenth century the artistic pre-eminence of Bruges had declined with the loss of her trade, the good old traditions of the school were by no means extinguished, and side by side with the better known artists of Antwerp, there flourished in the old

city Lancelot Blondeel, the designer of the fine chimney-piece in the Council Hall, and the families of Pourbus and Claeis, all painters of more or less distinction. The National Gallery has nothing to show of this later Bruges art, but in Hertford House we find a curious and singularly attractive picture by Pieter Pourbus, called an "Allegorical Love Feast" (III., 531). Here, gathered about a circular marble table set in the midst of an open landscape, we come upon a party of gaily-dressed ladies and their swains, feasting and discoursing of love. It seems that the Graces are vying with the Domestic Virtues for the affections of the Cavaliers Adonis, Daphnis and Sapiens. The painter, in order to avoid any mistake as to his meaning, has naïvely inscribed the names of the *dramatis personæ* on the hem of their garments. The clear, warm tones of this spirited idyl anticipate the vigorous, transparent colouring of old Peter Brueghel, and indeed it is in such pictures that the transition from the primitives to Rubens most aptly reveals itself. The works of Pieter Pourbus must still be sought in the churches of Bruges, and several of his severe, shrewdly-characterised portraits hang in the Vienna Gallery. Hertford House exhibits also a sober male portrait by the son, Frans Pourbus (XVI., 26), a fair example of the reticent, somewhat frigid style of the sixteenth century.

Undoubtedly, however, the best portrait painter of this transition period was Anthonis Mor, or as he is generally called in England, Sir Antonio More. More was a pupil of the Dutch Jan Scorel, who in his turn had sat at the feet of Mabuse. But he spent his *Wanderjahre* in Italy, where he cultivated an affected and disagreeable style of religious painting. Fortunately,

however, he devoted himself chiefly to portraiture, and while his historical essays meet with the neglect they richly deserve, his best portraits might join company not unworthily with those of Holbein and Titian. The "Portrait of a Man" (1231) in the National Gallery is an example of his robust treatment and firm, decisive modelling. The sidelong glance and reddish flesh tints are quite characteristic of More. It is obvious in his portraits that he succeeded in giving a shrewd, if not always sympathetic estimate of his sitter. His work is never without a certain painter-like quality, and a quiet dignity and force. Another male "Portrait" (1094) in the same room, ascribed to More—if indeed by him—is in that tighter manner which he afterwards succeeded in casting off. But finer than either of these is his "Portrait of Sir Thomas Gresham" in the National Portrait Gallery, an excellent example of his grave, dignified art. More's services to his royal patrons, the Emperor Charles V. and Philip II. of Spain, introduced him to various foreign courts, and to such an illustrious employer as our Queen Mary of England. It was indeed his delicate mission to present this forbidding lady in the most glowing colours his truthful, unflattering brush could command to the cold inspection of her prospective Spanish bridegroom. During More's sojourn in England, where not so long before his day Holbein had set a standard of portraiture which no native successor had approached, he was in great request as a portrait painter.

It is in Madrid that More is still seen at his best, for here he lived for a spell, enjoying the fickle favour of Philip II. until, as it seems, some presumption on his part, or, as others would have it, the unwelcome atten-

tions of the dreaded Inquisition, hastened his return to the Netherlands. In spite of a renewed invitation to Spain he remained in his native country until his death, which took place just about the time that Rubens was born.

A third picture in the National Gallery, which used to be fathered upon More, has now been recognised as the work of a Netherlandish artist who made his home in Germany, at Nuremberg. Lucidel or Neufchatel, the name by which he was known in his pupil days at Antwerp, is the author of the "Portrait of a Young German Lady" (184) which, not altogether fitly, hangs with the German pictures in Room XV. Neufchatel seems to have painted only portraits, and of these but a handful can be counted, Munich possessing four. But he gave in to the Italian fashion so far as to sign himself *Novo-Castello*, a harmless if childish folly. The young girl portrayed here is dressed in the elaborate German costume of the day, with dull crimson dress of watered silk, velvet bodice and stomacher, fur cuffs, and rich embroidery across the breast. She wears, too, all her stateliest jewellery, massive golden chain, heavy rings, and fillet of gold about her head. But her quiet, retiring expression scarcely accords with this bravery, and she seems oppressed and rather stolid. The pose, with the hands folded across the front, exactly corresponds with that of Neufchatel's portrait of a woman in Munich, very similar to this in treatment. Our picture has been cruelly smothered with a thick, dark varnish which has completely dulled the gold and spoiled the flesh painting. It is much cracked and blistered, especially over the heavy background.

Another Flemish painter who, like Neufchatel, ex-

patriated himself and settled in a foreign country, was Pedro Campaña, a native of Brussels. After wanderings in Italy he came to anchor in Spain, and set up at Seville as a painter of altar-pieces. Though most of his works adorn the cathedral and churches of that city, one small picture, "Mary Magdalen led by Martha to hear the Preaching of Christ" (1241), has found its way to the National Gallery. It appears to have been painted in Venice, and indeed Venetian influence is clearly to be recognised in the types and bending attitudes of the women, which recall Tintoretto and Veronese. Two crouching figures on the left are strongly reminiscent also of Raphael. But the types on the whole are uninteresting and uninspired, and Christ, the principal figure, is absolutely insignificant. There is nothing, indeed, of Venetian harmony in the rather spotty colouring of this picture, where a bright cherry-red wars with a crude blue.

A small "Portrait of a Man" (1042) in Room IV. represents yet another Flemish painter who, like More and Campaña, sought pastures new in Spain. Its author, Catherina van Hemessen, is one of the few women who have achieved distinction in art. Daughter of an unimportant Antwerp artist, and married to an organist, she was fortunate in finding favour with Mary, the Spanish governess of the Netherlands, who took her and her husband to Spain. This grave little portrait is signed in full and dated 1552. It was, therefore, painted before the artist's departure from Antwerp. We find a softness and delicacy in the treatment which go far to mitigate the stiff pose and the harsh lines of the doublet. This black doublet, with its elaborate, jewelled buttons, is slashed over a white satin shirt.

The costume, indeed, is very interesting, and the exquisite little red ruffs at collar and wrists are charmingly painted.

Of Peter Brueghel, the head of a large family of painters, and the greatest and most original genius of this century in Flanders, unfortunately we possess no example. "Peasant" Brueghel, as he came to be called from the subjects he depicted, would be one of the most popular of later Flemish painters were his works less rare. But nowhere outside of Vienna is it possible to form a just conception of this spirited, humorous artist, the inventor of that class of *genre*-painting which devoted itself to scenes of peasant life. His "Village Fair" and "Peasant's Wedding" in Vienna glow with warm colour and ring with merriment. We can well imagine the painter himself joining, as he is reported to have done, in the mirth and somewhat coarse fun, which he feels no scruple in recalling. His landscapes, again, are singularly beautiful, with an almost modern feeling for nature. The Brussels Museum has recently acquired a splendid "Taxing of the People at Bethlehem" set in a chilly, winter landscape. This was exhibited at Bruges in 1902, together with the amusing "Pays de Cocagne," a kind of greedy boy's dream of a paradise where cooked dainties grow on the trees and even the walls and roofs of the houses are garnished with red and yellow cheeses. Peter Brueghel the younger, known as "Hell" Brueghel, for he delighted in grotesque representations of the nether regions, was far inferior to his father as an artist. His younger brother, Jan or "Velvet" Brueghel, however, achieved no inconsiderable fame as a painter of small, delicate landscapes, and in several instances, notably in his masterpiece, "The

Garden of Eden" at the Hague, collaborated with Rubens himself.

We may, perhaps, detect his hand in the little picture of "Pan and Syrinx" (659) in the German room (XV.), in which the figures are by Rottenhammer, a German Italianiser, with whom Jan Brueghel is known to have collaborated during the years he spent in Italy. This landscape, with its soft blue sky, its peep of pearly distance, and its exquisitely delicate foreground of flowers and rushes, is finely rendered in his characteristic manner. The yellow irises and water-lilies are touched in with a miniature-like fineness. Notice too the frog, startled by the sudden invasion of his quiet, swimming, with legs stretched out behind him, across the pond.

CHAPTER VII

THE GERMAN PAINTERS OF THE RENAISSANCE

HIGH above the throng of painter-craftsmen who crowd the stage of German art in the fifteenth century, tower their successors, Albert Dürer and Hans Holbein, the protagonists of German painting. It is when speaking of Dürer that we realise the lamentable gap in our National collection. That this, the greatest, the most typically German of all German artists, should be unknown to these walls almost amounts to a tragedy, though fortunately there is an excellent little "Portrait of a Young Man" from his hand at Hampton Court. It is much to be feared, indeed, that the day has now gone by when a chance of worthily filling the blank will occur. The best we may perhaps hope for is that a few fine copies of his most famous paintings should be admitted to hang in company with the small copies of Rembrandt and Velasquez in the lower rooms. Meanwhile, it is impossible to pass him by here without some few words of mention.

Dürer's native city, Nuremberg, had been in the fifteenth century almost as flourishing a centre of German painting as Cologne, and even to the present day many rude productions of this early period are preserved in her fine old churches. When Dürer was born in 1471, the old, free city was at the very zenith of her greatness, active, independent, and prosperous,

ving only with Augsburg for the trade of the East. Unlike the majority of German and Flemish painters, whose lives and personalities are too often shrouded in mystery, Dürer stands before us to-day, after four centuries, a very real and living being. With the help of his journal and letters and the vivid portraits in which from time to time he perpetuated his own features—owing too to the fact that, like Rembrandt, he almost always dated his works—we may follow him from year to year, growing from childhood to youth, from youth to manhood and vigorous maturity. We seem to see the boy, the second of a quiverful of eighteen children, his father's favourite, too, learning the goldsmith's craft in the paternal workshop, instruction by no means wasted on the future engraver on copper; then, having set his mind on becoming a painter, studying under old Wolgemut, the veteran Nuremberg artist, from whose manufactory paintings and woodcuts poured out to meet the rapidly-growing demand. After a somewhat rough and ready training the young man starts off on his travels, pilgrimages to Colmar, only to find the renowned Martin Schöngauer dead and gone; travels to the Tyrol, and perhaps even as far as Venice, but over those years of his life the veil has dropped. Returning home we read, still from his own record, how he dutifully married the wife for whose hand his shrewd father had been "negotiating," and then set up his studio in the family house. For the next ten years Dürer was fully occupied with the great series of woodcuts into which he poured the whole wealth of his curious, fantastic, and powerful imagination, with engravings on copper and with numerous portraits and altar-pieces. One of the chief

religious pictures of those early years, a period during which Dürer kept a band of pupils to assist him, is the so-called "Baumgartner" altar-piece now in Munich, the wings of which have only recently been freed from the additions of a later century—the landscape backgrounds, the horses and the helmets. The wonderful "Adoration of the Magi" in the Uffizi is perhaps the most perfect of his early works, and entirely from his own hand.

We may next follow our artist, whose grave, regular features and abundant curly hair are familiar to us from his own portrait in Munich painted in 1500, journeying across the Alps, stopping often on the way to note in his sketch-book some scene that specially struck his fancy, fully alive to the beauties of landscape; then dropping down to Venice, where, in the society of old Giovanni Bellini and the whole circle of Venetian painters, he woke up to a new aspect of life unknown to the simple German artists at home, who worked not for princes, nor even for dukes or signors, but for plain men like themselves. He became, in fact, as he himself expressed it, "a gentleman," and doubtless on his return to his native town and the quiet burgher life, he appeared to the stay-at-homes as a man who had gone on a long quest and returned having found himself. For in Venice Dürer was much *fêted* and lionised, became, indeed, quite a prophet. As he himself complains, the Italian painters paid him the sincere compliment of copying his designs, and certainly his strong, artistic personality was not without its influence on the rising artists of Venice, notably Titian himself. Dürer's most important undertaking during this Italian tour was the great altar-piece of the "Feast of the Rosary,"



Hanfstängl photo

[Munich]

PORTRAIT OF THE PAINTER

By Albert Dürer

which, shorn of its original beauty, now moulders away in an old monastery at Prague.

For all the seductions of the sunny south, Dürer remained faithful to his German instincts and attachments, and ere long we find him again in Nuremberg. To this day we may wander over the substantial house in which the now renowned artist soon established himself, and entered on that brilliant stage of his career to which belong some of his finest paintings, among them the celebrated "Adoration of the Trinity" in the Vienna Gallery, of which a small copy may be found among the Arundel water-colours here. This great picture, painted about the same time as Raphael's "Disputa," served as a kind of glorification of the Catholic system, just before the old faith was to be assailed by the reforming party in Germany. Around the central group of the Trinity are ranged the saints of all ages, countries and conditions. Foremost of a band of female martyrs appears the Virgin, and opposite her S. John the Baptist introduces a company of saintly men, conspicuous among whom we notice Moses with his Tables of the Law, and David playing on his harp. The Pope, the Emperor, cardinals, burghers and women hover below. Coming down to earth we find an exquisite landscape stretching away to the horizon. The luminous sky, stained with the yellow and pink hues of sunrise, is reflected in the water and upon the ruddy roofs of a little town climbing up the hill. The tiny figure on the right is that of the painter himself, who loved to play a part in his own pictures. He holds a tablet bearing his signature and the date, 1511. Time has dealt kindly with this picture, for its colours are as fresh as when they were laid on four centuries ago. These bright

blues, reds, greens and yellows, lavishly interspersed with gold, might seem to our eyes rather gaudy and garish when we compare them with the mellow richness of Venetian painting or the harmonious depth of Flemish colouring. Dürer, indeed, was never a great colourist, as were the van Eycks, Giovanni Bellini and Titian, with whom colour was of the very essence of their art. Dürer's power lay in his fertility of invention and his vigorous and expressive draughtsmanship. Thus he found engraving the most congenial form of expression, and during the latter part of his life he devoted himself almost exclusively to this branch of art. Dürer's marvellous prints, both the vigorous woodcuts and the delicate copper engravings, may be seen in the British Museum, where also many of his exquisite drawings are preserved, and thus, though it is impossible in England to know Dürer the painter, we have every opportunity of studying him in this even more characteristic phase of his genius.

We have already met Dürer, in the course of the journey he made in 1520 to the Netherlands, consorting with Patinir and Quentin Matsys in Antwerp, feasting with van Orley in Brussels, studying the great altarpiece in S. Bavon at Ghent, and on his passage through Cologne paying his silver pennies for a sight of Meister Stephan's "Dom-Bild." As he advanced in years he seems to have become more and more alive to the beauty of nature and the simplicity of great art, and his friend Melancthon tells us that he was wont to sigh over the crowded pictures of his youth, in which elaboration of detail prevailed over simple grandeur. Dürer, for all his Italian studies and his theorising on the subjects of proportion and anatomy, seldom succeeded in attaining

beauty of form. He could not quite rid himself of the cramped grotesqueness, the knotted limbs and tortured draperies of medieval German art. His eye was open rather to the quaint, the fantastic, the homely and the characteristic than to the grand, the graceful or the flowing. Thus sensuous beauty finds little place in his sober, earnest, intensely expressive art.

Something of the grandeur and beauty of form, for which at the close of his life he was striving, is achieved however, in his last great work, the two panels at Munich representing life-sized figures of "Four Apostles." If in the "Trinity" Dürer embodied his conception of the Catholic Church, here he ranges himself decidedly among the Protestants. S. Peter and his keys are awarded a place behind S. John on one panel, while on the other S. Paul stands prominently in front of S. Mark. These pictures, also among the small copies in the Arundel Room, are known sometimes as the "Four Temperaments," S. John representing the Melancholic, S. Peter the Phlegmatic; while S. Mark's animated expression vividly suggests the Sanguine, and the grand, severe features of S. Paul, the Choleric.

To sum up Dürer's achievements and position in German art in a few words is a well-nigh impossible task. As Melancthon said: "Painting is the least of his accomplishments, though he excelled in that." He was a man so various, a genius so versatile, that when we turn from his paintings to his woodcuts, from his engravings on copper to his drawings, and then refer to the scientific treatises in which, like Leonardo da Vinci, he embodied his researches, we can only marvel at the indomitable energy, the creative force and the technical skill of this extraordinary being.

Of the numerous pupils and assistants whom Dürer gathered about him, few are to be seen here. Hans Baldung Grün is, however, well represented by two of his best and most characteristic pictures—the “Dead Christ” (1427) and a “Portrait of a Senator” (245). When Baldung came to Nuremberg he was already a painter, and seems to have stood to Dürer, his junior by one year, as much in the relation of friend as pupil. The nickname Grün or Grien, which is often tacked on to his name, is supposed to have been bestowed on him by his fellow-students either from his habit of wearing green clothes or because he was fond of introducing green into his pictures. Dürer speaks of him in his diary as “Grünhans”—“Green Jack,” as we might say.

The “Pietà” here is among Baldung’s most successful essays in colouring, and we may guess from this that colour was not his strong point. It was painted at his best period, when he was engaged upon his great altarpiece of the “Coronation of the Virgin” at Freiburg. The composition of this “Pietà,” like that of Lambert Lombard’s rather spiritless version in Room IV. (266), recalls the treatment frequently adopted for this subject by the painters of northern Italy. In Bellini’s pathetic “Dead Christ” in the Brera, the Saviour is supported in an upright position in the tomb by the Virgin and S. John in much the same way as here. Baldung, however, has varied the theme by introducing the Trinity, the figure of God the Father sustaining the lifeless form of His Son, while the golden-haloed Dove, emblem of the Third Person, hovers in the sky. At first sight this is indeed a most unattractive picture, for the faces are not only wholly devoid of beauty and majesty but are further disfigured and distorted by



Hantstagl photo

[National Gallery]

PORTRAIT OF A SENATOR

By Hans Baldung Grün

sorrow. The Virgin's mouth is drawn down in the very unpleasant though expressive manner by which the German painters suggested grief. Neither in the head of the dead Christ nor in that of the Father can we detect much of divine majesty. The painter could not rise beyond a purely human conception of his subject. The fussed and fretted draperies certainly do not make for dignity or grace, but they are very typical of German art. There is little attempt at naturalism in the sky, for the heads are relieved against a heavy dull yellow ground and framed in by solid grey clouds with hard edges. The donor of the panel and his family are introduced in miniature kneeling before the red marble tomb. He is evidently some rich merchant, for his coat-of-arms displays three money bags and a bar of gold. It is perhaps by its massive solemnity and earnest sincerity that this picture makes its appeal, certainly not by any beauty or grace of form. But even Dürer, with all his artistic endowments, failed, as we have noticed, to invest his figures with much of physical beauty.

The "Portrait of a Senator" (245) was painted a year or so later. In common with many pictures of this century it bears Dürer's well-known monogram, a later addition, forged in those days when every possible and impossible production was foisted upon the great master, the result, perhaps, of desire out-running discrimination. Though in this portrait Baldung comes very close to Dürer, his inferiority is shown in the far less delicate finish of hair and fur. The beard has been painted with great elaboration and a wiry touch, but the fur is rather slurred over. There is no doubt as to the authorship of this interesting portrait, which, in pose, expression,

and indeed almost in features, resembles Baldung's signed "Portrait of the Margrave of Baden" in Munich, dated a year later. The expression is one of thoughtful melancholy, sad, dreamy eyes looking away into the distance. The senator seems to be attired in his official robes and chains of office, the warm-coloured, reddish brown cloak disclosing a white shirt tied with narrow bands of black. Suspended from a link of the massive gold chain hangs a gilt badge—two birds on a branch with two swords between them. Another pendant is in the form of a miniature Madonna and Child. The flesh is brown and very thinly painted, and the background is of that beautiful, rich peacock blue so much favoured by Holbein and other painters of this century. It occurs again, slightly different in shade, in the curious "Portrait of a Man" (1232) by Aldegrever, a Westphalian artist, who modelled himself so closely upon Dürer that he was sometimes called the Albert of Westphalia.

It was not to painting that Aldegrever's best powers were devoted, but to engraving both on wood and copper, and in this his wonderful inventive genius and quaint, original fancy stood him in good stead. Indeed he is one of the greatest of the so-called "Little Masters," that small coterie of engravers and painters inspired by Dürer, among whom Altdorfer, the two Behams and Pencz, none of them, unfortunately, represented in this Gallery, stand in the front rank. It is thus far less in their few paintings that we can make the acquaintance of these German artists of the sixteenth century, and, through them, of the manners, the morals and the mode of thought of their day, than in the prints which, intended as they were for wide circulation, naturally set out to please the people, the many, as opposed

to the wealthy few who could afford to pay for pictures. Aldegrevier especially cuts but a poor figure in the three or four paintings attributed to him, of which a portrait in Vienna most resembles our "Young Man." The technique is poor, and there is no attempt to render the texture of fur or linen. The drawing of the nose and mouth, too, is very uncertain. He has, however, a pleasant, firm face, with a certain expression of alertness. The hands are much beringed, even to the thumb, which is girt with a massive gold band, and between finger and thumb he holds two dark red pinks, deliberately, too, as though some meaning were attached to them. This is a common *motif* in portraits of the time, signifying friendship.

In another portrait in the National Gallery (1036), seemingly of this period, the sitter holds two pansies in one of his elegant hands, while resting the other on a skull. This portrait, which hangs among the early Flemish pictures, but seems German in character, has a warm green background. Even without the skull, which may symbolise the healing art, we feel sure from his keen, steady gaze and thoughtful bearing that the subject was a member of some learned profession.

But to return to Aldegrevier, we find him associated with some of the most stirring episodes of this troublous period of the Reformation, for he lived at Soest, not far from Münster, the stronghold of the Anabaptists. Here John of Leyden, the hero of Meyerbeer's "Prophète," and his ruffian court established their kingdom of Zion and inaugurated a veritable reign of terror. What part Aldegrevier took in all this we hardly know, but that he was the friend of these violent "reformers" seems certain. He actually engraved portraits of John of

Leyden and the egregious Knipperdolling, and several of his prints were in the nature of broadsides directed against the Catholic party.

Another enthusiastic Protestant, Lucas Cranach, a staunch friend of Luther himself, founded a school of painting in Saxony. Cranach was born one year later than Dürer. In Wittenburg, where he established himself with his ugly but excellent wife, he seems to have driven more than one trade, combining the somewhat various offices of printer, apothecary and court painter to the Electors of Saxony. It is but a few years ago that Cranach's house in Wittenberg, called the "Adler," was burnt to the ground.

There is an admirable little portrait by him in the National Gallery (291) of a young girl in an elaborately-slashed and puffed dress of deep red. This is an excellent example of Cranach's solid technique and of his rich, warm colouring, which shows more affinity with that of the van Eycks than with the lighter tonality borrowed by German painters from Roger van der Weyden. His flesh tints, too, are soft and fused, as though painted in one even flow of colour. There is a quaint primness, very characteristic of Cranach, about this picture. The lackadaisical little lady here portrayed is so evidently posing before the painter, arrayed in all her bravest attire, gold chains about her neck and rings outside her curiously-slashed gloves. Her hair is drawn back beneath a close-fitting cap of the same gold brocade as her bodice. The expression is sweet and dreamy, perhaps a little sentimental too. She is of the same type as Cranach's numerous Lucretias and Judiths, who seem all too gentle for the business indicated by the dagger or sword they carry. These nude figures are



Hanfstügl photo

[National Gallery]

PORTRAIT OF A LADY
By Cranach

generally awkward and naïve, and the large velvet hat with which the painter often adorns them produces a somewhat ludicrous appearance.

A welcome addition to the Gallery is the clever little "Portrait of a Man" (1925) recently presented by Mr Heseltine. Here, again, we may admire the firm, solid technique and the beauty of texture which belong to Cranach's best productions. The elderly man portrayed here on so small a scale is of more than comfortable proportions, his manifold chin and vast, massive neck giving a heavy appearance to the face. Nevertheless, blue-grey eyes look out full of intelligence from beneath knit brows. The figure, clad in simple doublet of black damasked silk, is seen at half length, and the plump white hands are both shown.

Cranach's usual signature, the crowned serpent, appears in the left-hand corner of the little female portrait (291). It is borne, too, by many pictures never touched by the master, but emanating from his workshop, where his sons and pupils industriously perpetuated his style. Cranach himself was a most unequal painter, and, indeed, towards the end of his life his originality seems to have waned, and he became his own imitator. Nowhere is he so poetic, so free from eccentricity, as in the charming "Repose during the Flight to Egypt," a recent acquisition of the Berlin Gallery. Even Altdorfer, that delightful master of landscape, could not have rendered this forest scene, where lovely angel-children minister to the little Christ, with more of romance and imaginative charm.

By some unnamed painter of the sixteenth century is the somewhat theatrical composition of the "Crucifixion," with the donors, a man and his wife, portrayed

on the shutters (1088). The figure of Christ is mean and ill-proportioned, and the Virgin and S. John, who stand on either side of the cross, have little of reality and nothing of grace. S. John, indeed, with his grotesquely elaborate draperies and pretentious pose, is almost melodramatic. There is no calm or repose, for even the sky is filled with gesticulating angels. The portraits are undoubtedly the best part of the picture, for here the painter had to rely less on his very limited imagination, and was content to give a faithful rendering of the far from unpleasant models before him.

We come now to the largest and most imposing picture in the German Room (XV.), the famous double portrait by Hans Holbein known as the "Ambassadors" (1533). It was something of an event when in 1891 this celebrated work entered the Gallery in company with two masterpieces by Velasquez and Moroni, also from Longford Castle. At that time our National collection possessed no example of this greatest of German painters, though his name is for ever associated with a brilliant and characteristic page of English history. It is true that a large sum had been paid by the Trustees in 1845 for a picture which they believed to be by Holbein. This is the half-length portrait of a "Medical Professor" (195), now labelled simply German School. The mistake was discovered just too late, and the pseudo-Holbein remains a "regrettable incident" in the records of our national picture purchases. For this solid, manly portrait, though strong and characterful, has none of the subtle beauty of execution never failing in Holbein. We may compare the texture of the fur with that in the "Ambassadors," or the hands, rendered

always by Holbein with such exquisite delicacy, but here somewhat wooden.

Hans Holbein is so intimately associated in English minds with the art of portrait painting, that we are apt to forget that he started his career as a religious painter too, and there is nothing in the National Gallery to remind us that his later development was determined not so much by choice as by circumstance. Travellers to Switzerland and Italy, who so often find themselves gravitating involuntarily towards Basle, will remember the rich collection of his drawings and paintings still treasured in the museum of the old city, whither as a boy the young Augsburg artist and his brother Ambrose had betaken themselves in quest of work. From the more humble occupation of designer of book-illustrations in this city of publishers, Holbein came to be recognised as a painter of great promise, and the series of altar-pieces and religious pictures painted during this Basle period prove him as rich in invention and ideas as any of his contemporaries beyond the Alps.

The grandest achievement of these early years, which happily exhibits his powers in the realms both of portraiture and religious painting, is the celebrated "Meyer Madonna" at Darmstadt, commissioned by the Burgomaster of Basle, whose portrait, with that of his wife Dorothy, had been among Holbein's earliest successes. There is a small water-colour copy of this wonderful picture in the Arundel Room of the National Gallery. The calm, stately Madonna carrying her Child on her arm appears here as protectress of Jacob Meyer and his family, who kneel before her on an oriental carpet, sheltering beneath her ample, flowing mantle. The plain features of the burly Burgomaster are illumined

with reverent devotion as he gazes upwards in enthusiastic worship. His two sons are just in front of him, the younger a baby with curly hair, nude like the Christ child. Facing the head of the family kneel his wives; the first, dead many years, is nearest the Virgin, her face almost concealed by the linen head-dress that shrouds it. The second wife, kindly and shrewd, kneels beside her with her daughter Anna in front. The whole sentiment of the picture is calm, reverent and devotional; very pathetic, too, are the face and gesture of the infant Christ. His eyes are reddened as though with weeping, and He leans His head wearily upon His mother's neck. There is perhaps significance in this attitude, for Meyer, a staunch Catholic at a time when the orthodox party was every day losing ground before the Reformers in Basle, seems to have ordered this picture as a testimony to his own unswerving devotion to the faith, and no doubt he wished the painter to suggest the Saviour's grief at the attacks made upon His Church. The picture is a masterpiece of rich, deep colour, the flesh tints being particularly beautiful and varied. It was painted in 1526, the year of Dürer's "Four Apostles" at Munich.

The only religious painting in England attributed to Holbein is the little "Noli me Tangere" at Hampton Court, a picture once ascribed to Bartholomew Bruyn, a painter of Cologne. Though this panel has darkened with age it is still very interesting in its effect of early morning light and the expressive, dramatic action of the figures. It is, however, impossible to accept it as by Holbein's hand.

Fate had decreed that Holbein should not pass his life in Basle, and the rapid progress of the Reformation in that city dried up the demand not only for Church

pictures but for every branch of artistic enterprise. It was through the introduction of Erasmus, who had himself found England so attractive, that Holbein betook himself thither, and as guest of Sir Thomas More in his country seat on the banks of the Thames "at the village of Chelsea," spent two years painting the portraits of the brilliant circle who foregathered in the Chancellor's house. The portrait of his patron, Erasmus, which he had painted in Basle, no doubt served in England as a kind of pioneer to procure for the young, unknown German the commissions he had come to seek. This particular portrait of the great humanist, of which many replicas are known, is believed to be the one now in Longford Castle.

With the exception of a few years again spent in Basle, Holbein made his home henceforth in England, where he fell into the gap of portrait painter which, now that the Reformation had declared itself, alone was open for him. Here, indeed, he founded a tradition of portraiture which was only superseded a century later by Van Dyck, who also came over to our island to supply the lack of native talent. The result of Holbein's energy shapes itself in the long series of magnificent portraits scattered about Europe, in which we may watch him gradually stepping up the social ladder until he gained the favour of the court and of the King himself. First employed in the cultured circle to which More had given him the entry, he was obliged on his return to England after the fall of the Chancellor to rely upon his natural patrons, the German merchants, who then as now formed quite a colony in London, their headquarters, the Steelyard, occupying the present site of Cannon Street Station.

Of the numerous portraits painted by Holbein at this time for his compatriots of the Steelyard, the finest is that of a young merchant, "Georg Gisze," in the Berlin Museum. He is represented sitting in his counting-house at a table covered with a rich-coloured cloth, and surrounded by all the accessories of his daily occupation, the papers, the writing materials, the books and ledgers, the string in a blue and gilt ball hanging from a shelf and, what we might go far to find in any modern merchant's office, an exquisite Venetian glass vase containing some red carnations. All these details are rendered with the precision and delicacy of a Jan van Eyck. Yet they in no wise detract from the portrait itself, which seems to look out at us as though its original had glanced up from the letter he is about to open at a caller intent on business. And the colouring is not only beautiful but quite original; the warm green background of the woodwork is as unique as it is pleasant, and in perfect harmony with our modern taste. Against this brilliant green the blacks and rose-colour of the dress and the rich hues of the tablecloth show most effectively.

The "Ambassadors" (1533) also belongs to this period. Holbein himself seems to have regarded it as a work of the first importance, for he signed it in the shadow on the left of the floor with his full name and the date of its execution—"Joannes Holbein Pingebat, 1533." Perhaps no picture in the world has excited more historical controversy than this life-sized portrait group of two men with elaborately-chosen accessories, scientific apparatus and musical instruments, set out on a table between them. Who are these grave and richly-attired gentlemen, and what is the meaning of all these



Hanfstängl photo

[National Gallery]

THE AMBASSADORS
By Holbein

curious objects? These questions have received various answers; in fact, whole volumes have been written to unriddle the mystery. But the seventeenth-century manuscript discovered by Miss Mary Hervey and presented by her to the Gallery, where it now hangs in the small cabinet between Rooms XII. and XIII., has found considerable acceptance, though there are still vigorous opponents of her theory who, with Mr Dickes, maintain that we have here the Counts Otto and Henry Philip of the Palatine on the occasion of the signing of the Treaty of Nuremberg, and that the astrological instruments indicate the exact dates of their births. According, however, to Miss Hervey's manuscript we have before us the superb and dignified figure of Jean de Dinteville, the French Ambassador to the Court of Henry VIII., and his friend and guest, George de Selve, future Bishop of Lavaur, and later French Ambassador at Venice. The inscription on Dinteville's beautifully-chased dagger indicates that he was then in his twenty-ninth year, while the bishop, as we see from a similar inscription on the edge of the book upon which his elbow rests, was only twenty-five. These dates exactly correspond with what is known of the lives of the two men, though indeed it is hard to believe that such potent, grave, and reverend signors are both under thirty years of age. But in those days men ripened earlier; indeed, the young ecclesiastic had already been appointed to his see before he was twenty. Dinteville's identity is further confirmed by the fact that among the few names of cities and countries marked on the small globe lying on the lower shelf of the table, his own little native French village of Polizy is included. It seems scarcely necessary to assume that the accessories

possess any occult or astrological meaning. Just as Holbein surrounded Georg Gisze with the various objects of daily use in a merchant's office, and the scientific Kratzer with his astronomical implements, so here he has doubtless introduced into his portrait of two well-born gentlemen the objects which indicate their cultured tastes and pursuits, perhaps their hobbies. The lute with its one broken string, the case of flutes, and the open book containing the words and score of a well-known Lutheran hymn, lie fitly on the side of the ecclesiastic. The two globes and the mathematical treatise, held open by a small square, seem to belong to Dinteville. Music and science might well form part of the equipment of a gentleman at this period of the Renaissance, when the discovery of a new continent, the invention of printing and, above all, the new birth of the old classical spirit, were fully as stimulating to the contemporary world as were the electric telegraph, the steam-engine and penny postage to our grandfathers of the nineteenth century.

The curious object placed obliquely across the middle of the foreground has puzzled many a student and arrested the roving glance of scores of ramblers through the Gallery. At first sight it is not unlike what Woltmann erroneously called it, a great fish. But stand close up to the picture on the right-hand side, with the eyes almost touching the frame on a level with the top of the lute, and immediately the object will fall into its proper perspective and appear as a perfect human skull. Whether Holbein intended this as a grim and rather unintelligible play on his name (Hohl Bein, hollow bone) or merely as an optical puzzle, after the fashion of his day, it is impossible to say. A similar example

of distorted perspective occurs in a portrait of Edward VI., lately added to the National Portrait Gallery. The skull may even have some reference to Dinteville, for looking at his black cap, we see it to be adorned with a badge formed by a silver skull set in gold.

Let us now go back a few paces to study the picture as a whole. Here, again, Holbein has combined the most minute and elaborate finish of every little detail with considerable breadth of general effect. The composition is, however, rather haphazard. Instead of the figures being grouped together in the middle of the picture, where both could be embraced in a glance, they are placed one at each side, with the high, two-shelved table between them. There is thus no true centre to the picture, and the eye must travel deliberately across the panel, nearly seven feet square, from one figure to the other. Were it not for the skull which runs diagonally across the centre, the panel might be split into two not quite equal parts, leaving Dinteville with his two globes to form one picture, and the bishop with his lute and mathematical instruments another, rather larger. Undoubtedly, however, this treatment, though scarcely making for pictorial unity, allowed equal justice to be done to each figure. From the point of view of the composition, the upright lines of the green brocaded curtain in the background and of the figures are crossed by the horizontal parallels of the table and its patterned cloth, and varied by the waving design of the inlaid floor. The skull and the lute cut diagonally across from left to right. Very imposing is the figure of Jean de Dinteville on the left. The richness of his slashed and fur-trimmed costume of black velvet and rose-coloured silk leaves us more than discontented with the starved

and dingy fashion of male attire in our own less ornate period. These enormous puffed sleeves, however, add many cubits to their wearer's breadth, and certainly tend to diminish his stature. And Holbein has used none of the artful devices by which, as it has been pointed out, Terburg or Velasquez contrived to increase the height of their models. Compare the attitude of Terburg's "Dutch Gentleman" (XI. 1399), where the figure tapers above to the crown of the hat and below to the point of the toe, thus prolonging the lines and increasing the effect of height. Velasquez also, in his "Portrait of an Admiral" (XIV. 1315), has contrived to lengthen the broad, massive figure by the clever device of bringing the legs close together and extending the line of the right foot. In Dinteville, however, the impression of breadth is everywhere emphasised. Indeed, an effect of squareness is carried right through the picture. His position, with feet wide apart and knee bent, detracts from rather than adds to his natural height. His face is gravely thoughtful, quiet and reserved. Here, as in all Holbein's portraits, the artist has recorded the more constant elements of his sitter's being, obscured by no momentary expression or fleeting flash of animation. The bishop on the other side of the table wears even more severe a countenance, and his sober though costly sable-trimmed gown of dull purple and black brocade well beseems his grave profession. His flesh tints are colder and paler, as his mien is more retiring than those of his companion and host.

The colouring of the picture is strong, rich and varied, almost enamel-like, too, in its solid, firm surface. Behind hangs the bright green curtain which forms the background of the picture. The table is covered with an

oriental cloth in which scarlet plays the chief part, and this is daringly juxtaposed to Dinteville's rose-coloured sleeve, while the celestial globe on the table forms the one decided note of blue in the picture. Paler tints appear in the beautiful marble floor, copied by Holbein from the sanctuary of Westminster Abbey. Much more might be written of this splendid picture, which is not only an archæological and historical puzzle, a marvellous study of character and a superb piece of decoration, but a work of art of the highest importance.

The culminating step in Holbein's social progress, his introduction to Court and to the King himself, brought him ever-increasing employment. The great fresco he painted in Whitehall of their late majesties Henry VII. and his wife, Elizabeth of York, and the reigning king, Henry VIII., accompanied by Jane Seymour, the third of his matrimonial essays, was unfortunately destroyed by fire in the seventeenth century. Here we are told Henry VIII. stood "so majestic in his splendour that the spectator felt abashed, annihilated in his presence." The precious little copy in Hampton Court of this life-sized portrait group gives us some idea of the artistic as well as the undoubted historical importance of the original. All the subsequent portraits of the King were founded on this fresco.

Holbein was more than once entrusted by his patron to delineate the features of the ladies whom this royal Bluebeard proposed to honour with his hand, just as somewhat later Sir Antonio More was employed on a like errand by the prospective husband of Mary Tudor. His first mission was to the young widow of the Duke of Milan, a Danish princess, scarcely as yet in her seventeenth year. At present this fascinating portrait hangs

in the National Gallery, to which it has been generously lent by its owner, the Duke of Norfolk. Here we meet Holbein at his best and in his most sympathetic mood. For once, indeed, he seems to have relaxed something of the cool, objective gaze of the acute but disinterested observer, and to have allowed himself to be affected by the almost pathetic charm of this naïve, girlish figure, who appears before us, just as she stood to him during the short three hours he was in her presence, rather shy and reserved, her delicate, restless hands betraying something of the nervous tension of the situation. Nothing could be simpler than the long black fur-lined cloak, only relieved by white ruffles at throat and wrist, which conceals and amplifies the tall, slender figure, set against a deep, rich blue background. There is no suspicion of coquetry in this severe mourning habit nor in the close-fitting black cap under which all the hair is brushed back. Infinitely fascinating is this fair, pale face, with its sweet, ruddy mouth and quiet brown eyes. We cannot help rejoicing that a fresh move in the game of politics caused the marriage negotiations to be broken off, and reserved the charming Christina for a better fate. A smaller version of this subject, showing only the head and hands, is at Windsor.

Of all the world's great portrait-painters Holbein is, with the exception of Velasquez, the most objective, the least personal in his attitude towards his sitters. They are reflected in his art as in a clear mirror, which gives back, not the beholder's ideal of himself nor the artist's vision of him in a moment of inspiration, but the man as he actually is, as he appears to the unprejudiced eye of a keen, dispassionate critic. It is as though the painter were to say, "Here is the man ;



Hanfstängl photo]

[National Gallery

CHRISTINA SFORZA, DUCHESS OF MILAN

By Holbein

you may like him or not, but this is surely he." Holbein never takes the spectator into his counsel, paints with a cool unconcern for the outside world—a certain aloofness—and claims no special sympathy, seems, indeed, to feel little himself for his sitter. He keeps personal preferences well in the background, and concentrates all his powers on rendering the features before him with the accuracy and precision of a born draughtsman. His model is never forced to conform to a preconceived ideal in the painter's mind. He never flatters, nor stoops to beautify his subject save by his art. And this art, seemingly so simple, is infinitely subtle and accomplished. His figures are set so easily within their frames, with none of that sense of weariness from long posing which at times afflicts even Dürer's sitters. There are no strong effects of light and shade, only just enough to secure relief, and the local colour is clearly defined within the boundary lines of the forms. The colour is, however, no mere addition, but an organic part of the picture. It is generally quite simple, and extremely effective. The wonderful chalk studies at Windsor, which form in themselves quite a portrait gallery of the celebrities of the period, show how with the simplest means Holbein could attain an effect of completeness and lifelike expression. His eye was so quick, his hand so sure, that these sketches, mere notes for future portraits, are as valuable as his finished pictures for the study of character.

Dürer and Holbein stand together at the apex of German painting. If Dürer is the greater creative genius, the scholar and philosopher, the man of science, Holbein ranks above him as a painter pure and simple. Colour with Dürer was always something of

an after-thought, to Holbein it was an integral part of his art. Again, the one artistic quality which Dürer lacked—a sense of beautiful form—Holbein possessed in no common degree. The two artists were separated by a quarter of a century, a considerable period in those fast-moving years when the modern world was in the throes of birth. Dürer was indeed no medieval, but while in his pictures we seem carried into a strange, unreal world, Holbein is absolutely one of us. His men and women, but for their costumes, might be our contemporaries; his art needs no explanation. But then Holbein from his earliest years had rubbed shoulders with the modern world, and Italian culture was to him no foreign form of expression. Before he had lived thirty years he became a cosmopolitan, changing his own fatherland for a foreign country, where he passed the rest of his days. Dürer, too, was a traveller, but he lived and died a German of the Germans.

Holbein died in 1543, stricken down by plague in the heyday of life. Even so in his famous "Dance of Death" had he pictured the dread summons coming swiftly and unexpectedly to snatch men from their daily work or pleasure. No great painter appeared in Germany to carry on the succession, for indeed the land was tossed and torn by religious and political troubles. It was but natural that artists should seek in Italy the employment and security they could not find at home. Germany thus produced her Italianisers, but while in Flanders they belong to a time of transition between two brilliant periods of national art, here they herald a decline which no native genius stood forth to arrest.

The little picture of "Pan and Syrinx" (659), already referred to, is by one of these mannered German painters, Johann Rottenhammer, who worked in Rome and Venice, where he became an imitator of Tintoretto, and died in 1624. Here the nude form of the goddess, who flees before Pan, is rendered with a certain voluptuousness and a quite southern suavity. All trace of German angularity and harshness has disappeared. The texture of the flesh painting is smooth, almost glassy in its finish. There is indeed little poetry in this rendering of the old myth. The fair-haired goddess flees as one who courts capture, and her cries are neither spontaneous nor convincing. The bronze-coloured god hotly pursuing thinks to seize his prey by her fluttering pink draperies, but finds his eager arms encircling a cold cluster of reeds. If the figures are little charming, the delicate landscape, painted probably, as we have seen, by Jan Brueghel, goes far to redeem the picture.

Adam Elsheimer, by whom we have two small pictures, is a far more distinguished painter than Rottenhammer. He was born at Frankfort-on-the-Main a year after Rubens, and by the beginning of the seventeenth century had settled in Rome, which became, as with Claude Lorraine, who arrived some few years later, his adopted city. Elsheimer is no mere denationalised German, but a landscape painter of originality and distinction. His pictures are small and exquisitely finished; indeed, had he worked faster and less conscientiously, he need not have died in poverty. The little "Tobias and the Angel" (1424) is a good example of his delicate touch and refined feeling for landscape. It is in this softly illuminated grey-green middle distance

that we recognise the forerunner of Claude, who carried further the style of landscape art which Elsheimer had invented. How beautifully the light falls on the soft, undulating woodland and the tree-sheltered meadow on the left! In the dark foreground we can dimly discern men watering their flocks at a pool. The sense of distance is wonderfully rendered on these few inches of panel. Only the figures seem out of harmony by reason of the unsubdued reds and blues of their garments. Tobias goes before, dragging behind him an enormous fish. The angel is no glorious heavenly apparition, but a bullet-headed youth with wings fastened to his shoulders, and indeed the subject is treated in the matter-of-fact spirit which was to distinguish later religious art. The idyllic fairy-tale element had long disappeared, and a more sceptical age treated the old legends of the Church and the Biblical stories with a matter-of-fact indifference, for the art of the seventeenth century cared less for the inner meaning of things than for their outward appearance.

The other. Elsheimer in the National Gallery, the "Martyrdom of S. Lawrence" (1014), is no landscape, but an ambitious and somewhat crowded figure composition on a diminutive scale. The victim is being prepared by a brawny executioner for the ordeal he is about to suffer. He is surrounded by magnificently-robed functionaries, one of whom seeks to draw his attention to a statue of a Roman emperor, as to the fount of law and authority. Another, in a turban and a crimson cloak over his yellow brocaded dress, looks on imperturbably, and behind, the reigning emperor watches from his canopied throne. But an angel

swoops down to encourage the shrinking saint, for whom further back the fire is being heated beneath the awful gridiron, while a number of figures are seen approaching. There is just a hint of Elsheimer's peculiar charm in the background on the right, where a glimpse is caught, above the glowing fire, of cool, shimmering trees and some classical buildings.

This century, which in Flanders witnessed a fresh outburst of national genius and activity, was in Germany but a barren period, unadorned by any great name. We have here in Room X. a portrait (1012), once actually ascribed to Van Dyck, by Matthæus Merian, son of a well-known Swiss engraver. In the course of his various wanderings Merian came to England, and fell under the influence of the great Flemish portrait-painter, whom he adopted for his model. There is much in the easy pose of the young man portrayed here to suggest Van Dyck, as we may see by comparing this picture with the "Portrait of an Artist," opposite, by the master himself (49).

A popular German painter of the eighteenth century, who also relied upon foreign inspiration, was Dietrich, an inveterate copyist of Rembrandt, Ostade and other Dutch masters. The Dresden Gallery, of which he was made Keeper, abounds in his works. But the best he did is perhaps the little picture in the National Gallery of the "Itinerant Musicians" (205). Here, though we may detect the promptings of Adrian van Ostade, there is spirit and verve in the expressions, and the execution is less heavy than usual. There is a small "Circumcision" by Dietrich in Hertford House (XIV. 153), and several pictures in Hampton Court.

The best-known German artist of the eighteenth

century, however, is Anton Raphael Mengs, the arch-Italianiser who, nourished on the works of Raphael and Correggio, after whom, indeed, he had been named, vainly endeavoured to combine their excellences of draughtmanship and chiaroscuro with the colouring of Titian. The cartoon of the "Virgin and Child with S. John the Baptist" (1099), in the small cartoon cabinet in the National Gallery, illustrates the eclectic nature of Mengs's art. The little S. John is of the type of Andrea del Sarto, and the composition vividly recalls Raphael. Mengs worked in Rome and Madrid, and there is little of the German about him except his name and his learning. His series of pastel portraits in the Dresden Gallery, however, shows him quite at his best, but in his more ambitious performances his art is more accomplished than sympathetic, and, though the hero of his time, he shares the fate of all imitators in the indifference shown him by posterity. It was only in the nineteenth century that the true German genius began to stir again, and the modern period of German art was inaugurated by the Nazarenes.

CHAPTER VIII

RUBENS

WITH the advent of Rubens in Antwerp a new force appeared to arrest the declining fortunes of Flemish art. The sixteenth century had been dreary enough, alike in the artistic as in the social world of the Netherlands. A glance through the lurid pages of Motley's "History of the Rise of the Dutch Republics" from under the heel of the Spaniard leaves us wondering, not at the paucity of art during this tumultuous epoch, but at its power to survive these horrors at all. But Netherlandish art was not to fail and perish, like that of Germany, beneath the scourge of war. No sooner had the cannons ceased to boom than art ~~broke forth with new~~ vigour, producing in the Dutch republican provinces Hals, Rembrandt, Ruysdael, and in the south, where Catholicism and the Spaniard still prevailed, Rubens, Van Dyck and Teniers. Once more Flemish painters were to express themselves in the language of their own nation. Once more, as in the days of the van Eycks, might Flemish artists travel to Italy without losing their mother tongue. The national genius had been reawakened, the old patriotism revived, and with all the added experience of an eventful if troublous century, painting embarked on a new and glorious era.

Peter Paul Rubens, the hero of this Flemish Renaissance, was undoubtedly the right man born at the right

time. His vast energy, daring and dash and his teeming imagination were the very qualities needed to force art out of the dismal rut into which it had fallen, and to carve new ways wherein it might move freely and naturally. In him was born again that instinct for colour which had brought the school of the van Eycks into the first rank of European painting. He, too, like these early predecessors, was content with the world as he saw it, and felt no hankering after the classical forms of more favoured climes. "As for that famous beauty," writes his ardent admirer Delacroix, "which is universally regarded as the aim of art, if it is the only aim what is to become of those who, like Rubens, Rembrandt and the northern spirits in general, prefer other qualities? . . . Rubens attains a more powerful ideal. Force, vehemence, *éclat*, with him take the place of grace and charm." There was in him, indeed, just that want of sensitiveness to the subtler refinements which often coexists with the more robust qualities that go to make the pioneer. And for this that he has not, many have overlooked the splendid qualities he has. Rubens, with his "eternal wives and infernal glare of colour," as Byron contemptuously epitomised him, has been a jest to some, to others a warning. "Look, but do not linger" was the advice of the painter Ingres to his pupils; and during the classical fanaticism of the eighteenth century, Rubens's reputation lay under a cloud. To-day, when Hals, Rembrandt and Velasquez rule the artistic world, his star is again in the ascendant, his name once more inscribed on the door-post of the temple of art. His vitality indeed is such that he can never die; he takes the world by storm, as it were, and carries us along by his own joyful, almost overpowering enthusiasm.

"Exuberant" is the word that inevitably connects itself with Rubens, and this exactly expresses him.

When Rubens was born in 1577 at Siegen, where his family lived in a kind of forced retirement, Titian, having almost rounded his century, had just passed away. Holbein had already been dead more than thirty years, and Sir Antonio More and old Peter Brueghel, the last worthy upholders of the national school, had lately ended their days. Before he was ten years old his widowed mother came to settle in Antwerp, where the boy was put to school with the best masters the city had to offer, the landscape-painter Verhaegt, the coarse and boorish van Noort, whose power as a colourist was, however, by no means inconsiderable, and finally with the cultured, much-travelled Otto van Veen. It was not, however, under these influences that a genius should ripen, though doubtless each in some way contributed to its development. But after his matriculation Rubens set off on a visit to Italy, and when he returned to Antwerp eight years later, it was as a full-blown painter, whose originality had been aroused and stimulated but in no-wise stifled by his studies under the great masters of the south.

With his strong individuality and lively imagination it was not likely that Rubens should follow the disastrous example of his Flemish predecessors, and lose himself in imitation of a classicism foreign to his nature and traditions. It was to Venice and the great Venetian painters that he felt himself most strongly attracted, finding in the warm, glowing colouring of Titian and Veronese a strong affinity with the colour-sense which he himself inherited from the van Eycks, Memlinc, Matsys and Brueghel. The influence of Venice was indeed as

stimulating to the Flemish painters of the seventeenth century as that of Rome had been disastrous to their grandfathers. There had never existed that antagonism between Venetian and Netherlandish art, which Michelangelo, the representative of Florentine and Roman traditions, summed up in the famous Dialogue with Francisco d'Ollanda already referred to. From the days of the Vivarini and the van Eycks onward, the painters of Venice and Bruges had much in common, even before their unconscious fellowship was strengthened by Antonello's importation to Venice of the Flemish technique. In the hands of Titian and Veronese this method had been adapted and modified to suit the freer brush-play required for work on a vaster scale than the van Eycks or van der Goes had ever attempted. When Rubens first stood before the works of Titian, still in all their early freshness, it must have seemed to him as though he were listening to a familiar language indeed, but spoken with a freedom, vigour and beauty undreamt of before. And he had ample opportunity for studying these heroes of a past generation, whom he so eagerly adopted among his artistic sponsors; for his duties to the Duke of Mantua, who retained the brilliant young painter in his service, included the copying of pictures in Venice and also in Rome, besides a mission to Spain, where still further treasures from Titian's brush were displayed before him.

In these years, too, Rubens might practise those arts of the courtier and diplomatist which stood him in such good stead in after life. His handsome appearance, his *savoir-faire*, his excellent scholarship, whereby he astonished even the cultured Duke of Mantua, and, above all, the true originality of his genius, paved his way to

consideration not only abroad but even in his own country, to which the death of his mother recalled him after an absence of more than eight years. A little persuasion, and Rubens consented to quit the Duke's service, and to remain in Antwerp with an official salaried position as court painter to the Archdukes of the Netherlands. Doubtless, too, his marriage to Isabella Brant, which took place shortly after his return, decided him to settle down, and to make himself a personality in the artistic life of his now tranquil native land. At Munich we may see the double portrait of the artist and his first wife, sitting hand in hand under an arbour of honeysuckle, in the first flush of their united happiness. They are indeed a comely couple, with an air of prosperity and *bonhomie* about them. A later portrait of Isabella hangs in the Wallace Gallery (XVI., 30). It is a repetition by Rubens himself of his well-known picture at the Hague, but, unfortunately, it has darkened and suffered cruelly from time and neglect.

Rubens's life in Antwerp was brilliantly successful, not alone from the position he won so easily as prince among artists, but also from the social point of view. The artist was now the gentleman too, able to take his place with the best in the land. The palace of art he purchased and enlarged, adorning it with the spoil he had carried back from Italy, might have fitly housed a king. Pupils clamoured at his door, patrons enlisted his services months in advance. No doubt much envy and hatred burned in the hearts of Antwerp painters, who now awoke to find themselves totally eclipsed by this new luminary. To-day in the Antwerp cathedral we may stand beneath the two vast altar-pieces, the stupendous "Raising of the Cross," with its reminiscences

of Tintoretto, and the deeply-impressive "Descent from the Cross," the first great master-works in which Rubens announced his supremacy before the Flemish world, and, as it were, threw down the glove to all would-be rivals.

If, as Rubens himself said, he was best fitted to execute works of the largest size, an opportunity soon offered itself. For Marie de Medicis, Queen of France, who had already encountered the artist during his sojourn in Italy, now commissioned him to execute a series of pictures that should serve the double purpose of glorifying her own name and adorning her palace of the Luxembourg. These huge allegorical variations on the theme of Marie de Medicis, her life and acts, hang now in the Louvre, in a great hall designed especially to receive them. They may not accord with the taste of our day. They have indeed little charm as individual pictures. But taking them all together, as a vast scheme of decoration in the pompous, theatrical style of Henri Quatre, they reveal the master mind of a great creative artist. Of course Rubens employed an army of trained assistants in the actual execution of this state pageant. As master of the revels he planned, designed and superintended the whole, but no single hand could have covered these enormous canvases in the few years bestowed upon the work. It was indeed becoming more and more impossible for Rubens to execute all the commissions that poured in upon him in overwhelming numbers. But, following the custom of the Italians, he set up a "scuola," a kind of painting shop, and with the help of pupils reared under his own eye turned out a host of productions indiscriminately bearing his name. This practice was universally recognised, and prices

were fixed by a kind of sliding scale according to how much of a picture actually displayed the master's brush-work. Many a so-called Rubens, actually a work from this Rubens factory, scarcely touched by his own hand, misrepresents him in the public galleries of Europe, and is imputed to him for unrighteousness by the inexperienced and captious visitor to the Louvre or Munich.

Rubens the artist was more than once called upon to make way for Rubens the courtier and diplomatist. As he himself is reported to have said, he sometimes accepted an embassy for the sake of recreation. His visit to the court of Philip IV. of Spain, on a diplomatic mission for his new patrons, brought him into contact with Velasquez, as yet an unproved genius. The meeting between the successful, buoyant Fleming and the reserved young Spaniard can hardly have passed without leaving some impression on the younger man. At anyrate, Rubens prevailed upon the King to send Velasquez off to Italy, to drink deep at the same fountains which had nourished himself. His next errand carried him to England, where, as we shall see, he painted several pictures for Charles I., the earliest of our kings to evince a real taste for art outside the practical domain of portraiture. The monarch showed his appreciation of the painter by conferring knighthood upon him, and commissioning him to decorate the ceiling of the great Banqueting Chamber at Whitehall. The subject chosen was the "Apotheosis of James I.," and in the nine canvases designed to glorify the life, death, virtues and rule of this far from heroic monarch, darkened and injured though they be, visitors to Whitehall may still study Rubens as a great decorative artist.

With Rubens's return to Antwerp in 1630, and his

second marriage, this time to the sixteen-year-old Helene Fourment, he entered upon the final and most brilliant period of his art. The magic swirl and glamour, the transparent brilliancy of his colour in these later years, have never been surpassed. The fertility of his imagination remained unimpaired to the end. With the utmost ease and spontaneity he threw off one masterpiece after another, and when death overtook him at the age of sixty-three, he was still hard at work. The galleries of Antwerp, Munich, Vienna, Madrid, S. Petersburg, Paris and Brussels display his extraordinary activity in all its mansidedness. In the National Gallery he is represented by a number of magnificent pictures and sketches, and though here we can perhaps only guess at the wonderful variety and vastness of his creation, we can form an excellent idea of his superb colour, his impetuous force, and the swing of his facile brush. As the pictures are not hung together but are scattered about the walls of the large Dutch and Flemish Gallery (Room X.) and the room devoted to the Peel Collection (Room XII.), it will be most convenient to consider them as they hang, rather than in the order of their production.

Beginning then in Room XII., we find ourselves in front of the famous, but misnamed "Chapeau de Paille" (852). This brilliant portrait of a young girl with large dark blue eyes, introduces us to Rubens in one of his most inspired moments. Where, in the whole wide range of his work, shall we find colour more transparent and dazzling, a pose more alluring? Nowhere, certainly, has he imparted so much of elegance and *espièglerie* to his model. The question arises here, as in the case of every portrait: how much of this is due to



Hanfstängl photo]

[National Gallery

“CHAPEAU DE PAILLE”

By Rubens

the sitter, and what has the artist read into his model of himself, of his own tastes and prejudices? Has he, like Jan van Eyck or Holbein, faithfully mirrored the features, the character, the personality of the individual before him, leaving himself, as it were, quite in the background? Or has he used his model as a mirror, in which he sees reflected his own ideal type? A very slight acquaintance with Rubens convinces us that throughout his work the personal note rings loudest. Nowhere, not even from his portraits, can he exclude his own strong, animated self. In a word, he Rubens-ised everything he touched. As Fromentin said, we find "the same chivalrous air in the men, and the same princess-like beauty in the women, but nothing individual which arrests the attention. . . . Imagine Holbein with the personages of Rubens, and you see at once appear a new human gallery, very interesting for the moralist, equally admirable for the history of life and the history of art, which Rubens, we must agree, would not have enriched by one single type." In the case of this portrait, we have only to compare a preliminary chalk study in the Albertina of this same young girl, to appreciate how Rubens has idealised her in the picture. And he must have known her well, for this Susanne Fourment was the niece of his first wife and the sister of his second. He painted her many times, both separately and in large compositions, such as his "Garden of Love." This portrait is singularly like the wonderful full-length of Helene Fourment at S. Petersburg, painted at least fifteen years later than her sister. And indeed the family likeness between Rubens's portraits of women arises from this subjective way of looking at his models and his intensely individual style.

The "Chapeau de Paille" is entirely by Rubens himself, unless indeed the hands, which are darker than the face, have been retouched. The colour has been brushed on with an almost magical feathery lightness, from the vaporous blue in the sky to the marvellous pearly flesh tints, which can only be properly appreciated from a little distance. And what a problem the painter has set himself in thus throwing the face into half shadow under the broad-brimmed black felt hat, a very triumph of subtle chiaroscuro! Reynolds did just the same in that masterpiece of his in Hertford House, the beautiful "Nelly O'Brien." Had he not painted it before his visit to Antwerp, when he saw and praised our picture, we might well have believed that his work was inspired by this. Madame Vigée le Brun actually did set herself to repeat Rubens's *tour de force* in the portrait of herself, which, since 1897, belongs to the National Gallery (1653). Her face, too, is in half shadow, but is illuminated, as in the "Chapeau de Paille," by a warm light reflected on to it. The large sombrero-like hat, which contributes so much towards the fine pictorial effect of Susanne Fourment's portrait, has been rightly seized upon as a distinguishing feature by which to name the picture. "Spaansch hoedje" (Spanish hat) was its Flemish designation, and this has been mistranslated "Chapeau de Paille," probably a corruption of "Chapeau d'Espagne." The black of the hat is repeated in the stomacher, and with the warm red of the sleeves, the dull-green scarf and the delicious blue sky, the whole effect is superb.

This portrait was painted in 1620, the year that Rubens received his commission for the "Marie de

Medicis" series. To the same time belongs the "Holy Family with SS. Elizabeth and John the Baptist" in Hertford House (XVI., 81). Here, again, we notice the glowing transparency of the flesh tints, with the blue veins showing through the skin, enhanced by the crimson shadows in which Rubens delighted. "Verily," said Guido Reni, "Rubens mixed his colours with blood," so brilliant and living is his painting of flesh. The Madonna here is of a rather fragile type, the fair-haired children chubby and robust, but there is little or no suggestion of a Holy Family in this group. Its pendant in the great gallery at Hertford House, "Christ's Charge to Peter" (93), dates from a few years earlier. The figure of S. Peter is wonderfully impressive in its humble yet dignified submission. Of this panel, which he saw in the Church of S. Gudule in Brussels, Reynolds said that it was the highest and smoothest finished and by far the heaviest picture that he knew by the master.

Above the "Chapeau de Paille" hangs a picture of a very different calibre. If in this portrait Rubens seems to have caught at an elegance and refinement, often conspicuously wanting in his representations of women, in this "Triumph of Silenus" (853) he makes no attempt to compromise with a far from attractive subject. The brutish, besotted greybeard of Falstaffian proportions, ponderously dragged along by swarthy, brown-limbed satyrs, is in himself a repulsive figure; but what a foil he makes to the fair nymph, with her fluttering pink draperies, and the delicious children who dance so gaily beside him! What abandonment to revelry, what movement, life and rhythm! We seem to shut our eyes to the degradation of the

drunkard's progress, to put prudery on one side, and allow ourselves to be carried along with this riotous band to the tune of their music and laughter. It is a curious mixture of the grotesque and the idyllic—the fat demigod, the shock-headed piper blowing out his cheeks, the wild faces of the satyrs, weirdly illuminated by the light of a torch in the rear, and then, on the other hand, the fresh, gleeful children and the graceful fair-haired girl. The ugliest feature in the composition is the awkward, trunk-like left arm of Silenus. The landscape background and the clusters of grapes, painted with a much harder, smoother touch than the figures, must have been filled in by one of the numerous assistants whom Rubens employed on such tasks. He painted many versions of this subject, which seems to have been popular among his cheerful and far from fastidious circle.

We must now go on to Room X., where on the left hand wall we find a large allegorical composition representing "Peace and War" (46). This picture has an historical as well as an artistic interest, for it was painted in England, and presented by the artist to Charles I. Rubens's mission being to negotiate peace between England and Spain, no doubt the allegory was designed as a subtle reminder to the English king of the advantages of peace as compared with the terrors of war. How superb this picture must have been before it darkened, and lost its early freshness and glow! The central life-sized figure of Peace reveals one of those massive, shapeless blondes, for whom Rubens showed always a strong predilection. In marked contrast to her brightly illuminated fair flesh strikes the brown skin of the god Pan, who,

kneeling before her, offers the fruits of the field, which, during her reign, the earth has brought forth in abundance. A leopard gambols at her feet. Wealth and Happiness, the inevitable accompaniments of Peace, follow behind Pan — Happiness dancing along in an ecstasy of joy, singing and waving her tambourine; Wealth, a beautiful nude woman, bringing her rich store of jewels and precious stones. In the background Wisdom drives War, an armed man, before her into the murky darkness, where hover the shadowy figures of Pestilence and Famine. Very lovely is the group of children on the right, pressing forward to share in the joys of Peace. Rubens paid a delicate compliment to his friend and agent, Gerbier, when he introduced the portraits of his golden-haired children into this picture. The delicious little girl who looks out at us through large brown eyes must have charmed the artist no less than she fascinates us, for he painted her portrait several times. Her elder sister, holding up her dull-gold coloured frock, is scarcely less attractive. These children appear again in company of their mother in a portrait group, which was exhibited at the Old Masters in 1902 under the false title of the "Family of the Duke of Buckingham." The composition of this Peace allegory is most spirited, and, considering its wealth of figures, well ordered and easy to comprehend. The contrast between the brilliantly-lighted group centred round Peace, and the sombre gloom of the background, made visible by lurid flames, the incendiary fires of War and his attendants, is vividly expressed. War, flinging his head back as he rushes into the darkness, shows us features not unlike those of Rubens himself;

for if a painter is apt unconsciously to portray himself, Rubens, with his extraordinary sense of individuality, was quite the man to do so.

Further along on the same wall hangs an elaborate oil sketch for a picture of a very similar subject—the “Horrors of War” (279). The finished picture, one of Rubens’s masterpieces, painted in his latest and most splendid style, is in the Pitti Palace. He seems to have treated this subject with singular gusto and dramatic force. No small wonder that it had burnt itself into his mind, seeing that his country was barely recovering from a ruinous period of strife and warfare! The sketch is, in itself, a masterly piece of dashing composition, glowing in colour. The furious onrush of Mars, who tramples all before him, is checked by Venus, a nude figure, in whom the painter is supposed to have portrayed his wife, Helene. In the same way Europa, behind, in dark green velvet, traditionally represents Isabella Brant. If this be so, however, Rubens must have forgotten her features. He himself plays the part of the ferocious God of War.

Returning along this wall we come to another finished sketch for a large altar-piece, an early work, representing the “Conversion of S. Bavon” (57). The picture, which is somewhat different from this, was painted a few years later for the Church of S. Bavon in Ghent, the shrine of the van Eycks’ “Adoration of the Lamb.” The composition here, with its multitude of small figures, is rather bewildering, as no doubt Rubens perceived, for he simplified it in the large version. S. Bavon, though the central figure, must be sought among the crowd, standing, in conscious dignity, in the middle of the stairs leading up to a stately Italian

cathedral pile. The bishop just above him seems to welcome the convert to the monastic life he has chosen, and the chorus, composed of S. Bavon's retinue, a troop of beggars, among whom the major-domo distributes alms, and a band of graceful women, joins in the general thanksgiving and applause.

Below this hangs one of Rubens's copies, or rather transcripts, from Italian masters, a very free adaptation of part of Mantegna's celebrated "Triumph of Julius Cæsar" (278). Since Rubens had seen, and no doubt admired these cartoons at Mantua in the days of his youth, the ducal house had become involved in war and debt, and in the general dispersal of its artistic collections Charles I. had secured these priceless treasures. During his visit to England these new possessions were displayed to our artist, who seems to have made three studies of them. This is the only one that has come down to us, and it was described in the inventory of the painter's effects as "unfinished." Mantegna's "Triumph," shorn, alas, of its original beauty, hangs now in a long, narrow gallery at Hampton Court. We might easily fail to recognise Rubens's version, which is no copy, but a very free paraphrase of the original. The classic restraint, the ordered measure of Mantegna's composition are here translated into turbulent movement and buoyant life. The dancing figures on the left are of Rubens's own creation; the picturesque landscape too, with its hillside crowned with ruined classical temples and thronged with spectators, is his original contribution. He has turned order into riot, a stately procession into a bacchanalian dance. His figures leap and spring, his lions and leopards snarl, the

elephants trumpet wildly in concert with the fifes and cymbals. The severe spirit of Mantegna has fled indeed, and an exuberant, joyful, energetic being has taken possession of his house. No less individual is the colour of this free translation, for Rubens has employed his most translucent pigments, his most lustrous tints in the draperies of the dancers and the lovely youths who lead the bullocks. The splendid cardinal-red of the fine old man in the middle lends additional warmth and brilliance to the whole.

The small "Repose in Egypt" or "Holy Family with S. George" (67), hung rather high, is a late work of not very brilliant quality ; indeed, it seems that little of this was actually painted by Rubens himself. The figures are reproduced, perhaps by a pupil, from a picture by the master in the Prado. The landscape is probably by van Uden, a mediocre painter whom Rubens often employed in this capacity. In the features of the rescued princess, whom S. George is presenting to the Virgin, we again recognise Helene Fourment.

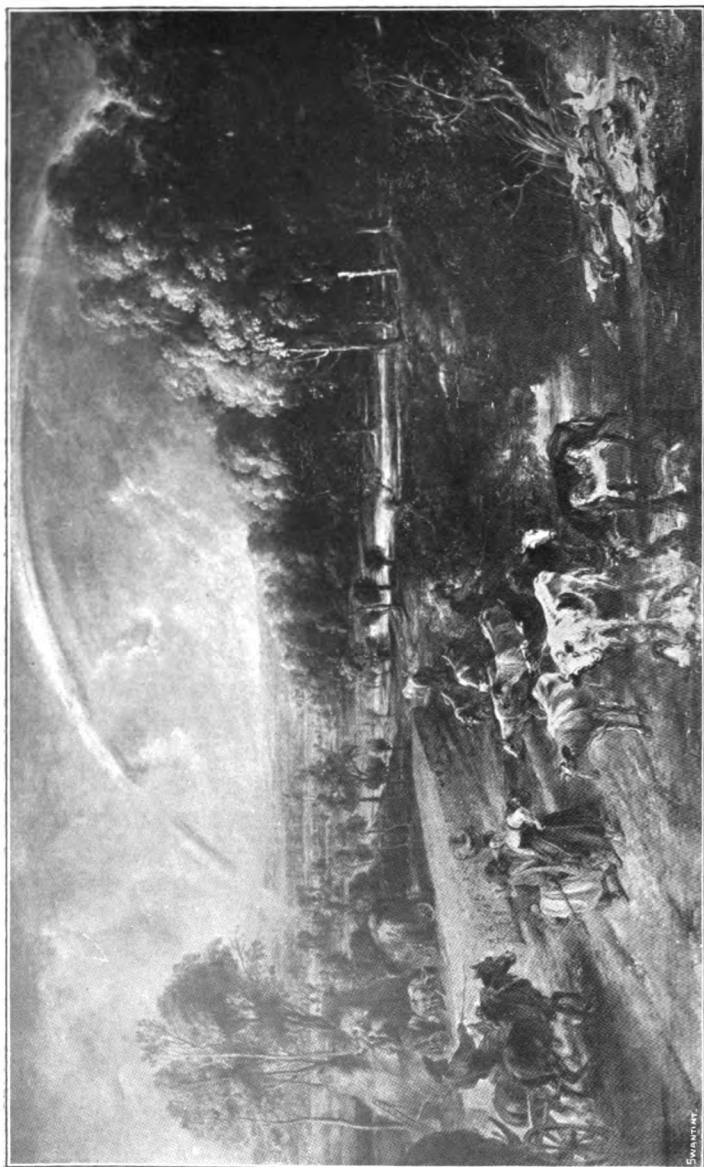
~~The large picture of the "Brazen Serpent"~~ (59), close by, dates also from Rubens's latest period ; but this time it is entirely by his own hand. Here we have a composition of many life-sized figures violently foreshortened. Some writhe in agony from the bites of the huge serpents that coil and twine about their naked bodies, too far gone to listen to Moses and Eleazar, who entreat them to save themselves by looking up to the brazen serpent on a pole. One woman indeed is holding up her child ; another, crouched in the middle of the suffering group, seems to realise the proffered salvation. This fair-haired woman forms

a centre round which the other figures are most ingeniously composed, the whole swing of this group leading towards the dark, standing figures of Moses and Eleazar on the left. The scene is very dramatic, perhaps rather theatrical, and the foreshortened figures in front are quite a *tour de force*. But the picture is far from attractive, and we turn with relief to the exquisite "Landscape" below (157).

It was only late in life that Rubens took to painting landscapes, a branch of art in which Flemish painters had already so distinguished themselves. This rapid sketch, for it is no more, of a wide plain at sunset exhibits all the characteristics of his outdoor scenes, a sense of space, air and breezy freshness, bold lighting, slender, feathery trees dotted about the fertile plain, and the broad, vigorous brush-work of his mature period. He has actually painted the ball of the sun at the moment before it sinks below the horizon. Just emerged from behind a cloud, it bursts forth in golden radiance, gilding the tops and trunks of the trees and the backs of the browsing sheep, and lighting up the red towers of the château and the church on the right. This momentary effect of light is wonderfully rendered.

The large landscape known as "Autumn" (66), opposite, is one of Rubens's *chefs-d'œuvre*. The vast, wooded champaign is illuminated by the first gleams of the rising sun. Under the long shadows of the trees twilight still lingers, but their tops are rimmed with gold. This wide expanse of fertile, cultivated plain, intersected by willow-fringed canals, stretched itself before the painter's eyes every time he walked out, as he is actually doing here, from his elegant

country villa. For on the left rises the stately Château de Stein, which he bought soon after his second marriage, when advancing years and the threatenings of gout forced him to give up politics. Here, no doubt, he developed that love of landscape which distinguishes his latest period. His conception has something of the patriarchal. His ideal country is always luxuriant, cultivated and well watered, peopled with a cheerful peasantry, and rich in flocks and herds. He prefers the picturesque to the sublime, revels in the flat scenery of his native land, just as he delights in the superabundant charms of its florid women. How happy is the contrast here between the warm, rich browns and scarlet of the foreground and the cool, delicate grey-greens and blues of the distance, where the horizon, obscured by a misty haze, melts away into the shimmering, opalescent sky! Just such immense stretch of sky and plain was treated with solemn poetry by Ruysdael and sober affection by de Koninck, as we may see in this same Gallery. It is not, however, the poetic loneliness, the sombre mystery of nature, that Rubens chooses to dwell upon. He loves the genial haunts of man, and has no desire to commune alone with the woods and fields. The figures which animate his landscapes seem actually to live and move. They are no mere puppets or lay-figures, but belong to the earth, and, as Reynolds said, "they do their business with great energy." The old-time gamekeeper, attended by his dog, crouches beneath the shelter of some straggling brambles, waiting to aim with his clumsy flint-lock at a covey of unsuspecting partridges in the field beside the brook. The peasant rumbles off to market in his ramshackle



[Wallace Collection, Hertford House]

“RAINBOW” LANDSCAPE

By Rubens

cart, urging on the patient, sturdy horses. His wife, perched behind, with a young calf lying at her feet, lends a grateful splash of warm scarlet to the dark side of the panel. And further back on the left the painter and his family have strolled outside their house to enjoy the early freshness of the autumn morning. A flight of birds enlivens the sky, and enhances the sense of space and distance. To see and enjoy this landscape we must move right away from it, where the eye may comprehend the whole in one sweep. Much of the effect of largeness and atmosphere and the magic of the lighting is lost by standing too close. Such broad, sweeping treatment always tells best from a little distance.

The companion picture to this "Autumn" is the famous "Rainbow" landscape in Hertford House (XVI., 63). A midsummer storm has just refreshed the earth, vaporous clouds still roll across the sky, but the sun has burst forth, and a magnificent rainbow flings its arc across the horizon. This wonderful landscape, bathed in warm light, ranks, with its pendant in the National Gallery, among the masterpieces of the painter's brush. A smaller and less brilliant version in Munich was painted earlier, perhaps as a preliminary study for this.

Another superb picture of Rubens's maturity is the "Judgment of Paris" (194), a brilliant fantasy, with its ~~dazzling flesh tints~~, and rich and glowing colour. Here, in a luxuriant sylvan landscape, are assembled the shepherd Paris and swift Mercury, with the three lovely competitors for the golden apple, which cunning Discord, hovering in the clouds above, has offered to her who shall be pronounced the fairest. The whole scene breathes a spirit of poetry and romance, intensified by

the wonderful lighting and the glamour of the deep-chorded colour. The ardent, brown-limbed Paris, an almost Giorgionesque creation, has flung himself beneath a tree in an attitude of careless grace. His faithful sheep-dog crouches between his master's knees, and two of his flock graze at a little distance. Mercury, his scarlet cloak fluttering in the wind, seems to have newly alighted on earth, all eager to watch the contest. No doubt it was as difficult to Paris, as now to us, to decide between the beautiful, proud Juno and the fair, seductive Venus. For Minerva is less attractive; her attitude is all too self-conscious, and it is evident, in her case at least, that wisdom, not beauty, is the crown. But the Trojan shepherd has already made his choice, and it is on Venus that he bestows the coveted apple. Discord may even now reap the first-fruits of her spiteful plan, for Juno, seeing her rival preferred before herself, draws on her crimson mantle in ire, while her faithful peacock, loyally resenting his mistress's rejection, pecks furiously at Paris's foot. Very lovely is the cherubic little Cupid in the corner, one of the delicious, healthy babes that Rubens, the father of several curly-haired boys, knew so well how to portray. The contrast between the ruddy, sunburnt figures of Paris and Mercury and the gleaming carnations of this Cupid and the three Goddesses, enhanced by the dark draperies that reveal them, is again characteristically emphasised. These fair women, no slender classical divinities indeed, but massive, matronly types, are a veritable triumph of flesh-painting. We do not seek in Rubens the elegant forms of Raphael or the grand, statuesque creations of Titian, but surely he has no rival in the rendering of flesh, its texture, its colour,



[National Gallery]

JUDGMENT OF PARIS

By Rubens

[Unsfungl photo]

its very life! Ill-treated and injured as the picture has been, nothing has been able to rob these goddesses of their fairness. And it seems as though in their honour earth had donned her most fascinating garb. The rich landscape, clothed with shady trees, melts into the distant blue hills, beneath a sky of wonderful, luminous depth and transparency. Rubens has brushed them in with a full sense of the decorative requirements of his painted idyl, for here, indeed, is no mere realistic landscape, but the truly poetic setting for an Olympian fairy-tale enacted on earth.

We may linger over this picture without exhausting its beauties, and as here we find Rubens at his best, it is well worth more than a moment's pause. The radiant beauty of the colour seems to grow upon us as we gaze. Nowhere moreover in the whole picture do we find a hard outline, but one form melts into another almost imperceptibly. Here are all Rubens's favourite colours—warm scarlet in Mercury's flying cloak and behind Minerva's uplifted arms, the deep crimson of Juno's draperies, the olive-brown landscape and the cool blue of the sky. Blue never occupies much space on Rubens's palette. He loves warm, rich, glowing tones, and seldom introduces the colder colour into his draperies. We may notice throughout this composition how vigorously he has painted the feet, and how expressive they are. The animals, too, are full of life, from Minerva's solemn owl on the tree behind her, and Juno's vicious but gaudy peacock, to the shrewd-eyed sheep-dog and the meek lambs. Rubens repeated this composition on a larger scale in the last year of his life; but the picture, now in Madrid, has none of the glowing brilliance of ours. A much

smaller version in Dresden was probably painted earlier, and may have been a finished study for this.

The "Rape of the Sabines" (38), further along the same wall, is another work of the same period. We have descended here from the romantic regions of Greek myth to the storm and stress of historical reality. This shouting, plunging throng of struggling women and burly soldiers is all movement, bustle and confusion. In obedience to a signal from Romulus, who, mounted on a daïs above the throng, alone remains calm and dignified, the soldiers have seized upon the unsuspecting Sabine women, and are trying by sheer force of muscle to carry them off. The rush and swirl of the swaying crowd are rendered with indescribable spirit and verve. The scene is dramatic, perhaps in the exaggeration of the action again rather theatrical. Every figure is in violent motion, every pose suggests struggle. As for these Sabine maidens, what are they but well-nourished Flemish matrons of almost over-ripe charms, sprawling and kicking in attitudes expressive indeed but far from elegant? Among them, just behind a portly matron in black and yellow, we recognise the blonde head of Helene Fourment, whom Rubens, partly from affection, and no doubt also from motives of convenience and economy, used so often as his model. She is dragged along almost unresistingly by a helmeted warrior. The stately architecture in the background helps to give stability to the tangled composition. This, with the glint of cool blue sky beyond, is a *motif* adapted from Paul Veronese, as we may see in his great "Family of Darius" here (VII., 294). For all its life and movement and the brilliance of its colouring, this is not one of Rubens's most successful compositions. The eye is lost

and distracted in the whirl of figures, and these gesticulating women scarcely excite our sympathy. It is, however, splendidly painted, and entirely by Rubens himself, who was now approaching his sixtieth year with powers unimpaired and vigour far from sapped.

Two paintings in this room, though actually executed by Van Dyck, are after well-known pictures by Rubens. "The Emperor Theodosius refused Admission into the Church by S. Ambrose" (50) repeats on a much smaller scale the fine dignified composition at Vienna. The pupil, however, has not adhered slavishly to his model, and has even strayed so far as to alter the Emperor's head, depriving him of the flowing beard with which Rubens, perhaps overboldly, had invested him. The monochrome composition of the "Miraculous Draught of Fishes" (680), also by Van Dyck, is probably one of the careful copies executed under Rubens's own superintendence, from which the engravers of his pictures were wont to work. The original altar-piece, the centre of which this small drawing follows, belongs to Rubens's early period, and was painted by him for the fishermen of Mechlin, who presented it to their Church of Notre Dame, where it hangs to this day. It has even been suggested that Van Dyck's hand may be detected in this great work, which is a masterpiece of vigorous realism.

Returning through Room XII., we must notice on a screen a sketch for a ceiling picture at Osterley Park, wrongly named the "Apotheosis of William the Taciturn" (187). The personage whom Rubens designed to honour in this bombastic manner of the day was actually the Duke of Buckingham, to whom he had sold his art collection in Paris some years before. Of course, this composition, intended as it was for a ceiling

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decoration, ought to be looked at from below. If we could hold the picture over our heads, umbrella-wise, these boldly foreshortened figures would immediately become intelligible. The painter wished to give to the flat ceiling the effect of an opening to the sky, through which we see the hero borne triumphantly heavenwards in company of a crowd of nymphs and cherubs. Here is no doubt a reminiscence of the painted ceilings which Rubens must have seen and studied in Italy, particularly, perhaps, in the Ducal Palace of Venice, where Veronese's wonderful decorations would be still in all their pristine splendour. For a sketch, this "Apotheosis," evidently painted with a wet and flowing touch, is extraordinarily elaborate and careful.

The small cabinet between Rooms XII. and XIII. contains a number of drawings and sketches by Rubens, which belonged to the celebrated collection of Sir Thomas Lawrence. Let us first look at four tinted chalk studies (853a-853d) for a great picture of the "Fall of the Damned," now in Munich. A small and rather poor photograph of the picture hangs beside the studies. There is something stupendous and appalling in this conception of a pitiless rain of human beings, descending, head foremost, into the bottomless pit. Horrid devils, some bat-winged, some with monkey faces, or cruel hydra-headed monsters seize their victims by the hair and ruthlessly hurl them to destruction. It is a hideous carnival of rampant devilry, pandemonium let loose indeed, a nightmare of lurid terror. Iron must have been the nerve, cool and swift the hand of the artist who could conceive and carry this through. To match these horrors we must go to the Campo Santo of Pisa, where we may shudder before the old Siennese

painter's ideas of Hell and Damnation. *Guarda e passa!*

The "Martyrdom of a Saint" (853e) is of peculiar interest, for it enables us to reconstruct a great picture, formerly in a monastery near Brussels, which has now perished. This water-colour drawing is one of the copies, already referred to, which were prepared for the engravers to work from, but in this case the engraving, for some reason or other, was never executed. S. Paul, the central figure, is raised on a kind of mound, surrounded by a throng of spectators, soldiers, weeping women, and a burly executioner. Angels hover overhead to receive his soul, when the sword, already about to swing, shall have given it release. It is a fine dramatic composition, though perhaps the saint appears more conscious of immediate martyrdom than expectant of future bliss. The "Descent of the Holy Spirit" (853f) is also a copy for an engraving by Paulus Pontius after the picture in Munich. The apostles are grouped in rather theatrical attitudes of awe-full astonishment round the Virgin, while tongues of fire shower upon them from a cloud of radiance encircling the Holy Dove. The setting is again a spacious Renaissance building.

The original of the "Crucifixion" (853g) is the celebrated picture in the gallery at Antwerp, known as the "Coup de Lance," which was engraved by Bolswert from this copy. The picture belongs to the prolific period of the "Chapeau de Paille," and there has always been a tradition that Van Dyck, then a young pupil in Rubens's studio, lent his hand to it. It may be classed with the famous "Descent from the Cross" as an example of the artist's powerful, tragic rendering of the drama of the Passion. Another intensely impressive "Crucifixion,"

in Hertford House (XVI., 71), displays the figure of the dying Saviour, silhouetted against an inky sky and, from His awful elevation, dominating heaven and earth. Far below, the towers of Jerusalem appear black against a dusky sunset.

The charming chalk and bistre drawing of a little girl in black cap and feathers (853*h*) is usually supposed, but with very little reason, to be a portrait of one of the painter's family. It has the charm, the unaffected grace, which distinguish all Rubens's portraits of children. The painter seems to have taken a quick sketch of the little maiden as she stood before him in her quaint high cap, over which he has playfully thrown the feathered hat. The delicate study of a lady in red and black chalk (853*i*) is a sketch for the "Portrait of Isabella Brant" at Windsor, painted in 1614, some years earlier than the Hertford House version. Isabella is attired here in unusual splendour—flowers in her hair, necklace about her massive neck, vast balloon sleeves and high Medici collar of fine lace. Another full-face portrait drawing (853*k*) represents a girl with large eyes and very full mouth. Her cheeks and lips are touched with red chalk. She seems a delightful creature, rather piquant and wilful. A similar drawing is in a private collection at Paris.

Four sketches for sculptured monuments (853*k*-853*n*) and the design for an oval silver dish (1195) illustrate the manysidedness of Rubens's artistic power. This design of the "Birth of Venus," in monochrome, is wonderfully graceful and flowing. The border, too, is adorned with a composition of sea-gods and mermaids riding on dolphins or disporting themselves in the water.

The fine chalk study of a lioness (853*o*) is one of a

number of sketches for the great "Daniel in the Lion's Den," which came into Charles I.'s collection. It was exhibited in 1899 in the New Gallery. As a painter of animals Rubens has few rivals. He loves to depict them in wild motion, in the chase, or in violent conflict with man, as in his superb "Lion Hunt" at Munich, where men, lions and horses meet in desperate encounter. The oil study for a "Lion Hunt" (853*p*), over the door of this room, is hung too high to be seen properly, but the composition was used by some pupil for the school-picture in the Dresden Gallery.

This extraordinary versatility, which enabled Rubens to turn with like ease to every branch of painting, and to make his own whatever he chose to touch, is as marvellous as his untiring productiveness and prolific invention. Ideas seem to have come to him without conscious effort of thought. His mind teemed with pictorial suggestions, and indeed over two thousand pictures issued from his brain. He was a true *capo scuola*, for not only did his style dominate the period, but he infected the whole circle of painters within his influence with that *joie de vivre* which characterised himself. The pictures he painted or inspired seem to sing out with the lust of life. He plays with full orchestra, the trumpets blaring, the cymbals clashing. One superb passage succeeds another, till sometimes the effect is almost overpowering. How different this from the staid reserve, the calm immobility of Jan van Eyck and Memlinc! We love their watchful intentness, their quaint gravity, their conscientious jewel-like workmanship. But with Rubens we are in the presence of a great power, a supreme leader, whom we must defy or obey, before whom indifference alone is impossible.

CHAPTER IX

VAN DYCK AND THE PAINTERS OF ANTWERP

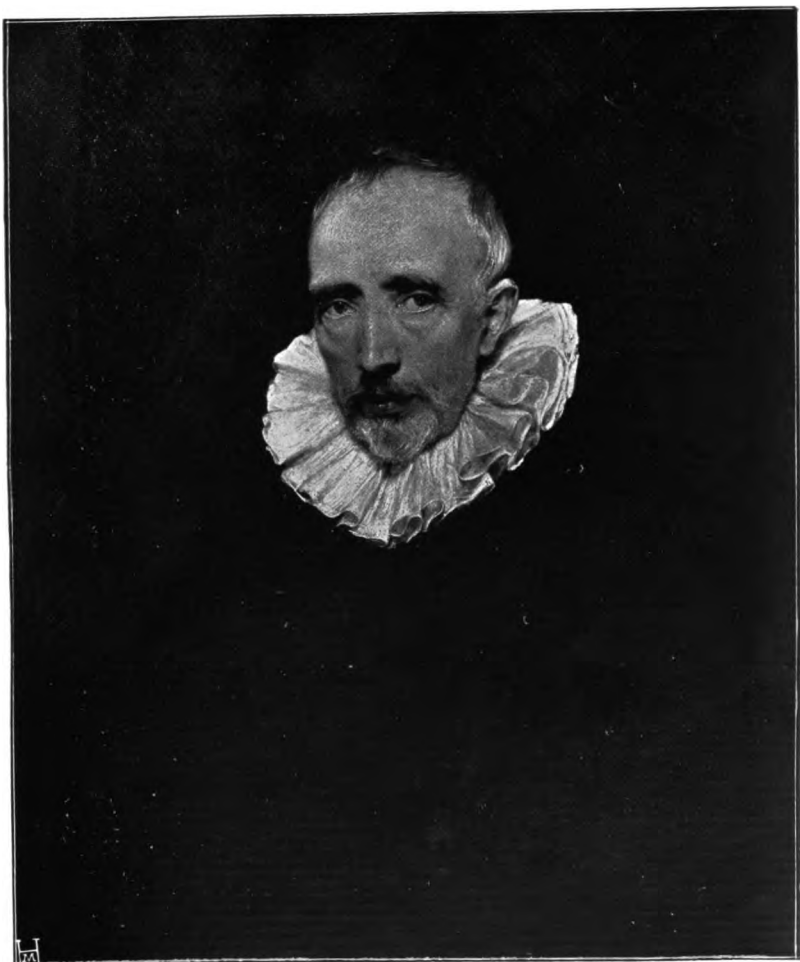
NO foreign artist is so closely associated with England and English traditions as Rubens's brilliant pupil, Anthony Van Dyck. What great English mansion is complete without its row of family ancestors ascribed with more or less of likelihood to the great Flemish portrait painter, whom we have almost come to claim as one of ourselves? It was indeed from English collections that the great majority of his works were sent to Antwerp to swell the Exhibition held in 1899, at the tercentenary of his birth. Holbein also, it is true, lived and worked in this country, but it was not his spirit which awoke again in the eighteenth century, when our own great painters, Reynolds and Gainsborough, taught Englishmen to look in the future to native genius. In a sense indeed Van Dyck may be regarded as the forerunner of English portrait painting.

When Van Dyck first saw the light in Antwerp in 1599, the year of Velasquez's birth, Rubens was just emerging from studentship and about to set off to Italy. Historians have delighted to dwell on the influence of the delicate and accomplished mother, of her skill in embroidery, and her careful training of the young Anthony during his first years of boyhood. Something of her subtle feminine charm, with its note of languor and melancholy, seems to have descended upon her son, and to breathe throughout his work—a

charm so strangely in contrast with the vigour and almost overpowering virility of Rubens. It was not until Van Dyck had become a fully-qualified painter under the instruction of van Balen, an Antwerp artist who never rose beyond mediocrity, that he came to be associated with Rubens, the ambition of every aspiring young artist in the city. When hundreds of pupils were being turned away from the great man's overcrowded studio, it was some distinction to gain an entry. So Van Dyck became Rubens's assistant, if not technically his pupil, and being of a sensitive, impressionable nature, quickly adopted the style of his master, thereby creating a series of puzzles which to this day are not entirely solved. For so close was the artistic bond between Rubens and this his avowed "best pupil" that it is often difficult to distinguish between them. Certain pictures are bandied backwards and forwards from one to the other by art historians, and in several cases canvases, once firmly attached to Rubens's fame, have been discovered to owe their being to the younger artist. Such an one is the famous "S. Martin dividing his Cloak" at Windsor, and an equally remarkable example of the confusion between the two painters is that gem of the National Gallery, formerly ascribed to Rubens, and now recognised as a work of Van Dyck's youth, the portrait of "Cornelius van der Geest" (52), in the large Dutch and Flemish Room (X.).

This wonderful picture is, from every point of view, a most accomplished piece of work, and proves that Van Dyck, even before his visit to Italy, possessed that sense of refinement and elegance which forms so distinct a feature of his later portraits. In technique it would be hard to find firmer, more solid modelling,

or a finer rendering of the texture of the flesh and of the silvery hair and beard. Above all, the eyes are painted with such extraordinary power and vitality, that they seem to reveal their owner's inmost thoughts, and speak of the busy brain which lies behind the quiet, rather worn features. The head is finely disposed within the frame, the warm flesh tones standing out effectively in front of the dark background, and the delicate oval of the face is repeated and emphasised by the lightly painted white ruff. There is a wonderful distinction, both about the subject and the manner of portrayal. This calm, self-possessed scholar type must have been singularly attractive to Van Dyck, with his fastidious instinct for the noble and chivalrous in a face. No touch of *bravura* mars the restrained dignity of the execution; yet this is the work of a boy barely approaching his twenties. He has left a record of his own almost girlish features and wavy hair in a portrait at S. Petersburg, of which a smaller replica here has now been transferred to the Artists' Room of the National Portrait Gallery. Notice the delicate, drooping hand with long, taper fingers, with which he invests fine ladies and rugged warriors alike, seldom troubling, save in the case of portraits of his fellow-artists, to individualise this characteristic feature. It is a pleasant, courtly, though weak face, and tallies with what we know of Van Dyck's typically "artistic temperament," that apologetic generalisation for a certain weakness and love of pleasure that in men of other professions would be defined in harsher terms. The "Portrait of an Artist" (49), once believed to represent Rubens, must also have been painted about this time. The careless pose suggests the "graceful



Hanfstängl photo

[National Gallery]

CORNELIUS VAN DER GEEST

By Van Dyck

and negligent ease of a man of quality," and the gesture of the large, beautiful hands carries out the idea that their owner is giving an order to the workmen, of somewhat southern aspect, who are holding up a marble figure. This picture belonged once to Sir Joshua Reynolds, as did also the much darkened "Study of Horses" (156), in the same room. It was, too, during those few years spent under Rubens's direct influence that Van Dyck executed the copy of that master's "Theodosius" (50) already referred to, and painted the small *grisaille* from the "Miraculous Draught of Fishes" (680) close by.

But a second and even stronger spirit was to take possession of the young painter, who now, acting on Rubens's advice and example, set off on the accustomed tour to Italy. Halting for a short stay at Genoa, he journeyed to Rome, and then by way of Florence to the real goal of his ambitions, Venice, the city of Titian. Here Van Dyck found his second master, and, like Rubens before him, sat at the feet of the great colourist, whose very name sums up the essence of Venetian painting. We have but to glance through Van Dyck's sketch-book at Chatsworth, that vivid record of his studies and artistic impressions, to realise how completely Titian dominated the young artist's mind and inspired his brush. "*Pensieri di Titiano*" meet us on almost every page, and memories of Titian breathe from the dignified, self-composed portraits of the Italian grandees, who gladly sat to this attractive foreigner. Rubens, too, had studied the works of Titian in Venice, Rome and Madrid, but for all the hints he gathered and assimilated his own robust, energetic nature asserted itself, even where he ap-

proached most nearly to the Venetian. Van Dyck was by taste and temperament in complete sympathy with the suave grandeur of Italian art. The subtle elegance and distinction of the great masters of the Italian Renaissance found an answering chord in him. He was indeed one of nature's aristocrats, and the impress of his noble, poetic spirit is stamped on every face he portrayed, be it of man, woman or child, Italian prince, Flemish burgher or English courtier. Thus in the polite, intellectual atmosphere of Italy he was quite at his ease, and bore himself so haughtily that his rougher compatriots in Rome, resentful of his proud aloofness, dubbed him the "cavalier painter."

In Genoa, where the greater part of this Italian period was passed, Van Dyck has left an undying memorial of his presence in the superb series of portraits painted for the great patrician families, whose palaces still retain many of their ancestral treasures. These majestic figures, posed so nobly, with such proud unconsciousness and grand dignity of bearing, discover the painter of van der Geest's portrait maturing in the stimulating atmosphere of Titian's influence. The stately full-length "Portrait of an Italian Gentleman" in Hertford House (XVI., 53) dates from this period. The face is gravely sedate, but with a certain pleasant alertness; the simple yet rich black dress, with its wide white collar and deep cuffs, is set off by the Titianesque crimson curtain draped behind. It is supposed that this young cavalier was a scion of the great Lomellini house, whose family portrait forms one of the treasures of the Edinburgh National Gallery. A portrait in Hertford House of the painter himself, in the guise of the shepherd Paris holding the fateful

apple in his hand (XVI., 85), was again obviously designed while reminiscences of Titian's rich colouring possessed our painter's artistic vision.

With Van Dyck's return to Antwerp begins his third period, when, no longer dependent on the masters who had formed him, he stands at last by himself, and develops that distinctive style which is neither that of Rubens nor of Titian, but of Van Dyck. Now in his turn he is master, and the absence of Rubens, who was at this time engaged upon diplomatic missions, no doubt threw additional opportunities in the younger artist's way. Judging from the number of portraits painted during this brilliant Antwerp period, the whole Flemish world must have flocked to be immortalised by the artist who made every man a gentleman, every woman a lady of quality, and endowed his sitters with a grace and charm that no doubt accorded at least with their own ideal of themselves.

Two impressive full-length portraits of this time hang in the great gallery at Hertford House, and represent a Flemish gentleman, Philippe le Roy, Seigneur de Ravel, and his young bride (XVI., 94 and 79). We may contrast the sober, almost monochrome colouring of these pictures with the lighter, even gay treatment of the succeeding period, when the brilliance of the English court attire was reflected on to the painter's canvases. The Seigneur de Ravel, in his stately black and white, bulks superbly in front of the dark architectural background. The only relief to this sombre colour scheme is given by the deep red of a hollyhock on the right. Full of quiet self-possession and innate good breeding, the Seigneur faces the spectator, while his hand caresses a splendid deerhound.

The pendent portrait of his young bride, a girl of only sixteen summers, is scarcely less fine. Here the colder tones are relieved by the light yellow of her curly hair. The face, refined and beautiful though it be, expresses a discontented fretfulness, which goes beyond the evanescent shade of melancholy that breathes from most of Van Dyck's sitters. Another portrait of a lady in Hertford House (XVI., 16), introduces us to that circle of Antwerp artists and their wives whom Van Dyck excelled in portraying. This pleasant-featured lady was the wife of Paul de Vos, the animal painter, brother of the better known Cornelis de Vos, Van Dyck's intimate friend.

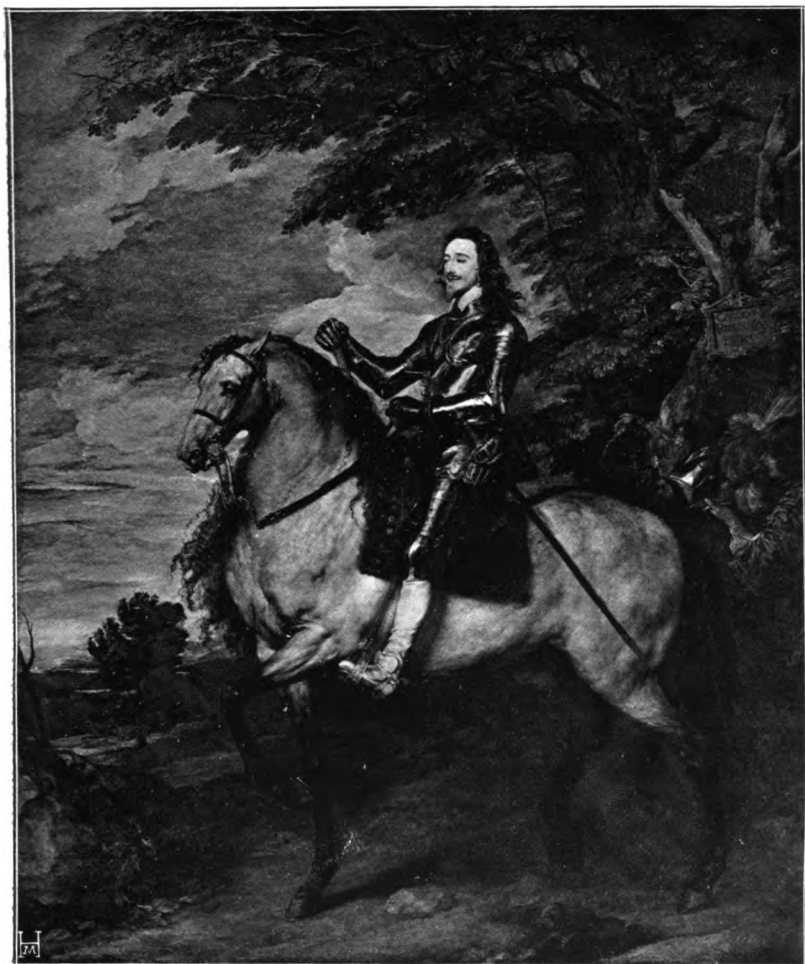
It is to this period of his career that most of Van Dyck's religious pictures belong, and of these we have few examples in England, and none in the National collections. Many of them still hang, in much damaged condition, in the churches for which they were originally destined. A great assemblage of these altar-pieces was brought together in Antwerp in 1899, and served to emphasise the fact that in portraiture, rather than in the domain of religious art, Van Dyck's true genius was displayed. The breadth of mind, the power of emotion, by which the great painters compel our sympathy, and force a realisation of the poetic grandeur and dramatic intensity of such scenes as the Crucifixion and the Entombment, were not his. The unconscious dignity and grandeur of his portraiture contrast curiously with the exaggerated rhetoric and forced emotion of these Church pictures, which bear in every pose and gesture the impress of the Catholic Reaction. A study for the great "Crucifixion" at Ghent, known as "Le Christ à l'Eponge" (877a), may be found

in the cartoon cabinet. Here also is a drawing of "Rinaldo and Armida" (877*b*) from one of his rare mythological pictures. The original painting is said to have moved Charles I. to desire Van Dyck's services at his Court.

It was in 1632 that Van Dyck took final leave of the pleasant Antwerp life, and settled in England, where, but for two short journeys, he spent the brief remainder of his days. If in Antwerp he had always been second in the artistic world, overshadowed by Rùbens's fame, here in England, where he had influential friends anxious to introduce him to a king who made the collection of pictures a royal hobby, he might well hope to become the reigning *maestro*. And indeed the rival foreign painters, Janssens and Mytens, whose jealous hostility he had excited on a former visit, soon succumbed to his supremacy and fell into the background. So Van Dyck was established in a house at Blackfriars, with the title of "Principal Painter in Ordinary to their Majesties," a substantial pension and the distinction of a knighthood. "We painters," said the Spanish artist, Palomino, "hold no such low position as not to be able to confer some favour even on royalty itself." That Van Dyck was fully conscious of this power may be seen from the manifold portraits of the King and Queen and their children to be found in all the picture galleries of Europe. How entirely the painter was suited by tastes, appearance and manner for such a position had been proved in Italy, and his natural grace and refinement, his very gallantries and indiscretions, endeared him to a Court like that of Whitehall. He was as improvident as the King himself, as light-hearted as

his royal mistress, as handsome as my Lords of Richmond and Wharton. The gaiety of the court of Charles I. and his sylph-like Queen, Henrietta Maria, were incomparably less vivid to our minds had we not the means of repeopling it with the splendid and brilliant personalities who now stand before us in serene forgetfulness of the passions and ambitions that made the history of their age. Van Dyck has handed them down in all their bravery of costly attire and aristocratic mien. King and Queen, lords and ladies, statesmen and ecclesiastics have attained an immortality that the chronicler alone could scarce have accorded them. He kept open house, and his studio was continually filled with royal and noble patrons, who would come floating down the Thames in their gay barges to visit this "Prince of court painters." It was as much the fashion then to be painted by Van Dyck as it is now to admire his pictures. But it was this very tyrant of fashion that brought about the inevitable evil of over-production, and turned the artist into the director of a portrait factory. Some, indeed, have maintained that Van Dyck's best work was done before he left Antwerp, that he made no progress afterwards. But in such masterpieces as the "Philip, Lord Wharton," in the Hermitage, the lovely group of the "Children of Charles I." at Turin, and the portraits of the King and Queen at Windsor, executed entirely by his own hand, we see the painter at his very best.

In the place of honour in Room X. in the National Gallery hangs Van Dyck's huge equestrian "Portrait of Charles I." (1172). Very imposing is this great state-portrait, placed as it is at the end of a long



Hanfständl photo]

[*National Gallery*

EQUESTRIAN PORTRAIT OF CHARLES I.

By Van Dyck

perspective of rooms leading into the great gallery. The monarch sits very kingly astride his splendid charger, dominating the landscape, with its distant low horizon, above which the great sweep of sombre blue sky varied with clouds, and the overhanging trees, framing in the figure like a kind of canopy, form a fine decorative background. The equerry, almost lost in shadow on the right behind his master, bears the plumed helmet which Charles has doffed, and lends a grateful touch of warm red to the picture. The creamy brown horse, with its small head and massive frame, so different from the white steed Van Dyck has taught us to expect in his pictures, is of Flemish breed. Horse and rider are seen in profile, and the lines of the reins and of the sword converge on the armour-clad figure of the king. Here, indeed, is no warrior type but the irresponsible, amiable, art-loving gentleman, of whom the accident of royal birth proved the undoing.

This portrait, which was painted two or three years after the artist's arrival in England, passed through various hands before it reached the National Gallery. Sold after Charles's execution for a mere song, it was bought by the great Duke of Marlborough on one of his foreign campaigns. After hanging for many years at Blenheim Palace, it was sold to the nation for a vast sum in 1885. The other great equestrian portrait of Charles, now at Windsor, represents the King full-face, riding a grey horse through an archway—a majestic picture, of which there is a replica at Hampton Court. Numerous, indeed, are the portraits by Van Dyck of Charles I. and his Queen, though it is certain that all were not painted actually from the life. Sketches,

a good memory, and clothes draped on to a lay figure, no doubt afforded the material for most of the repetitions of the type-portraits which still remain at Windsor ; and by these means Van Dyck was able to turn out as many copies or variations as might be demanded.

As a portrait painter Van Dyck takes his place with the greatest. As an artist he falls into second rank, for his was not the imaginative grasp nor the power of invention that go to the making of the greatest art. When he ventures outside the realm of portraiture he is seldom entirely convincing, and though all his life he hankered after a chance of displaying his powers as an historical painter on a large scale, it is doubtful whether he would have added to his reputation had the desired opportunity been granted him. In his portraiture he stands almost at the opposite pole from Holbein and Velasquez, for while the German and the Spaniard seem to think only of the sitter, Van Dyck's attention is divided between his sitter, himself and his audience. If he flatters it is from an instinctive preference for the beautiful, which outweighs his regard for the strict truth. His own fancy invests ordinary men and women with dignity and grace, and lends an additional charm to what is already charming.

Though Rubens and his greatest pupil died within a year of one another, Flemish art was not extinguished. Antwerp could boast a number of capable artists, and though by no means every well-known painter of the day had stood to Rubens in the direct relation of pupil to master, none had wholly escaped his overwhelming influence. It was indeed the age of Rubens, and Flemish art in the seventeenth century reflects his

spirit and style, just as the Venetian contemporaries of Titian, a century earlier, almost all betrayed something of a Titianesque manner. The painter who perhaps approaches Rubens most closely, while preserving a decidedly independent character of his own, was Jordaens, the pupil and son-in-law of Rubens's early master, van Noort. Jordaens, unlike the majority of his contemporaries, never went to Italy, where he might, perhaps, have purged his style of something of its almost brutal vigour and realism. His taste and manner of representation are often far from refined, especially in his religious pictures, but in colouring and execution he is, at his best, scarcely inferior to Rubens. His most characteristic and oft-repeated works are those in which he represents a Bean Feast, where a joyous company revel in unrestrained merriment, or a family party, when, having eaten and drunk their fill, old and young make music after the fashion of the old Flemish proverb: "As the old ones sing, so will the youngsters twitter." In such scenes his humour and boisterous jollity find legitimate vent. As an historical painter we may gauge his prowess in the great "Triumph of Prince Frederick Henry" in the famous House in the Wood near the Hague, a lively, spirited and accomplished piece of decoration in the bombastic, allegorical style of the day. It is only lately that an example of his art has been added to the National Gallery, in the shape of the fine "Portrait of Baron Waha de Linter of Namur" (1895). Half leaning against a table, with arm akimbo and hand on sword-hilt, the Baron's form fills the panel with great *aplomb*. The small head, with its crimson flesh tints and short, pointed beard, is well set within a deep ruff. The black brocade of the dress is superbly handled, almost in the

manner of Frans Hals, and the whole picture has been painted with a wet and flowing touch. There is a refinement in Jordaens's portraits which we often seek in vain in his subject pictures. He is particularly happy in his representations of family groups, notably the portraits of his own household at Cassel and Madrid. The Wallace collection contains a somewhat unattractive example of his mythological style in the "Riches of Autumn" (XVII., 120), which recalls a finer work in Brussels. Both are painted in his early glassy manner.

A very different spirit was Cornelis de Vos, who, though working in Antwerp alongside of Rubens and Van Dyck, seems only gradually to have disengaged himself from the formal objective style of portraiture of the sixteenth century. He is rather the successor of Pourbus and More than the contemporary of Rubens. In his portrait groups at Brussels and Munich, however, de Vos shows a graciousness and elegance which his friend Van Dyck must have admired and noted. A pair of portraits in Hertford House (XVI., 18 and 22), painted in his early reserved manner, exhibit his firm handling and quiet, clear, harmonious colour. The man, grave, strong and thoughtful, clad in sober black, gazes directly out of the picture at the spectator. His wife, in her richest attire, with starched ruff and stiff stomacher like gilt armour, wears the rather timid expression of the bourgeoisie who is more at her ease in the daily affairs of the household than posed in state before the painter for the benefit of posterity.

Another artist and contemporary of Rubens, who worked side by side with the great master, though never under him, was the animal and still-life painter,

Frans Snyder, whose noble refined features Van Dyck has perpetuated in several portraits, among them the wonderful etching from the "Iconographie." Snyder, though the friend and admirer of Rubens, seems to have pursued his art on his own lines, his individual manner asserting itself in his light, clear tonality with strong, sometimes hard, local colours. The two painters often exchanged the courtesies of their art—Snyder inserting the animals and fruits into Rubens's figure pieces, Rubens adding the figures which enliven or perhaps disturb his friend's *natures mortes*. Snyder, like Rubens, to whom, even in his own special branch of art, he stands second, excels in the heroic side of animal painting. Swift movement or furious onslaught, dogs and stags in the excitement of the chase, lions mauling a wild boar, hunts, attacks and deadly encounters inspire his energetic brush.

It is, however, as a painter of still-life that Snyder is represented in the National Gallery, where we find one of those heaped fruit-pieces (1252) which, in vast monumental dimensions, served for the decoration of palatial dining-halls. This is a smaller and less important example, but illustrates Snyder's skill in rendering the texture of fruits. The white grapes and nectarines, to which a monkey is liberally helping himself, are beautifully treated. A larger canvas, in Hertford House (XVI., 72), displays a table covered with dead game and fruits, presided over by a youth—one of those larder scenes for which the eating-house kept by his parents no doubt afforded the painter a convenient model. But, for all the thoroughness and vigour of the draughtsmanship and execution, we cannot but feel the colouring to be cold and dull.

What a colour opportunity is lost in the gorgeous plumage of the peacock, the scarlet lobster, the rich purple grapes and the soft brown skin of the deer! But in this matter Snyders belied the good tradition of the Flemish school. His pupil, Jan Fyt, ranks scarcely below him as a painter of animals, and as a colourist he shows that sense of harmony which the older painter lacked. The still-life piece, which forms a pendant to that of Snyders in Hertford House (XVI., 101), exhibits this superiority. Here the inanimate objects are wrought into a pleasant colour-scheme, and a warm, rich tone contrasts agreeably with the harshness of the rival canvas. But, above all, Fyt's skill is called out in the portrayal of animals, especially of dogs, and in his delicate, unobtrusive rendering of the texture of fur and plumage. A study of dead birds (1003) in the National Gallery (XII.), and a recently added picture of "Sporting Dogs and Game" (1903) in Room XI., exhibit his powers in both these respects. The dogs are admirable and truly canine, alert and intelligent, but with no touch of that sentimentalism which makes us disbelieve in Landseer's dog-portraits. His colouring here is clear and vigorous.

A later still-life painter, Peter Snyers, who flourished in Antwerp in the eighteenth century, and is said to have visited London, is represented in the same room by a warm, vigorous study of fruits, flowers and vegetables (1401), in which the reds of the strawberries, nectarines and peonies tell out boldly against the dark green of the foliage and the black background.

Beside these still-life and animal subjects another

branch of painting was becoming popular in the seventeenth century, when Neefs and the Steenwycks, father and son, began to treat as worthy subjects for their own sakes the architectural interiors which had served the earlier painters for backgrounds to their religious scenes. Neefs and his compatriots in the southern Catholic provinces had indeed more genial models for their art than were available to their contemporaries in Holland, where the rigorous creed of Calvin had swept the vast, barn-like churches bare of all that might attract the eye and distract the mind. Yet the Dutch painters contrived from these gaunt, uncompromising interiors to create, by means of light and shade, pictures full of poetic beauty. Pieter Neefs, the pupil of the elder Steenwyck, sought pictorial beauty in the simple arrangement of the lines of architecture. His long perspectives of pillared nave and vaulting are wonderfully restful, though they lack just that charm of chiaroscuro which the Dutch understood so perfectly. The "Interior of a Gothic Church" (924) in Room X., is a good illustration of his formal style and rather heavy brown tonality. Numbers of figures people these interiors, strolling about or standing in groups, for after the fashion of Catholic countries the church is a familiar scene of daily life, not, as in Holland, a wilderness of whitewash, reserved for a Sabbatical Sunday. In the "Interior" (1443) by the younger Steenwyck in Room XI., beggars, dogs, and numbers of women in quaint black costumes throng the aisles; a funeral is taking place in the distance, and a priest reads Mass at a side altar. This picture, which is far more natural in colouring than the last, is very pleasant in

its delicate modulations of light and shade and its clear grey harmonies. A delightful little "Interior" (1132), also ascribed to Steenwyck, hangs in Room X., and represents this time not a church but the hall of a house, with a staircase leading to an inner room. The tiny picture is painted with the utmost delicacy and a warm richness. The various accessories, the chased gold ornaments scattered about the hall, the grey-green table-cloth, the bunch of flowers in a niche above the table, and the parrot on the balustrade, add grateful touches of colour. The figures are perhaps the least satisfactory part of the performance. Steenwyck was often employed to fill in architectural backgrounds for other painters. In England, where he worked for some time, he performed this office for Van Dyck, and in Antwerp he frequently painted interiors to set off the portrait groups of Gonzales Coques, that "Van Dyck in 18^{mo}" as he has been called.

Coques, a somewhat rare master, is remarkably well represented in the National Gallery and Hertford House. He started his career as pupil of one of the younger Pieter Brueghels, and then worked under David Ryckaert, nephew of Martin Ryckaert, the one-armed painter, who is represented here by a delicate little "Landscape with Satyrs" (1353). But it was Van Dyck whose style Coques finally determined to emulate, though on a reduced scale. This "small Van Dyck" is chiefly celebrated for the taste and refinement with which he portrays the fashionable families of Antwerp in their elegant surroundings of drawing-room or park, though he never attains to just that exquisite grace and dignity which charm us in Van Dyck. "A Family Group"



Han/stängl photo

A FAMILY GROUP
By Gonzales Coques

National Gallery

(821) in the Peel Room (XII.), though rather heavy in tone, is a good example of his style. This well-to-do couple and their train of little daughters, standing outside the ancestral mansion, suggest, perhaps, something of the photographer's stiffness of pose. They are indeed quite conscious of being critically surveyed by the painter, and seem endeavouring to look and act their best. All the minute details of the costumes are beautifully painted, the lace, the bows and the pearl necklaces. The children here, as in the pictures of Van Dyck, have the real charm of childhood. An unusually large-sized portrait-group in Hertford House (XVI., 92) shows again some stiffness of arrangement, the portly merchant and his comely, if not aristocratic wife, their *débutante* daughter and three younger children being disposed in one long row. Two smaller groups (XIV., 162, and XIII., 223), very delicate in finish, complete an unusually large gathering of Coques's works.

In the National Gallery he is further represented by a set of five small portrait panels illustrative of the "Five Senses" (1114-1118), a favourite subject with Dutch and Flemish *genre*-painters. The man who figures as "Sight," holding in one hand a sketch and in the other a palette and brushes, has been identified as Van den Hoeck, an obscure painter of Antwerp. "Hearing," which is the best of the set, is personified by a man playing the guitar. A wounded arm suggests "Touch," and for "Smell" and "Taste" the artist could devise nothing more original than a smoker lazily enjoying the fumes of a long clay pipe, and a young man sitting in front of a meal of wine and oysters. For pictures on so small a scale the treat-

ment is extraordinarily broad and the drawing vigorous. A small portrait of a lady posed against an architectural background (1011) bears strong evidence of Van Dyck's influence, and indeed is painted in the over-sweet, artificial style of Van Dyck's follower, Sir Peter Lely. Many of the landscape backgrounds in Coques's pictures were entrusted to Jaques d'Arthois, who is not represented here. By his pupil Cornelis Huysmans, however, there is a landscape (954) in Room X., very strong and rich in colour, the deep green trees being relieved against a sky and distance of vivid blue.

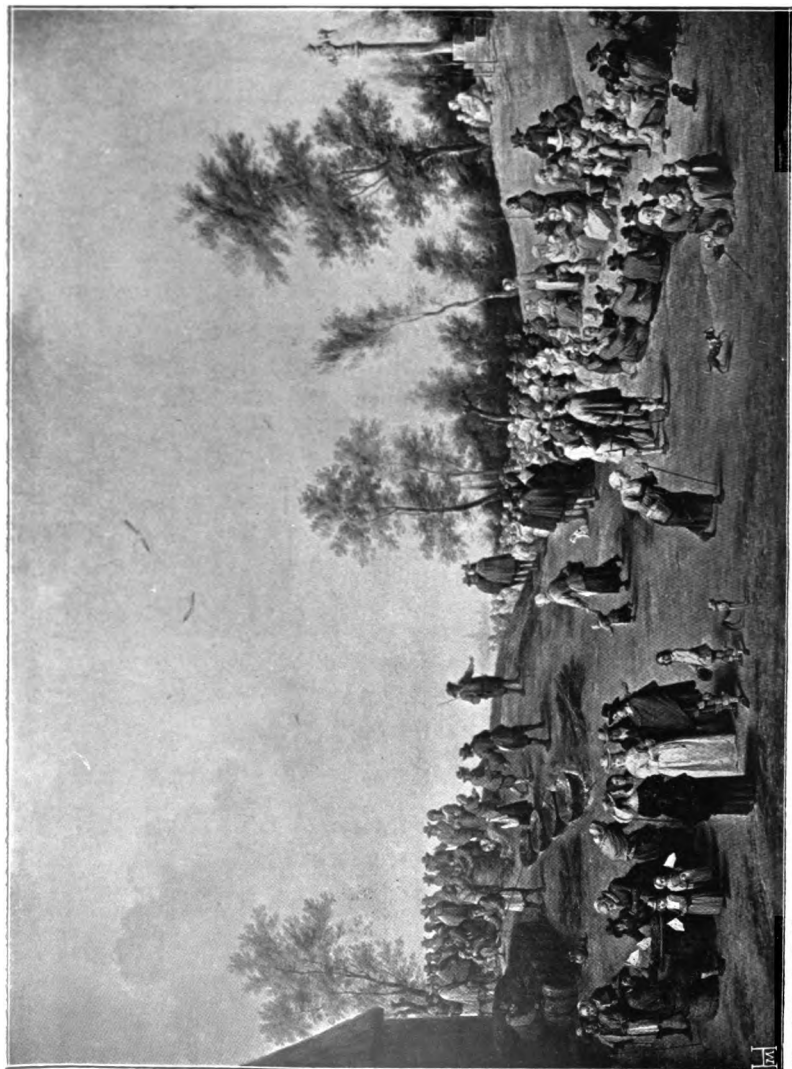
If Rubens and Van Dyck over-top the crowd of artists who emulated their example or pursued an independent course in Antwerp, the name of David Teniers the younger must be joined to theirs to complete the triad which represents all that is best and most characteristic of Flemish art in the seventeenth century. Teniers's greatness was on a smaller scale than that of the others, but it was peculiarly his own. Like the early masters of the Flemish school, he chose a restricted area for the display of his genius, and attained an extraordinary gem-like finish. The *genre* subjects he delighted in were just those appropriated by the Dutch "Little Masters," his contemporaries; but if at times he descends to the uproarious tavern revelry of Ostade or Brouwer, whom he consciously imitated, at others he is anxious to appear as the gentleman of quality, quietly surveying the sports of the peasantry or inspecting his landed domain. Teniers was some twenty-three years younger than Rubens and eleven years the junior of Van Dyck. He was fortunate in his parentage, for his father, whose name he continued, was a painter of repute, and the younger David owed

much to his training. Old Teniers had studied in Rome under the celebrated Adam Elsheimer, and returning to Antwerp in 1606, took a good position in the artistic world shortly before Rubens's arrival from Italy. No doubt the commerce between father and son was one of give and take, for the younger man possessed real genius and soon out-stripped his parent. Old Teniers devoted himself to scenes of country life, and usually the landscape element predominates. His pictures are heavier in tone than those of Teniers the younger, whose brush glided where his father's trod, and bathed in silvery atmosphere the same scenes that the old man saw in brown. The confusion between their works is inevitable considering their close relationship and mutual influence. The monogram of a T within a D is not exclusive to either, but the younger Teniers generally preferred a longer signature, and seems to have given up the old family hall-mark in later life.

Three large landscapes with figures represent David Teniers the elder in Room XII. of the National Gallery. The "Rocky Landscape" (949) is the most ambitious and seems to tell of the painter's acquaintance with Italian scenery. There is here something of the wild and fantastic, and the group of gipsies, one of whom is about to tell the fortune of a hulking peasant, adds to this impression. The figures, which are here mere accessories to the landscape, are very cleverly introduced in the foreground or wending their way round the shoulder of the mountain to the castle in the distance. The "Conversation" (950) and "Playing at Bowls" (951) are prototypes of many a composition by the son, though here the dimensions are larger and the tone far heavier. The building, village inn or peasant's

cottage, on the left, beneath which the figures play their allotted parts, the sweep of country on the right, often separated from the distance by road or river, the touches of light blue, the sting of scarlet, the short-legged peasants—all these familiar elements are worked up again and again by father and son, with varying degrees of interest and charm. In the "Playing at Bowls," undoubtedly the best and least heavy of these two examples, the lighting suggests a lucid interval between the storm showers, when a few fitful gleams tempt the players to exchange the stuffy air inside the parlour of mine host of the "Crescent Moon" for the fresh outdoor breezes and the exercise of the game.

Other influences besides that of the elder Teniers assisted to form the son. That he should be affected by Rubens was only a matter of course, for he grew up from babyhood in the noise of that master's achievement. Certain elements in his style, too, may be traced to the strong, if transitory influence exerted over him by that Flemish-Dutch scapegrace, Adrian Brouwer, who settled in Antwerp just when Teniers was about to qualify. With these examples and his own genius our painter set out well equipped. He soon quitted the heavy brown manner learned from his father, and developed that clear silvery harmony which distinguishes him from the Dutch *genre*-painters. He worked with an incredible swiftness, often gaining his effects by the slightest means. He himself commented on his productivity, remarking that it would require a gallery two leagues in length to contain his pictures. Teniers's first successes begot, as usual, a goodly sequence of triumphs. For, like Rubens, he became for a time court-painter to the Archducal



Hampstead photo

"FÊTE AUX CHAUDRONS"

By Teniers (the Younger)

[National Gallery]

Governor of the Spanish Netherlands, and mixed to his heart's content with grandees. His office included the directorship of the Archduke's picture-gallery, which he often portrayed, and in these pictures, in Munich and Vienna, we may distinguish several famous canvases which afterwards found their way to the Austrian capital. Paintings of picture-galleries were indeed much in favour, and an example of this subject, formerly ascribed to Teniers's father-in-law, Jan Brueghel (1287), hangs in Room XI.

Teniers is splendidly represented in England, for of the 700 pictures assigned to him in Smith's Catalogue Raisonné, 150 belong to English private collections, and the National and Wallace Galleries number between them some twenty works. Beginning in Room XII. we find ourselves in front of that wonderful achievement of his early period, the great "Fête aux Chaudrons" (952). Here we have the wide landscape and spacious sky of his father's pictures, but glancing from their heavy brown tones to this brilliant plein-air treatment, the likeness is swallowed up in the difference. On this gently rising ground the pious folk of Antwerp, to the number of 150, are assembled to make pilgrimage to some shrine, and incidentally no doubt, to enjoy the open-air freedom of the Catholic holy-day. The towers of Antwerp are visible in the near distance. It is the hour of the midday meal, and the people, ranged in ordered rows, open their picnic-baskets and await the distribution of the soup, heating in great steaming brass cauldrons. An array of beer-barrels tempts the thirsty, and diversion is provided for the children by a vendor of little white flags. In the foreground Teniers and his party form a gay group. The

painter wears his accustomed mantle of scarlet, and the ladies are arrayed in rich attire—white satin robe, red petticoat under black velvet bodice, and plumed hat. The little boy leading a greyhound, the son of the house, we shall meet again in the Gallery. It is a scene of great animation and wonderful harmony. The cool, silvery sky, the grey-green of the landscape, are set off by the bright colours of the group in the foreground. The breezy freshness of the sky, across which some storks are wheeling, gives a glitter and sparkle to this picture, which certainly ranks among the painter's masterpieces.

Of something the same style is the small panel on the opposite wall, entitled a "River Scene" (861), one of endless variations on the theme which Teniers the elder originated. Here are the usual cottage with figures in front of it on the left hand side, the broad river, and the great expanse of sky. The colour scheme is composed of the silvery grey and brown harmonies characteristic of the master, with the customary scarlet touch in the dress of the girl scouring pots and pans, and the grey-blue of the old man with the wheelbarrow, Teniers's gardener. The willow-tree beside the inn is a feeble and perfunctory performance; indeed, trees were not the painter's strong point. In the next Room (X.) hangs a third landscape scene (817), depicting this time the artist's own stately pleasance at Perck. In the background rise the turrets of the high-gabled château, at the base of which curves the broad moat. A number of men wading in the water drag in a great fishing net, and the well-known blue-clad gardener proudly displays to the owner of the estate and his gay party a great fish that has just been taken. This

bearded veteran might have posed in a less secular artistic period for S. Peter in the scene of the Tribute Money. Teniers and his scarlet cloak, his attendant ladies, and the boy with the faithful greyhound, are familiar figures. The boy, however, has added a few cubits to his stature since he figured in the pilgrimage scene, which is dated 1643; this, therefore, must be a rather later work.

Close by we come to one of those brilliant interiors, for which we may believe that Teniers borrowed a leaf out of Brouwer's book. This "Players at Tric-trac or Backgammon" (242) introduces us to one of the tavern scenes so beloved of the Dutch *genre*-painters, and treated by them with a gusto and *abandon* which often degenerate into licence. Teniers is more restrained, less dramatic, and seems to regard the peasant with the aloofness of the *grand seigneur* rather than the fellow-feeling of the boon companion. His scheme of colour is peculiarly his own—a tender, silvery harmony of luminous greys, greens and browns and a delicious cool blue, with the favourite dash of scarlet as a brilliant contrast. Here the interest is focussed on to the group of four men gathered about a table covered with a warm green cloth. This beautiful green is repeated in the stockings of the young player on the left, who is evidently a man of more consideration than the rugged peasants who eagerly await his move. The old man on the right, with feather in hat, and clay pipe stuck into his belt, supplies the note of translucent blue; the scarlet cap worn by his neighbour, the yellow sleeves and warm browns of the younger man's costume, constitute a brilliant colour scheme. In the background the usual group of peasants cluster round the smoking

fire, sleeping or puffing at their pipes. We may detect in their coarse faces the type peculiar to Brouwer, but without Brouwer's characteristic grimaces. Less warm and brilliant, but wonderfully clear, are two little tavern scenes at the end of the room—a "Music Party" (154), where the face of the old man playing the guitar verges on caricature; and "Boers regaling" (158), in which the composition is the same, though the figures have been re-shuffled.

An "Old Woman peeling a Pear" (805), in the same room, is again a picture of great harmony and delicate finish. The setting is one of those cellar-like kitchens, with great stone oven, churn and litter of pots and pans, which we find again in the "Surprise" (862). The left foreground, where, grim and upright, sits the weather-beaten old lady, is brilliantly illuminated. The clear blue of her apron, the strongest local colour in the picture, is repeated in the cloak hanging from a beam above. The usual touch of scarlet is missing here. Very fine is the group of still-life, the gleaming brass cauldron, the brown earthen pots, the white towel, and bottle stopped with a rag of paper. The pears, however, are absurdly cold and unnatural, as though modelled in wax, and the cauliflowers show a hard blue-green. An open door at the back of the kitchen lets in a subdued flood of light, which dimly illuminates the dank, chilly interior. The "Surprise" (862), in Room XII., shows the same composition, but with less precision and harmony, and the still-life is rather perfunctory. Here the light is concentrated on the figure of the servant girl, who is receiving the addresses of her old master. We have already met this girl in her white and scarlet dress in the "River Scene" on

this wall (861), and indeed Teniers kept a stock set of *motifs*, figures and settings, and worked them into a vast variety of combinations. Sometimes indeed, especially in his later works, it becomes evident that he has consulted his sketch-book rather than nature at first hand.

Another class of subject, in which Teniers seems to emulate his kinsman, Hell Brueghel, is represented in this room by the "Dives" or "Mauvais Riche" (863), a weird, fantastic scene, purporting to display the nether regions with their fearsome inhabitants, half human, half bestial, into whose clutches the richly-clad old sinner has been delivered. The chiaroscuro effect is very telling, part of the dark cavern being brilliantly lighted up by the flare of a furnace into which a horrid bat-winged devil is about to drag his victim. It is all like a hideous, uncanny nightmare, from which, however, there will be no awakening for the shrinking miser.

The "Four Seasons" (857-860) are personified by small figures engaged in some action characteristic of the various times of year. "Spring" is represented by a man carrying an orange-tree in a pot, while in the background two men are engaged in laying out one of those formal Dutch gardens, exemplified in a large picture here by an unknown Flemish painter (1017). For "Summer" a peasant holds a shock of corn in a delicate little harvest landscape. A burly inn-keeper proclaims the joys of "Autumn" with a brimming glass; while "Winter" displays a hunched up figure of an old man crouched over a brazier, set against a sky charged with snow. These four little pictures are painted on copper with great care and delicacy. They

are signed with the T within a D, and seem to be early works of the artist's silvery period. To the same class belongs the "Toper" (953) a stumpy fellow, glass in hand, against a background of sky. The "Money-Changers" in Room IX. (155), a dark, heavy piece, very solidly painted, shows figures of an unusual size, and repeats, in more modern style, the subjects which Quentin Matsys and his followers invented.

Teniers is also splendidly represented in Hertford House by a number of characteristic panels. The Tavern scene known as "La Chemise Blanche" (XIII., 227), from the brilliant white shirt which sets the key to the whole painting, is as perfect an example of his art as can be found. The "Deliverance of S. Peter" (XIII., 210), also a brilliant essay in colouring, has for object the representation of a guard-room, with the ostensible subject tucked away in a corner, and seemingly merely introduced to satisfy some reactionary patron.

Teniers founded no school, and had no successor in Flanders. François Duchatel, who outlived him by four years, is believed to have been his pupil, but his works are scarce. A vigorous, but rather empty "Portrait of a Boy" (1810) from his hand, in Room X., proves him but a mediocre and uninspired artist. Ghent possesses his most important picture. Duchatel is connected, too, with Van der Meulen, under whom he studied for a time. A "Hunting Party" (1447), in Room XI., represents the style of this painter, who attached himself to Louis XIV., and portrayed in somewhat theatrical manner that monarch's military and hunting escapades. In the scene here, the King, in his lumbering coach, drawn by six rather wooden

horses, drives in company of his retinue to the chase. The breezy landscape is broadly brushed in; clouds scud across the blue sky, and the trees wave in the fresh morning air. The fleeting lights and shadows of a fine, windy day are well expressed.

But by the end of the century the last of the painters who had made Flemish art illustrious had passed away, and no new genius appeared to add links to the chain begun by the van Eycks and continued in practically unbroken succession for three centuries. This cycle of art closed, and years elapsed before modern Belgian painting made a new start, under changed conditions.

TABLE OF GERMAN AND FLEMISH PICTURES IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY

ARRANGED ACCORDING TO NUMBERS

No.	Room	Title of Picture	Artist	Dates
38	X.	ABDUCTION OF THE SABINE WOMEN .	RUBENS .	1577-1640
46	X.	PEACE AND WAR .	"	"
49	X.	PORTRAIT OF AN ARTIST .	VAN DYCK .	1599-1641
50	X.	EMPEROR THEODOSIUS REFUSED AD- MISSION INTO CHURCH .	"	"
52	X.	PORTRAIT OF CORNELIUS VAN DER GEEST .	"	"
57	X.	CONVERSION OF S. BAVON .	RUBENS .	1577-1640
59	X.	THE BRAZEN SERPENT .	"	"
66	X.	A LANDSCAPE: AUTUMN .	"	"
67	X.	HOLY FAMILY WITH S. GEORGE .	"	"
154	X.	A MUSIC PARTY .	TENIERS (the Younger)	1610-1690
155	XI.	THE MISERS OR MONEY-CHANGERS .	"	"
156	X.	A STUDY OF HORSES .	VAN DYCK .	1599-1641

TABLE OF GERMAN

No.	Room	Title of Picture	Artist	Dates
157	X.	A LANDSCAPE: SUNSET.	RUBENS	1577-1640
158	X.	BOERS REGALING	TENIERS (the Younger)	1610-1690
184	XV.	PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG GERMAN LADY.	LUCIDEL OR NEUFCHATEL.	1527?-1590?
186	IV.	PORTRAITS OF JEAN ARNOLFINI AND HIS WIFE.	JAN VAN EYCK	1390?-1440
187	XII.	APOTHEOSIS OF THE DUKE OF BUCK- INGHAM	RUBENS	1577-1640
194	X.	THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS	"	1577-1640
195	XV.	PORTRAIT OF A MEDICAL PROFESSOR	GERMAN SCHOOL	16th Century
205	XII.	THE ITINERANT MUSICIANS	DIETRICH	1712-1774
222	IV.	PORTRAIT OF A MAN	JAN VAN EYCK	1390?-1440
242	X.	PLAYERS AT TRIC-TRAC.	TENIERS (the Younger)	1610-1690
245	XV.	PORTRAIT OF A SENATOR	BALDUNG GRÜN	1476?-1545
250	XV.	FOUR SAINTS	MASTER OF WERDEN	15th Century
251	XV.	FOUR SAINTS	"	"
253	XV.	MASS OF S. HUBERT	"	"
254	XV.	THREE SAINTS	MASTER OF LIESBORN	"
255	XV.	THREE SAINTS	"	"
257	XV.	PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE	"	"
259	XV.	HEAD OF CHRIST ON THE CROSS	"	"
260	XV.	THREE SAINTS	"	"
261	XV.	THREE SAINTS	"	"
262	XV.	CRUCIFIXION	SCHOOL OF MASTER OF LIESBORN	"
264	IV.	A COUNT OF HAINAULT WITH HIS PATRON SAINT	FLEMISH SCHOOL	"
265	IV.	VIRGIN AND CHILD	"	"

266	IV.	PIETÀ				LAMBERT LOMBARD	1505-1566
278	X.	TRIUMPH OF JULIUS CÆSAR				RUBENS	1577-1640
279	X.	THE HORRORS OF WAR				"	"
290	IV.	PORTRAIT OF A MAN				JAN VAN EYCK	1390?-1440
291	XV.	PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG LADY				CRANACH	1472-1553
295	IV.	SALVATOR MUNDI AND THE VIRGIN MARY				MATSYS	Before 1460-1530
653	IV.	PORTRAITS OF A MAN AND HIS WIFE				JACQUES DARET?	15th Century
654	IV.	THE MAGDALEN				"	15th Century
655	IV.	THE MAGDALEN READING				VAN ORLEY?	1491?-1542
656	IV.	PORTRAIT OF A MAN				MABUSE	1470?-1541
658	XV.	THE DEATH OF THE VIRGIN				JACQUES DARET?	15th Century
659	XV.	PAN AND SYRINX				ROTTENHAMMER	1564-1623
664	IV.	ENTOMBMENT				BOUTS	? -1475
673	VII.	SALVATOR MUNDI				ANTONELLO	1444-1493
680	X.	THE MIRACULOUS DRAUGHT OF FISHES				VAN DYCK	1599-1641
686	IV.	VIRGIN AND CHRIST ENTHRONED				MEMLINC	? -1494
687	XV.	SAINT VERONICA				SCHOOL OF COLOGNE	14th Century
696	IV.	PORTRAIT OF MARCO BARBARIGO				PETRUS CRISTUS?	? -1472
705	XV.	THREE SAINTS				MEISTER STEPHAN?	? -1451
706	XV.	PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE				MASTER OF THE LIFE OF THE VIRGIN	15th Century
707	XV.	TWO SAINTS				MASTER OF S. BAR-THOLOMEW	"
708	IV.	MADONNA AND CHILD				SCHOOL OF MEMLING	"
709	IV.	MADONNA AND CHILD				"	"
710	IV.	PORTRAIT OF AN ECCLESIASTIC				FLEMISH SCHOOL	"
711	IV.	MATER DOLOROSA				SCHOOL OF ROGER VAN DER WEYDEN	"
712	IV.	ECCE HOMO				"	"

TABLE OF GERMAN

No.	Room	Title of Picture	Artist	Dates
713	IV.	VIRGIN AND CHILD IN A GARDEN.	FLEMISH SCHOOL	15th-16th Century
715	IV.	CRUCIFIXION	{ MATSYS and PATINIR	Before 1460-1530 ? -1524
716	IV.	S. CHRISTOPHER CARRYING THE INFANT CHRIST	PATINIR	"
717	IV.	S. JOHN ON THE ISLAND OF PATMOS	"	"
718	IV.	CRUCIFIXION	BLES (ascr. to)	1480?-after 1551
719	IV.	THE MAGDALEN	"	1480?-after 1551
720	IV.	REPOSE IN EGYPT	MASTER OF THE HALF FIGURES	16th Century
721	IV.	PORTRAIT OF A LADY	FLEMISH SCHOOL	"
722	XV.	PORTRAIT OF A LADY	GERMAN SCHOOL	"
747	IV.	S. JOHN BAPTIST AND S. LAWRENCE	MEMLINC (ascr. to)	? -1494
774	IV.	MADONNA AND CHILD AND SAINTS	FLEMISH SCHOOL	15th Century
783	IV.	THE EXHUMATION OF S. HUBERT	"	"
805	X.	AN OLD WOMAN PEELING A PEAR	TENIERS (the Younger)	1610-1690
817	X.	THE CHATEAU OF TENIERS AT PERCK .	"	"
821	XII.	A FAMILY GROUP	COQUES	1618-1684
852	XII.	"CHAPEAU DE PAILLE"	RUBENS	1577-1640
853	XII.	THE TRIUMPH OF SILENUS	"	"
853A- 853P {	Cartoon Cabinet	DRAWINGS AND SKETCHES	"	"
857- 860 }	XII.	THE FOUR SEASONS	TENIERS (the Younger)	1610-1690
861	XII.	RIVER SCENE	"	"
862	XII.	THE SURPRISE	"	"
863	XII.	THE RICH MAN IN HELL	"	"

877A- 877B	{ Cartoon Cabinet}	DRAWINGS	VAN DYCK	1599-1691
924	X.	INTERIOR OF A GOTHIC CHURCH	NEERFS	1577?-1661?
943	IV.	PORTRAIT OF A MAN	BOUTS	? -1475
944	IV.	THE BANKERS OR USURERS	ROMERSWAEL	Active 1521-1560
945	IV.	A NUN	PATINIR	? -1524
946	IV.	PORTRAIT OF A MAN	MABUSE	1470?-1541
947	IV.	PORTRAIT OF A MAN	FLEMISH SCHOOL	15th-16th Century
949	XII.	ROCKY LANDSCAPE	TENIERS (the Elder)	1582-1649
950	XII.	THE CONVERSATION	"	" "
951	XII.	PLAYING AT BOWLS	"	" "
952	XII.	FETE AUX CHAUDRONS	TENIERS (the Younger)	1610-1690
953	XI.	THE TOPER	"	" "
954	X.	LANDSCAPE	HUYSMANS	1648-1727
1003	XII.	DEAD BIRDS	JAN FYT	1611-1661
1011	X.	PORTRAIT OF A LADY	COQUES	1618-1684
1012	X.	PORTRAIT OF A MAN	MERIAN	1621-1687
1014	XV.	MARTYRDOM OF S. LAWRENCE	ELSHEIMER	1578-1620-1
1017	XII.	A LANDSCAPE	FLEMISH SCHOOL	17th Century
1036	IV.	PORTRAIT OF A MAN	FLEMISH OR GERMAN SCHOOL	16th Century
1042	IV.	PORTRAIT OF A MAN	HEMESSEN	" "
1045	IV.	A CANON AND HIS PATRON SAINTS	DAVID	1450?-1523
1049	XV.	CRUCIFIXION	GERMAN SCHOOL	15th Century
1063	IV.	PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN	FLEMISH SCHOOL	" "
1078	IV.	DEPOSITION	"	" "
1079	IV.	ADORATION OF THE MAGI	"	" "
1080	XV.	HEAD OF S. JOHN BAPTIST	GERMAN SCHOOL	" "
1081	IV.	PORTRAIT OF A MAN	FLEMISH SCHOOL	15th-16th Century
1082	IV.	VISIT OF THE VIRGIN TO S. ELIZABETH	PATINIR	? -1524

No.	Room	Title of Picture	Artist	Dates
1083	IV.	ECCE HOMO	FLEMISH SCHOOL	15th Century
1084	IV.	FLIGHT INTO EGYPT	PATINIR	? 1524
1085	XV.	SANTA CONVERSAZIONE	GERMAN SCHOOL	15th Century
1086	IV.	CHRIST APPEARING TO THE VIRGIN	FLEMISH SCHOOL	"
1087	XV.	THE MOCKING OF CHRIST	"	15th-16th Century
1088	XV.	CRUCIFIXION	GERMAN SCHOOL	16th Century
1089	IV.	VIRGIN AND CHRIST WITH S. ELIZABETH	FLEMISH SCHOOL	15th-16th Century
1094	XI.	PORTRAIT OF A MAN	MORE (ascr. to)	1512-1576-8
1099	{Cartoon} Cabinet}	CARTOON	MENGES	1728-1779
1114- 1118	X.	THE FIVE SENSES	COQUES	1618-1684
1132	XII.	AN INTERIOR	STEENWYCK	1580-after 1649
1141	VII.	PORTRAIT OF THE PAINTER	ANTONELLO	1444-1493
1151	XV.	ENTOMBMENT	GERMAN SCHOOL	15th Century
1166	VII.	CRUCIFIXION	ANTONELLO	1444-1493
1172	X.	EQUESTRIAN PORTRAIT OF CHARLES I.	VAN DYCK	1599-1641
1195	{Cartoon} Cabinet}	DESIGN FOR A SILVER DISH	RUBENS	1577-1640
1231	XI.	PORTRAIT OF A MAN	MORE . . .	1512?-1576-8
1232	XV.	PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN	ALDEGREVER	1502-1558?
1241	VII.	MARY MAGDALEN LED BY MARTHA TO HEAR CHRIST PREACHING	CAMPANA	1503-1570?
1252	X.	FRUIT PIECE	SNYDERS	1579-1657
1280	IV.	CHRIST APPEARING TO HIS MOTHER	FLEMISH SCHOOL	15th Century
1298	IV.	LANDSCAPE: RIVER SCENE	PATINIR	? -1524
1314	XV.	THE AMBASSADORS	HOLBEIN	1497-1543
1353	XI.	LANDSCAPE WITH SATYRS	RYCKAERT	1587-1631

1401	XI.	A STUDY OF STILL LIFE	.	.	SNYERS	.	1681-1752
1418	VII.	S. JEROME IN HIS STUDY	.	.	ANTONELLO	.	1444-1493
1419	IV.	THE LEGEND OF S. GILES	.	.	FLEMISH SCHOOL	.	15th-16th Century
1424	XV.	TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL	.	.	ELSHEIMER	.	1578-1620-1
1427	XV.	THE DEAD CHRIST : A PIETA	.	.	BALDUNG	.	1476?-1545
1432	IV.	MYSTIC MARRIAGE OF S. CATHERINE	.	.	DAVID	.	1450?-1523
1433	IV.	PORTRAIT OF A LADY	.	.	JACQUES DARET?	.	15th Century
1443	XI.	INTERIOR OF A CHURCH	.	.	STEENWYCK	.	1580-after 1649
1447	XI.	A HUNTING PARTY	.	.	MEULEN	.	1632-1690
1689	IV.	PORTRAIT OF A MAN AND HIS WIFE	.	.	MABUSE?	.	1470?-1541
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